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THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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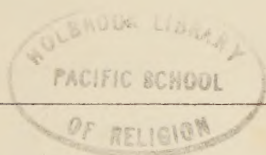
H. P. BLAVATSKY.

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No. 205

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE Bishop of Lahore seems to have benefited by his Indian experiences, and preaching at S. Mary's, Cambridge, he spoke frankly of some of the advantages of the Indian civilisation. Referring to the simplicity of the material side of Indian life, he said :

Advantages of
Indian Thought

The extraordinary simplicity of native life is an aspect which cannot fail to strike even a passing visitor to India and the sense of which deepens the longer one stays in the country and the closer one enters into contact with it. Physical conditions, no doubt, account for a great deal of this—the warmth and light which remove, or greatly relieve, so many bodily needs of which we cannot but be conscious in these harder, colder regions of the north, while at the same time they make it so very easy to satisfy, from the abundance of prolific nature, those needs that remain. But even though this simplicity may thus, in large part, be due at first to physical causes there can be no doubt that it has reacted with the greatest force on their mental and spiritual state, and has in great measure saved them from that materialism, that too entire dependence on outward conditions of life, that tendency to find in merely material progress the keynote of civilisation, which we cannot but be conscious of and lament among ourselves.

He next dwelt on the “instinctive religiousness” of the Indian :

It is not merely that they have naturally no affinity whatever to materialism. This passes into a positive trait, for in their independence of the outward and material world, meditation on the inner, the unseen world, seems to come so much easier, more naturally, to them than to us, so that, as has been truly said, "The Oriental stands as a witness to the reality of the Invisible above the visible." Does it not seem a humiliating thing for us, who long above all else to go to them with the Gospel of Life as messengers of their Heavenly Father, and witnesses to the fact and the fulness of the spiritual world, that, in some respects, they have undoubtedly already a more deeply seated religious instinct in them than is at any rate at all general amongst Englishmen, and certainly a far greater aptitude for abstruse thought or theological speculation? But in God's name let it be to us not a humiliation but a cause of thankfulness and joy, and a further incentive to bring into the fulness of the light those to whom God has already given by the working of His Holy Spirit such striking witness of Himself and of their kinship with Him.

Moreover, this aptitude for thought is not confined to those who are what the West would call educated :

From a long personal experience I can bear witness to the extraordinary aptitude with which they engage in discussion or speculation on the deepest philosophical and ethical questions possible—and that not merely in the case of the upper or more educated classes, but not infrequently in the case of the very poorest and most wholly illiterate persons as well.

This trait has been remarked by all careful students of Indian life ; lads, who in the West would care only for sports, are found in the East discussing metaphysical subjects. Lastly, the Bishop laid stress on "their marvellous patience and forbearance and even, in very many cases, a real cheeriness and contentment under circumstances the most adverse, and that would try to the utmost the patience of almost any of ourselves." This grows largely, as the Bishop said, out of the simplicity of the physical life, the indifference to the body and the things of the body, giving rise to a hardiness less frequently found among more pampered nations. It is also due, as the Bishop did not say, to the belief in reincarnation and karma woven into Indian life, a belief which teaches a man to accept what comes without complaint, and makes him consciously master of his own destiny.

* * *

I HAVE sometimes remarked that Indian poverty is not so terrible as the poverty of the slums in large western towns, and a young

Indian lady, who has been investigating slum conditions in a very thorough manner, entirely endorses this contention. In an interview with a representative of the *Daily News* the following passage of arms took place :

"But," ventured our representative, "would you not also find much of such work crying aloud for you in India? Poverty in India must be more terrible even than in London."

"No! no, a thousand times no! Nothing of the sort," cried the young Indian actress, with warmth and energy. "Exclude our dreadful periods of famine, of the causes of which I will not stop to speak, and take our normal condition. Though we are frightfully poor, abjectly poor, we have not the hopeless misery, the brutality, and the utter destitution that you have here. Sometimes I am implored to go out as a missionary—me! a missionary to India!—and some Englishman asks me to do it, and he wonders when I snap round and tell him to go to work at home in his own country. Nothing makes me so angry as to hear some poor little paltry man talk about missionary work among a people who have three thousand years of civilisation behind them, and make believe that he is going to do them no end of good."

* * *

It is good to see how things are changing in India in regard to right reason in matters religious. Sir P. N. Kṛṣṇa Mūrti, K.C.I.E., lately called a meeting of Paṇḍits to decide on the re-admission into caste of a Hindu who had returned to India after three and a half years' study in Japan. The Paṇḍits, basing themselves on Hindu sacred law, unanimously decided for his re-admission without any purificatory ceremony. It is less than a year since the highest Hindu authority in Southern India received back into caste a Brāhmaṇa who had been called to the bar in England. The steady, quiet work of Hindu Theosophists, who have been working for reform without breaking with orthodox opinion, has brought about this widening of opinion.

* * *

MUCH interest has been aroused in England by a dream of Mr. Rider Haggard, thus related by himself :

I dreamed that a black retriever dog, a most amiable and intelligent beast named Bob, which was the property of my eldest daughter, was lying on its side among brushwood, or rough growth of some sort, by water.

My own personality in some mysterious way seemed to me to be arising

from the body of the dog, which I knew quite surely to be Bob and no other, so much so that my head was against its head, which was lifted up at an unnatural angle.

In my vision the dog was trying to speak to me in words, and, failing, transmitted to my mind in an undefined fashion the knowledge that it was dying. Then everything vanished.

The dog appears to have been killed, on a bridge, by a passing train, shortly before the time of the dream, and to have fallen into the water below. Many explanations have been suggested to explain the undoubted facts, some of them more puzzling than the facts. Mr. Rider Haggard, having left his physical body asleep—as we all do every night when we go to sleep—was “on the astral plane”; *i.e.*, his consciousness was working in the subtler matter of his astral body. The dog, suddenly shot out of *his* physical body and therefore also in *his* astral, naturally, in his puzzled bewilderment, thought of, called to, his trusted human friend; and Mr. Rider Haggard, as naturally, responded and was drawn to the place where his favourite lay dead. The only slightly abnormal fact was the “carrying of the memory through,” the fact that Mr. Rider Haggard succeeded, on his return to his physical body, *i.e.*, on awakening, in impressing on his brain the experience he had passed through during sleep. Animals, as well as men, have astral bodies, which persist after death, as many butchers, sportsmen and vivisectors find out to their cost on the other side. Some other cases have been published in confirmation of Mr. Rider Haggard’s experience. Mr. M. H. Williams, of Pencalenick, near Truro, being at the time in Germany, dreamed that one of his servants went to fetch water from the well, accompanied by his pet terrier and a large retriever. On the way she patted the terrier several times, and, in a passion of jealousy, the retriever pounced on him and strangled him. Mr. Williams, shortly after, received a letter describing the canine tragedy just as he had seen it. Again, a gentleman engaged in reading became suddenly possessed with the idea that his cat had been caught in a rat-trap in the barn; he at once went thither, and found pussy in durance. Here, the thought-current of appeal must have come from the cat.

(Mr. Rider Haggard’s own account of his experience may be found in the *Times* of July 21st.)

THE Very Rev. Dean Harris, of the United States, has been travelling in South and Central America for four years, and has come to many conclusions identical with the Testimonies to the *Secret Doctrine* records of the Ancient Wisdom. He regards the North American, Mexican and South American Indians as all belonging to the same stock, the great Toltec civilisation. He thinks they came from :

A lost continent, destroyed by volcanic eruption, or submerged in the Atlantic. I have visited the Azores, mere peaks in the ocean, 350 miles from Africa, 800 miles from Portugal; Fayal, Horta, Pico, Flores and the rest of them. It is evident that they are volcanic, and the remains of a lost continent. St. Kitts, St. Vincent, Guadeloupe, Martinique, where the great disaster was, nearly all the West Indian islands, except the coral ones, are volcanic. These islands must have belonged to the mainland of a lost continent. In Dominica, Columbus found animals which could not have got there in any other way. The fer-de-lance, the deadly snake, the agouti, a tailless rabbit, the opossum, on these islands are proof of the earlier continent. It was destroyed in some remote catastrophe in immemorial times, and the animals are all that is left to testify to it.

The Dean recognises also the destroyed continent of Lemuria in the Pacific. He speaks of the vast blocks of stone set up in the temples of Palenque, the architecture not inferior to that of Egypt. The pyramid of Cholula was another wonder, the making of which tradition assigned to a race of giants. How luminous are all these facts to the student of the *Secret Doctrine*.

* * *

THE Ven. W. M. Sinclair, D.D., Archdeacon of London, has been preaching against Theosophy in the pulpit of S. Paul's Cathedral, trying to prove that it is irreconcilable with Christianity. He pointed out the similarity of many theosophical teachings with those of Gnosticism—a most important and significant truth. Both “explain away by allegorical interpretations the teaching of Christ, and lean much on the strange and groundless imagination of the transmigration of souls.” It may be remembered how the great Gnostic, S. Paul, “explained away” the story of Abraham and his wives in Gal. iv. 22-31. The Archdeacon is not quite as candid as one might wish, for he says that Theosophists assert that S. John Baptist was Elijah and that the

Yet another
Assailant

Baptist says he was not, while he ignores the statement that Christ, like the Theosophists, says that he was, and that the Theosophists' allegation is entirely based on the saying of Christ (S. Matt. xvii. 11-13). Also he says:

When the Jews, a heretical sect of whom, the Essenes, held the false doctrine of reincarnation, asked our Lord whether the man that was born blind was born so on account of his own sin, our Lord altogether repudiated the idea.

The Archdeacon ignores the fact that the "Jews" in question were the disciples; a reference to the text will show that there was no repudiation; if the words were a repudiation, then they also mean that the man's parents were sinless!

Lastly, the Archdeacon says:

There is a great deal more that might be said of Theosophy, but I think I have set enough before you this afternoon to show that with any real Scriptural and truly Catholic Christianity it is entirely incompatible. It is a mere revival of the ancient Gnostic heresies which were answered for ever by the great Fathers of the Church, Clement, Origen and the rest. Indeed there was one early writer, the historian Hippolytus, who had himself before his conversion been an initiate of the Greater Mysteries. He conceived the strongest horror of them, both as regards associations and teachings. In the preface to his treatise he affirms that the secret finally imparted was the consummation of wickednesses; that it was only through silence and the concealment of their mysteries that the initiated had avoided the charge of atheism; and further that if any person had once submitted to the purgation necessary before the secret could be communicated, there was little need to secure his silence by oath; since the shame and monstrosity of the act itself would be sufficient to close his mouth for ever. That was the statement of Hippolytus about the Greater Mysteries of his own day; about modern Theosophists we know nothing except their own fantastic speculations.

The inuendo of the last phrase is one which it is impossible to characterise in language which would be at once fitting and courteous. So we will leave it in its native indecency. H. P. B. did well to distinguish between the Christianity with which Theosophy had no quarrel, and Churchianity. This truly is Churchianity in a most un-Christian form.

* * *

Science Siftings gives an account of the teachings of Mrs. Margaret Gladstone Stuart, grand-niece of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, with

The Aura regard to the aura. Mrs. Stuart states frankly that her theory is not new, but very old ; it is, in fact, a restatement of the ordinary theosophical teaching on the subject, and the colours given are those that are stated in Mr. Leadbeater's *Man, Visible and Invisible*. In this connection the following note, dealing with the colour of sounds, from a correspondent signing "Dacre Lane" is interesting :

It is some ten years now since I have known this perception of colour in sound to be an actual experience. I half-guessed it to be such when, studying the Froebel Kindergarten system some years ago, I found the use of the coloured modulator such a success in teaching the relation of the notes in the major scale for sight-singing. It seemed to me that little children perceived the sounds intuitively when represented in colour. Later on, while experimenting with the K.G. system in a school of high-caste Hindu children in Central India, I found again, to my surprise, that from the coloured modulator they could understand our major scale and the relation of the dominants to the sub-dominants as they could not by any other method. It was the colour interpretation that appealed to them. And this was the more extraordinary as it is well known that Indian music is inharmonic to English, and they have half-tones and quarter-tones not possible on any but our stringed instruments, and not found in our system of music. In my own experience violin tones are always in purple, and all related tones of red and blue. The 'cello interprets sunset colours of rose and flame, and the human voice, both for speaking and singing, is always charged for me with as infinite gradations of colour as of tone. In fact, I may say that no sound is to me without colour.

* * *

A CONSIDERABLE wave is passing over Society just now in favour of a non-flesh diet. Several doctors declare that uric acid proceeds inevitably from flesh, and that by eliminating flesh foods and such vegetable foods as also produce it in excess, we may be free from rheumatism, gout, and many other evil things. Dr. Haig seems to have led the way in this, and one meets people who are following "Haig's cure." Some, who do not wish to abolish the flesh-pots completely, recommend a temporary abstention : thus Dr. Dabbs writes :

Against the It would be a very good thing for us all if, for one month every year, we Slaying of Animals changed our diet from meat, beer, spirits, wine and loaded heavy meals, to vegetables, fruit, fish, maccaroni, and rice, and avoided all alcohol. I am sure

it would be good for us, body and brain, and would make a greater difference to us than merely changing our environment and calling that alone "a complete change."

The London *Daily Chronicle* is responsible for the statement that "Society" is being improved in this direction :

The number of adherents in society to a vegetarian diet increases daily. Lord Charles Beresford is a rigid vegetarian, so is Lady Windsor, and Lady Gwendolen Herbert, an aunt of Lord Carnarvon. Baron and Baroness de Meyer eat nothing but nuts and vegetables, though their dinner parties are always perfectly appointed, and every luxury is put before their guests. The apostle of vegetarianism is Mrs. Earle, sister to the Dowager Lady Lytton.

* * *

MR. BENNET BURLEIGH—in sending to the *Daily Telegraph* an account of a large religious meeting in Tokio, comprising men and women of the various faiths found in Japan, No hatred the vast majority being, of course, Buddhists—remarks: "I have found absolutely no creed bitterness amongst the natives of this wonderful land." There never has been any creed bitterness among Buddhists, and this is the more remarkable as it is a proselytising religion.

* * *

MR. J. L. TAYLER, writing on *Aspects of Social Evolution*, bases the new sociology on Temperament, and he points out, what we have so often urged, that there is a thoroughly healthy form of nervous temperament, which The New Sociology is a type of progress and not of degeneration. Woman, Mr. Tayler thinks, is on a higher plane than man, being "less governed by passions and appetites," but she has less driving power than man both physically and mentally, so her area is more circumscribed. The new society will be more than ever unequal, because of increasing specialisation. The idea of caste will continue, based on intellectual and moral capacity, and the highest caste, in possession of the highest capacity, will rule. Occupation will be determined by capacity in every rank of life. Such is the scientific view of the future. It looks much like the past on a higher turn in the spiral.

THE ESOTERIC MEANING OF THE LORD'S PRAYER

(CONCLUDED FROM VOL. XXXIV., p. 547)

Now, a few words as to the esoteric sense of the particular clauses of the prayer. Take this: "Hallowed be Thy name." A name considered objectively, or as uttered by human speech, is properly, a descriptive word. We are not at present, however, treating the Lord's Prayer from the objective, but from the subjective point of view. We are dealing with its subjective, its esoteric, sense as the petitionary expression of the soul's innermost experience. In this sphere the Divine, like all other thoughts, is a conceptual image, but, of course, it could not be an image at all, if it did not possess more or less of definiteness.

Thus the idea "God" in our consciousness stands out by itself like a star, clear above and outside of every other notion, attracting our homage, constraining our reverence. And when prayer is at its best, in those extremities of pain and sorrow when every stay seems to have gone from us, and we feel ourselves unsupported and sinking into a bottomless abyss—an experience that comes to every man at some time or other—at such moments the "star," as I have called it, is everything to us, it is all we have; we gather up our whole being and cast ourselves down before it with earnest cries to the Name. But to what Name? In the Pater Noster, which is the utterance of the experience of the race, the Master has left the Divine name blank, for the reason that there are as many subjective names of God as there are human minds who have experienced His indwelling; and every individual conception of Him, because merely partial, and unspeakable in its fulness, is essentially secret and exclusive. Each man's height or depth of feeling, rapture or agony, fills up the blank in its own way in "Hallowed be thy Name." That is man's side; now

for the other. "Thy Kingdom come." Not only does the worshipper's subconsciousness hallow the Name, the "star," the great Triad, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, but upon the other hand the Divine Trinity responds to the hallowing with a more or less energetic reaction, so that the Power, the Will, and activity of Love (the activity of God is no other than Love), descending from their respective heights, take possession, step by step, of the successive planes of the worshipper's inner Self. The prayer that the Trinity may thus incarnate within his being is, consciously or unconsciously, the man's continual innermost cry. He craves that the Higher Self may be blended with the lower, that it embody itself in his emotions, that it mix with his mental processes, that it become fused in his spiritual aspirations. Such is the steady growing hunger of human nature, and the hunger of a man's nature is his prayer. "Make every consciousness that I have," he says, "Thy dwelling, nay, let it be Thy Palace. Govern there, rule there, and rule without a second." There is a wealth of meaning, however impossible of distinct expression, throbbing in the two or three words, *Adveniat Regnum Tuum*, "Thy Kingdom come." The next and deeper cry still is the twofold petition united in one, for the perfect renunciation of the lower self to the Higher, and for identification of the will of the Higher Self with the will of the lower self, in such measure that the below shall be as the above, and the above shall be reflected in the below. In short, this is a prayer for the consummated union of the divine and human wills. There are occasions in every human life, as in the hour of the Master's own agony in Gethsemane, in which this twofold hunger fills the foreground of the mind. As the noise of the storm goes over us, deep calleth unto deep; that is to say, the depths of our being in all their planes and sub-planes of experience, hunger to be occupied by the three-fold Higher Self.

At these times, complete renunciation on the part of the human Ego to the Divine is a distinct craving of the innermost soul. It is a part of the passion of love. We not only are willing, but we desire and long to lift ourselves out of our self-dependence, to fling ourselves off our own footing into the infinite abyss, and, sinking there, to fall into the arms of the Divine Father. The

common word for this is resignation, from *resignare*, the taking off the seal of our own personality.

I need scarcely say, however, that the clause means more than resignation. The cry: "Not my will" is lost in the still louder cry: "Thy will be done . . . done . . . done," completely "done" in all my planes of consciousness, so that the below shall be as the above. In other words, the surrendering human Ego drowns itself in the active individuality of the Divine Ego. "Thy Will be done—*sicut in caelo et in terra*—on earth as it is in Heaven."

In order that this may be accomplished, however, it needs that our various consciousnesses participate in Him even more richly still. He must interpenetrate our whole substance to its ultimate fibre, as food interpenetrates the finest capillary veins. And since this prayer to do His will concerns not one or two, but all the planes of our existence, we ask here that He come to us, not merely upon the night side of our being, when we are apart from common life, but upon its *day* side, its daily side, when our soul in the course of revolution upon its axis has its face towards, not the astral, but the physical plane.

"I am the Bread of Life," said the Christ. In the petition before us, the soul responds to that announcement. Feed with Thyself our whole being, physical, emotional, mental and spiritual; transmute Thyself into each and all, so that, at every daily revolution of our consciousness towards the light of the sun, we may be continually made alive by the flowing of Thine activity within us, doing Thy will on earth as it is done in Heaven.

The climax, however, is yet to come. Behind all this inner craving for perfect union with the Divine lurks the embarrassing sense that, after all, and in spite of all, the lower self is separated, is separated irreparably from the Higher, is banished, degraded in the nature of things to a lower level, by the incompetence, the incompleteness, the undevelopment of its nature, by "oughts" so to speak, that is, by debts which it cannot pay, and which, apparently, it cannot be forgiven. Now let us be entirely clear about this. Quite true, a debt cannot be forgiven. If, for instance, a man works for a week in my garden, then, no matter

what he may generously do or say about it, it is not in his power to annul the fact that I owe him his week's work. If I work in his garden for a week, or give him the equivalent money (for money is labour in a portable shape), in that case my debt to him is cancelled. But the debt cannot be annulled in any other manner.

What can be annulled is the sense of debt, and this is possible, as I have intimated, by the other party's incurring as much debt to me as I have incurred to him. I work in his garden, that puts him in debt to me; he works in my garden, that cancels his debt to me. And there is no other way of forgiving debt than by exchange of work.

Now we go a little further. We read of the inner Christ that He has taken upon Him our sins, our debts, or in other words, our guilt. Bible theology is all based upon this idea; Church dogmas and Church ritual are built around it.

Notice the word "guilt;" Anglo-Saxon:—*gylt*, connected with gold and gilding, meaning a fine imposed for trespass, and signifying in spiritual things the penalty that comes on consciousness when the man trespasses, or goes beyond his bounds. Our nature thus becomes guilty when it transgresses its boundaries, and the boundaries to our desires which we ought not to transgress are called "Laws."

But that which made the human laws, the decalogue, for instance, and is outside of the decalogue, and the only one that is outside, is God. When we break through the edge, therefore, of the ten commandments, we trespass upon God. Consequently it is obedience to our boundaries which constitutes what we owe, or in other words, our debt.

Now then, we solemnly ask God to forgive us our debts. But the question arises: "How can He forgive?" The popular reply is: "Our debt is assumed by another." Yet again, how is it possible that the breaking through our limits to the degree, for instance, of committing theft or murder, with the sense of guilt for committing it, how is it possible that this can be taken upon his consciousness by an outsider, who has not committed the crime at all? It is impossible.

And yet, let us walk softly here. No truth so widely held as

this but contains within it some justification. Universal religion, in all time, rings with the doctrine that another has assumed and suffered for our debts. There must be something in it, and there is. For the underlying verity is that, in a mysterious way, the two consciousnesses mix. The other who has thus taken upon Him our being is the very foundation of our spiritual nature, is not an outsider and not really "another" at all. A man is *divine*, just as truly as he is human. And the divine within us is never fundamentally separate from human nature. God is incarnated in humanity, so that He is not outside of the veriest criminal that exists. It is for this reason that the spectacle of Christ crucified—nay, it is for this reason that all the atonements in the various mysteries and ethnic religions—by dramatically representing our innermost constitutions, draw the very heartstrings of mankind. This is not merely an external spectacle, it is our constitutional internal experience. He is in us always, in the foreground of us when we are good, in the background of us when we are evil, but always in us. We, on our part, go outside of our human bounds (which are laws) in our trespasses; He, on His part, crosses His divine boundaries in His incarnation, being, as the great Initiate S. Paul says, made under the law, and when the two natures consciously blend, we and He, He and we, our trespasses are cancelled or forgiven.

This clause of the Lord's Prayer expresses the lowest step of Divine involution in our being. The deepest cry of the soul is for the perfect identification of God and man, so that God becoming human, and man becoming divine, the two may be together upon the same level.

Despair, as in the suicide, is another word for the self-disgust that tries to fling itself on the rubbish heap of Nature (just as if there were such a thing), because it thinks itself too low for God to reach down to, and because it fails to recognise that there is no depth of degradation in all the works of His hands, to which the Father in Heaven does not reach down. He is bound with all our bonds, and no human being is lower than He.

Thus then ensues cancellation of all sense of trespass. Our Father is in us, close to us, has abolished the distance between

us, and has put Himself on the same level with us as neighbour is with neighbour, man with man. So we say: "Father in Heaven, forgive us our trespasses, even as we forgive them that trespass against us."

Now, as we have said, this is the last rung in the ladder of Divine involution. The Svastica, the Cross, whether cosmic, spiritual or historic, keeps glimmering through all the clauses down to this point, like an apple of gold in a network of silver.

But here ensues the opposite movement, *viz.*, evolution, the turn of the wheel, the ascending arc.

The progress upwards sets in from man's night to his dawn, and his dawn to his noon; from man's winter to his spring, and spring to summer; from man's death to his resurrection and his resurrection to ascension. We speak in this way because all the vestures of Nature, even the astronomical, necessarily take their form from that which is innermost, the divine human Spirit. Such, then, is the theme that shines through the remaining clauses of the prayer, until the ascent finds its termination in the climax: "Thine is the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory," where the knot of the infinite circle is tied, so to speak, in the Absolute, or Amen.

Observe that while the stages of the involution, or progress downwards, have been given in detail: "Mayst thou come into deep and realised relation with us so that we hallow Thy name"; nearer: "May Thy power take possession of our being"; nearer: "May Thy will be our will"; nearer: "Feed us now on Thy bosom, as a mother feeds her child"; nearer still: "Be within our very depths, where our trespasses lie, so that Thou art even as ourselves, and on our lowest level, we and Thou, Thou and we, one with one another"; while the stages downwards are thus given in detail, it is otherwise with the opposite arc. The Stations of the Cross are the experience of all souls whatever, and are therefore recounted in the prayer of all souls. But the Stations after the Cross are the experiences of different souls, according to their degrees of development. Some have passed through few, some have passed through many. For this reason they are not given separately; we have only the large inclusive motto of the whole ascending arc, which is: "*Lead us.*"

Observe two things about it. We are no longer as before mere recipients of spiritual aid, but, with His leadership, we walk on our own feet. And again, we have here the cry of the soul that has passed the line, and has been initiated and is the opposite of what it was before. Now the worshipper desires the steady evolution of his consciousness towards the Divine, and desires that only ; before, he was induced by illusion to ask for things in time and space, which tempted or drew him back from the Divine.

Many, perhaps most, men's prayer is : "Lead us into wealth or other forms of success. Lead us into temptation." The enlightened one, on the contrary, who is on the ascending arc, is occupied more and more as he ascends with the evolution of his being out of imperfection. "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." This petition, though expressed in two or three words, must be the occupation of our innermost being for æons to come, since the answer to it includes all possible growth and spans the entire interval between humanity and God. At the same time I may say that it is well for every mind, so far as its degree of development permits, to follow with its eyes along the ascending line, and to keep track of the several ascending stages to which our Lord referred when He said : "In My Father's House" there is not merely awaiting for each one ultimate Destiny, but there "are many mansions," or preliminary resting places, landing places, so to speak, along the Temple stairway (*μouai*, the word is, remaining or resting places). In all ages, countries and cults, prophets have pointed upwards to successive grades of spiritual quality which the soul of man must attain to in the course of what is called Sanctification. "The fruits of the Spirit are Love, Joy, Peace," etc. ; that, however, which has not been sufficiently regarded is the successive resting places or seven heavens, as the Jews called them (S. Paul speaks of being caught up to the third), in which these qualities are to be exercised. The practical importance of having some conception of these rests upon a law, which is this : It is only by keeping in view the preliminary stages which lead up to a distant object, that we are enabled to have a just idea of the object itself to which these lead.

This law, with which we are all familiar on the physical plane is even more imperative on the spiritual. Thus, many have succeeded in sweeping out of their minds the intermediate beings that are the connecting links between man and God. And they are proud of their success in this respect. They have conceived of all the instrumental causes between God and us as things, things without thought, a mere series of billiard balls, impinging on one another, with God at the far end of the cue, and man at a pocket of the Cosmos, receiving the impulse of the last ball. They have been scared into this by a ghost called Anthropomorphism.

But in the eyes of the wiser majority of men the Heavens are full of spiritual beings of thinking minds, loving hearts, and keen perceptions, multitudinous in every spot both of light and shadow, and exercising their functions on all the planes.

Many Protestants—not all, I am a Protestant myself—think they have done a fine thing in sweeping these entirely away. They have thus swept the Heavens bare. It is stupid, nay, it is worse than stupid, for in so doing they have blurred and obscured the world's idea of God. The human mind is so constituted as to be compelled to think that if there are no Spirits between, there is no Spirit at the far end ; that is to say, if there are nothing but billiard balls, so to speak, all the way up, then there is nothing but a billiard ball to start with.

Now, a similar unhappy result follows from refusing to recognise the intervening stages between man's present physical plane and the ultimate perfection that popular theology calls Heaven. As a matter of fact, if you deny these intervening planes and successive dwelling places, if you deny the intermediary stages of evolution by which the imperfection of the earthly man is made to fall off gradually through the ripening within him of the Divine Man, in ascending planes and successive incarnations, if you think of the root and the flower as without an interval, or the sinner as immediately succeeded by the saint, the earthly John Smith, grocer, who waters his whiskey and sands his sugar, by the sublimated John Smith, who, as he is described on tombstones, "dwells in the bosom of God," you have an absurd, a ridiculous, contradiction in terms that no reasoning can surmount.

Blot out of men's sight or thought the intervening degrees by which perfection is attained, and is it a wonder that they cease to believe in a future perfection at all?

"Deliver us then from imperfection or the evil," the one evil that there is, therefore *the* evil. This is to constitute our deepest cry, not only while we occupy the present fugitive body, but in all our coming incarnations, as well as transitions from one vehicle to another, until complete deliverance shall bring us to the climax, expressed here by the Doxology.

Now the union is perfected. As S. Paul says to the Colossians: "The Father hath delivered us from the power of darkness and hath translated us into the Kingdom of His dear Son. By Him," the Apostle continues, "were all things created." At last, therefore, we are no longer in the stream, but at the source, the source of all the courage that in the past has raised our despondency, of all the vigour that has sustained our struggles, as of all the lustre that has haloed our attainment, in the various planes of spiritual result. It is our final, innermost experience, not only that He is in us, but that we are lost in Him: "Thine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory."

This closes the subjective, or individual, view of the Pater Noster. But it is impossible to close without just indicating the larger, the objective scope of the prayer. There is a wider domain than the individual Spirit both for the divine involution and the divine evolution. We can figure to ourselves the union of the subjective and objective most conveniently perhaps in this way.

From and outside of the defining lines of man's physical body are the pulsating lines of his aura, which transmit their vibrations in continually widening circles in the ether, out and still outward, infinitely. In this way God's involution into man and man's evolution up to God, of which each of us is subjectively a centre, become external as well as internal phenomena, are universal as well as individual, objective as well as subjective. The experience of the individual and the experience of the cosmos are the same. Man in short is the Microcosm of which the Universe is the Macrocosm, and that which is the perfection or goal in the one case, *viz.*, the consummated union of the

lower self with the higher Self, is no less the perfection or goal in the other.

Thus the doxology: "Thine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory" is the expected, longed for experience not merely of the perfected soul, but of the perfected cosmos. Let Matter and God be at one; thus the Canticle: "O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him forever."

Finally, there is one characteristic which prevails unexceptionally in the universe, both in its parts and in its totality, *viz.*, Motion. Both the subjective and objective, both the upper and the lower sections of the great circumference are animated throughout by movement. As Ezekiel's vision has it: "The Wheel rests not, day nor night." The human mind, however, is incapable of thinking otherwise than that there is a transcendent origin for all this motion, and that there must be rest somewhere. This brings us to the final word of the Prayer. The word *Amen*, as may be seen in any ordinary Hebrew dictionary, means that which is fixed. It is the Absolute, as near as we can conceive the Absolute. It is the Name which the Thebans gave to their Supreme Deity, the Support of the Universe. It is the name too which the Romans borrowed in the form of Jupiter Ammon. But what is more to the present purpose it is, in all probability, the old Âryan word Aum, or Om, the immovable and unchangeable Source of all. On this the cosmos rests, or rather the ever-moving wheel revolves, as a wheel moves upon its axis. "Thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*"

GEORGE CURRIE.

TO-DAY is your day and mine; the only day we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand, but we are here to play it, and now is our time. This we know, it is a part of action, not of whining. It is a part of love, not of cynicism. It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness. This we know, for we have learned from sad experience that any other source of life leads toward decay and waste.—DAVID STARR JORDON, *The Philosophy of Despair*.

THE DEFINITIONS OF ASCLEPIUS UNTO KING AMMON

II.

(CONCLUDED FROM VOL. XXXIV., p. 513)

ABOUT THE SOUL'S BEING HINDERED BY THE PASSION OF THE BODY

[Now] in the case of those professing the harmonious art of muse-like melody—if, when the piece is played, the discord of the instruments doth hinder the intent [of him who makes the piece], its rendering becomes ridiculous.

For when the instruments break down [just] when they're wanted [most], the maker of the music must needs be laughed at by the audience.

But he [himself], with all good will, exonerates his art from breaking down; he blames the weakness of the instruments.

Now God is in His nature the [great] music-maker.

Further, not only in His making of the harmony of His [celestial] songs, but also in His sending forth the rhythm of the melody of His own song [s] right down unto the separate instruments,* God is unwearied.

For with the gods there is no growing weary.

[Nay, more], whenever a musician, above all other men, desires to enter in a contest of his art—when now the brass† has rendered the same phrase of the [composer's] skill and afterwards the wood-wind‡ played the sweet notes of the melody upon

* ἄχρι τῶν κατὰ μέρος ὀργάνων,—that is, to "parts" as opposed to "wholes"; "wholes" signifying generally noumenal or celestial essences, "parts" meaning the separate existences of the phenomenal or sensible world.

† Lit., trumpets.

‡ Lit., the flute-players.

their instruments,* and they complete the music of the piece with pipe and plectrum—[if any thing goes wrong,] one does not lay the blame upon the inspiration† of the music-maker, the better [one].

Nay, [by no means,]—to him we render the respect that is his due; we blame the falseness of the instrument, in that it has become a hindrance to those who are most excellent—embarrassing the maker of the music in [the execution of] his melody, and robbing those who listen of the sweetness of the song.

In like way, as regards the weakness that doth hinder us because of body—for this scarce any pious looker-on blameth our race.‡

Nay, let him know God is unwearied spirit§—for ever in the self-same way possessed of His own science, unceasing in His bliss, the self-same benefits bestowing everywhere.

And if the Pheidias—the demiurge—is not responded to, by lack of matter to perfect his skilfulness, although for his own part the artist has done all he can—let us not lay the blame on him.

But let us, [rather,] blame the weakness of the string,|| in that, because it is too slack or is too tight, it mars the rhythm of the harmony.

So when it is that the mischance occurs by reason of the instrument, no one doth blame the artist.

Nay, [more,] the worse the instrument doth chance to be, the more the artist gains in reputation by the frequency with which his hand doth strike the proper note,¶ and more the love the listeners pour upon the music-maker.

* ἄρτι δὲ καὶ αὐλητῶν τοῖς μελικοῖς τὸ τῆς μελωδίας λιγυρὸν ἐργασαμένων.
—I do not know what this means exactly. Ménard translates: *quand les joueurs de flûte ont exprimé les finesses de la mélodie*; Patrizzi gives: *melicis organis melodice dulcedinem*.

† τῷ πνεύματι—? or perhaps simply breath, or blowing.

‡ The race of the Rays, presumably; that is, the race of the Logos, of those who are "kin to Him"—even as the "race of Elxai" (see "Concerning the Book of Elxai" in my *Did Jesus live 100 B.C.*, p. 375—London; 1903), and the "race" of the "Devotees" or Therapeuts (see Philo's *De Vita Contemplativa*, 891 P., 473 M.—Conybeare, p. 40, and note for references to other tractates of Philo).

§ Referring to the "inspiration" or "breath" above,—ὡς ἀκάματον μὲν ἐστὶ πνεῦμα ὁ θεός. Compare *John*, iv. 24: πνεῦμα ὁ θεός—God is spirit.

|| The metaphor has become somewhat mixed by the introduction of Pheidias, who was a "musician" in marble and ivory and gold, and not on strings and pipes.

¶ τῆς κορούσεως πολλάκις πρὸς τὸν τόνον ἐμπεσοῦσης.

So, in like fashion also, without complaint against Him, let us, most noble sirs!—set our own lyre in tune again, within, with the Musician!*

Nay, I have seen one of our artist folk†—although he had no power of playing on the lyre‡—when once he had been trained for the right noble art,§ by making frequent use of his own self as instrument—enharmonised by mystic practices according to the cure of souls||—so that the listeners took what he had had to do for [conscious] brilliancy,¶ and were exceedingly amazed.

Of course you know the story of the harper who won the favour of the god who is the president of music-work.**

[One day,] when he was playing for a prize, and when the breaking of a string would have become a hindrance to him in the heats—the favour of the better one supplied him with another string, and placed within his grasp the boon of fame.

A grasshopper was made to settle on his lyre, through the foreknowledge of the better one, and [so] fill in the melody in substitution of the [broken] string.††

And so by mending of his string the harper's grief was stayed, and fame of victory was won.

And this I feel is my own case, most noble sirs!

For but just now I seemed to make confession of my want of strength, and play the weakling for a little while; but now, by virtue of the strength of [that] superior one, as though my song about the king had been perfected [by Him, I seem] to wake my muse.

For, you must know, the end of [this] our duty will be the

* The text is corrupt; I read οὐκ ἔχοντες for οὐκ ἔχων τὴν . . .

† He means, presumably, one of the trained contemplatives of his community.

‡ That is, apparently, although he could not normally play the lyre (καὶ χωρὶς τῆς κατὰ λύραν ἐνεργείας), yet on one occasion he did so "phenomenally."

§ πρὸς μεγαλοφυῇ ὑπόθεσιν, *sci.*, of "contemplation."

|| Lit., of string[s],—κατὰ τὴν τῆς νευρᾶς θεραπειάν,—where the *therapeia* reminds us strongly of the Therapists.

¶ τὸ χρεῖωδες εἰς τὸ μεγαλοπρεπὲς θέμενοι.

** Apollo, presumably.

†† The song of the cicada was so pleasant to the ear of the Ancients, that we frequently find it used in poetry as a simile for sweet sounds. Plato calls the grasshoppers the "prophets of the Muses."

glorious fame of kings, and the good will of our discourse [will occupy itself] about the triumphs which they win.

Come then, let us make haste ! For that the singer willeth it, and hath attuned his lyre for this ;—nay more, more sweetly will he play, more fitly will he sing, as he has for his song the greater subject of his theme.

Since, then, he* has the [stringing] of his lyre tuned specially to kings, and has the key of laudatory songs, and as his goal the royal praises—let him first raise himself unto the highest king of all—the Good.

Beginning, [then,] his song from the above, he, [thus], in second place, descends to those who hold the power of him who's made in His similitude.†

Since kings themselves, indeed, prefer the [topics] of the song should step by step descend from the above, and where they have their [gifts of] victory presided o'er for them, thence should their hopes be led in orderly succession.

Let, then, the singer start with God, the greatest King of wholes.

God is for ever free from death ; [He is] both everlasting and possessed of [all] the might of everlastingness.

[God] is the glorious Victor, the very first, from whom all victories descend in orderly succession, to victory succeeding victory.

Our sermon, then, doth hasten to descend to [kingly] praises and to the kings who are the presidents of common weal and peace—whose lordship in most ancient times was placed upon the highest pinnacle by God supreme.

For whom the prizes have already been prepared before the weakness [of their foes] in war [has even shown itself] ; of whom the trophies [even] have been raised before the shock of conflict.

For whom it is appointed not only to be kings but also to be best.

At whom, before they even stir, the foreign land‡ doth quake.

* *Sci.*, the singer.

† That is, according to " The Perfect Sermon," the second God, or cosmos ;—but here more probably meaning the Sun.

‡ τὸ βάβαρον.

III.

ABOUT THE BLESSING OF THE BETTER [SELF] AND PRAISING
OF THE KING

And now our theme doth hasten on to blend its end with its beginnings—with blessing of the better [self] ;* and, afterwards, to make a final end of its discourse upon divinest kings who give us the [great] prize of peace.

For just as we began [by treating] of the better [self] and power above—so we'll bend round the end again into the same—the better one.

Just as the Sun, the nurse of all the things that grow, on his first rising, gathers in himself the first-fruits of their yield, using his rays as though it were vast hands, for gathering in their fruits—yea, [for] his rays are [truly] hands for him that pluck the first-fruits, as though it were the most ambrosial [essences] of plants—so, too, should we, beginning from the better [self], and [thus] recipient of his wisdom's stream, and turning it upon the garden of our souls above the heavens†—we should [direct and] train these [streams] of blessing back again unto their source—[blessing] whose entire power of germination [in us] He hath Himself poured into us.

'Tis fit ten thousand tongues and voices should be used to send His blessings back again unto the all-pure God, who is the father of our souls; and though we cannot utter what is fit—for we are [far] unequal to the task—[yet will we say what best we can].

For babes just born have not the strength to sing their father's glory as it should be sung; but they give proper thanks for them, according to their strength—and meet with pardon for their feebleness.‡

Nay, it is rather that God's glory doth consist in this [one] very thing—that He is greater than His children; that the

* τοῦ κρείττονος,—that is God, or the inner God, the "better one" of the last book.

† εἰς τὰ ἡμέτερα τῶν ψυχῶν ὑπερουράνια φυτά.

‡ Lit., "in this."

beginning and the source,* the middle and the end, of blessings, is to confess the father to be infinitely puissant and never knowing what a limit means.

So is it, too, in the king's case.

For that we men, as though we were the children of the king, feel it our natural duty to give praise to him. Still must we ask for pardon [for our insufficiency], e'en though 'tis granted by our sire before we [even] ask.

And as it cannot be the sire will turn from babes new-born, but rather will rejoice when they begin to recognise [his love] †—so also will the Gnosis of the all [rejoice], which doth distribute life to all, and power of giving blessing back to God, which He hath given [us].

For God, being good, and having in Himself eternally the limit of His own eternal fitness, and being deathless, and containing in Himself that lot of an inheritance that cannot come unto an end, and [thus] for ever ever-flowing from out that energy of His—He doth send tiding to this world down here [to urge us] to the rendering of praise that brings us home again.‡

With Him,§ therefore, is there no difference with one another; there is no partiality|| with Him.

But they are happy all. One is the prescience¶ of all. They have one mind—their father.

One is the sense that's active through them—their passion for each other.** 'Tis Love†† Himself who worketh the one harmony of all.‡‡

* Reading ἀρχὴν for χάριν.

† Lit., "at their recognition,"—ἐπὶ τῆς ἐπίγνώσεως—a play on *epignōsis* and *gnōsis*, and a parallel between the wisdom of God and the royal knowledge of the king.

‡ εἰς τόνδε τὸν κόσμον παρέχων τὴν ἀπαγγελίαν εἰς διασωστικὴν εὐφημίαν,—where it may be possible to connect ἀπαγγελία with the familiar εὐαγγέλιον.

§ ἐκείσε.

|| τὸ ἄλλοπρόσαλλον.

¶ πρόγνωσις.

** τὸ εἰς ἀλλήλους φίλτρον.

†† ὁ ἔρως,—the Higher Love.

‡‡ Compare this with the striking words of Plotinus (*Enn.*, v. 8. 4): "They see themselves in others. For all things are transparent, and there is nothing dark or resisting, but everyone is manifest to everyone internally, and all things

Thus, therefore, let us sing the praise of God.

Nay, rather, let us [first] descend to those who have received their sceptres from Him.

For that we ought to make beginning with our kings, and, after practising ourselves with them, and [thus] accustoming ourselves to songs of praise, then raise our pious hymn unto the better [self].

[We ought] to make the very first beginnings of our exercise of praise begin from Him—and through Him exercise the practice [of our praise], that there may be in us the exercising of our piety towards God, and of our praise to kings.

For that we ought to make return to them, in that they have extended the prosperity of such great peace to us.

It is the virtue of the king, nay, 'tis his name alone, that doth establish peace.

He has his name of king because he hath the kingship and supremacy beneath his feet,* and is the lord of reason† and of peace.

And in as much, in sooth, as he hath made himself the natural protector of the kingdom which is not his native land,‡ his very name [is made] the sign of peace.

For that, indeed, you know, the appellation of the king has frequently at once repulsed the foe.

Nay, more, the very statues of the king are peaceful harbours for the tempest-tossed.

The image of the king alone has to appear to win the victory, and to assure to all the citizens freedom from fear and hurt.

G. R. S. MEAD.

are made manifest ; for light is manifest to light. For everyone has all things in himself and again sees in another all things, so that all things are everywhere, and all in all, and each in all, and infinite the glory. For each of them is great, since the small also is great. And the sun there is all the stars, and again each and all are the sun. In each, one thing is pre-eminent above the rest, but it also shows forth all."

* βασιλεύς γὰρ διὰ τοῦτο εἴρηται, ἐπὶ δὲ [? ἐπειδὴ] τῇ βασιλείᾳ καὶ τῇ κορυφαίότητι [? κορυφαιότητι] κατεπεμβαίνει.

† Or, of the word.

‡ τῆς βασιλείας τῆς βαρβαρικῆς.

THE "LOST SOUL."

"THERE is a sickness not unto death, but unto life."—MERIZKOWSKI.

"IT is as if you suddenly had the sense of all nature, and exclaimed, 'Yes, it is true.' . . . You do not forgive anything, for there is nothing to forgive."

John Maxse read these words without understanding them ; for no man knows that which he has not lived ; nor can he who recognises the whole Law of Life in an ethical code, be expected to cast from his system forgiveness. But he viewed the sentiment as the legitimate conclusion of atheism ; and he read faithfully all things in which he thought he discerned "the modern spirit" ; John Maxse was essentially modern, so modern that he was often in the rearguard rather than in the van of thought. He had in him nothing of the prophet, nor of the pioneer, though he earnestly believed himself to be the latter. He laid down the book and went out in the whirl of a March north-easter, across flat green meadows, touched here and there with the gold of celandine, by dykes wherein the water shivered past dry brown rushes, and under boughs of budding "palm," and hazels covered with delicate catkins and the tiny crimson touches of spring and new birth. John Maxse was on a visit to his father, who preached in a little brown chapel with white-painted diamond-paned windows. John Maxse's father was a minister of the old school ; he had little sympathy with these days of tolerance and widening thought and belief. He was a religious man, where John, his son, was ethical. There are those who think religion and ethics are one and indivisible ; let them pause and consider with themselves if this be so.

Joseph Maxse received as his law of conduct the Will of the Divine Object of his worship, the pivot of his soul. His ethical code was summed up in the phrase, "the Lord's Will" ; he

believed that Will to be opposed to theft; had he deemed otherwise he would have stolen with no question as to the righteousness of his action; disinclination and natural honesty might have deterred him—not conscience; for doubt as to the perfect Righteousness of the Divine Will would have been impossible to him. This temper of mind is, I hold, a form of religion divorced from ethics.

John Maxse, on the other hand, viewed religion as ethics, pure and simple. Ethics—his ethics, his code of righteousness—constituted the Eternal Law. Religion, save as it conduced to good conduct, was valueless in his eyes. In other words he had so little idea of religion as the devout soul knows it, that he had not the slightest idea of its existence, or the faintest suspicion that he did not understand it. He understood it as little as he did "Kirillov." Father and son were alike in this: neither would have agreed that "there is nothing to forgive."

The old man, in his black gown, thin, sharp-featured, with stiff, grey beard, colourless face, and light, glassy, excitable eyes, was a contrast to his big, loose-limbed son, with his thick, strongly growing hair, broad brow, and genial, flexible mouth.

The old minister had not intended to speak on the after death fate of the impenitent, but he was one who followed "the leading of the spirit," and when, in turning over the leaves of his Bible, it fell open at the words: "Where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," he began, at first with hesitation, but finally with passionate force, to describe the torments of the lost. John Maxse was a student of Dante; he had recently lectured without a qualm on the "Inferno"; with much inconsistency he was shocked when his father, with unusual power and vividness, drew a picture of hell, more vital, more tragic, and curiously more real than the works of the poet's genius. John Maxse felt an intense repulsion as he listened; not only because the sermon was to him false, impossible, and wellnigh blasphemous, but because of the presence of one listener, who was a stranger to him. This man entered the Church quietly just before the sermon began. He was young, well dressed, well built, and moderately good-looking. He was dark-haired, and grey-eyed; his face was thin; it was clean shaven and the moulding of the

lips and chin could be seen: they were strong and sensitive. He was very quiet in his movements; and, after he had seated himself, extraordinarily still; when he took his place, he flung one arm over the side of the low pew, the long, supple hand drooping towards the pavement. Having assumed this attitude, he never moved a muscle either of his body or his face. He listened very attentively. At last the old man stopped, excited and panting; he sank on his knees in prayer, and the congregation knelt too. The stranger also knelt, and rested his head for a few minutes on the front of the pew. Then he rose, put half a crown in the plate which was held at the door, and walked slowly, like one to whom time is nothing, over the meadows in the whirl of the north-easter. John Maxse and his father walked down the narrow field path behind him; they caught him up; he stepped from the path to let them pass; as he did so he raised his hat to the preacher, with a quaint old-fashioned courtesy; his eyes and lips smiled, a faint smile that gave John Maxse a sensation of acute distress. He did not speak till they entered the minister's little house.

"That was a piteous face," he said, half under his breath. His father took off his coat, and hung it, and his hat, on a peg before he answered. When he did so his voice shook.

"It was the face of a lost soul," he said. "That man is damned—now while he lives. And he knows it."

John Maxse was still smarting from a sermon which outraged his sense of justice, his morality, and his common sense.

"If you believe that, father," he cried, "I wonder you can ever enter your church, let alone your pulpit, again."

"We won't discuss this, John," said the old man, his voice quivering. His son was silent, angry with his father, and more angry with himself because he had pained him. The next day he left the minister's house for London, where he remained till June, when he went westward for a three weeks' walking tour. Early in the morning he stood on the cliffs, and looked downwards at a sheltered lotus land, a vale of healing. Here, years before, a great landslip had taken place; nature, of a tempest's wreck, had fashioned a sheltered garden of delight, where tree and bush, fern and flower, could riot at their will in reckless prodigality of growth. Into this still, perfumed paradise Maxse

descended by a steep broken path ; and thus descending came upon a green chasm between two jagged masses of rent earth, now covered with sweet short turf, yellow rock rose and wild thyme ; in the chasm was a little green tent, pitched where a glimpse could be caught of the sea, and of the grey line of the Dorset coast. Lying on the turf, outside the tent, his eyes fixed on the horizon, was a young man, dark-haired and grey-eyed. When he saw Maxse he smiled, and stood up. Maxse, seeing that he was recognised, paused. The tent-dweller spoke first.

"We have met before," he said. "We listened to a sermon together last March, didn't we?"

"Yes," said Maxse hastily. "My father was the preacher."

"Indeed. It was—a very eloquent sermon."

"It was a very painful one to me."

"To *you*. Why?"

"Because I hoped that monstrous teaching was exploded. Fires that burn and do not consume!"

"But *can* there be no fire save the terrestrial? May there not be a fire that burns and tortures and does not consume?"

Maxse raised his eyebrows.

"The laws of nature—" he said. "Surely——"

"Do you think we have learned all the laws of nature?"

"No. But I should not like to think that doctrine true."

"No. I do not like it either. I didn't like those people in Martinique being burned by volcanic fires."

Maxse was silent for a few minutes.

"This is a beautiful spot," he said at last.

"It is."

"Have you camped here long?"

"Six weeks."

"Alone?"

"I—yes, I suppose so."

"Rather lonely."

"Yes. Rather lonely. What do you think constitutes loneliness? Being five miles from a station?"

"No. Being alone."

"Or being in hell?" said the other with a quick glance and smile. "Being 'a lost soul, and knowing it.'"

"Good heavens! How do you know my father said that?"

"I didn't know he said it. But I felt he thought it. He got into touch with me, somehow; and he felt there was—something wrong. I was sorry. It distressed him."

Maxse was compassionate. He cast off the usual reserve of the Anglo-Saxon; he laid his hand on the stranger's shoulder.

"What is wrong?" he said. "Tell me."

"That's really very kind of you," said the other gently and gratefully. "I should have felt it last March. I hope to God I shall feel again some day. But I don't know."

He looked smilingly at John Maxse; his manner had an ease and freedom unlike his silent rigidity of three months before, yet this ease and freedom were more painful than the cold stiffness. The rigidity had been like the forcible repression of feeling; the ease and graciousness hid its absence.

"Last March," he said lightly, "I was suffering infernal agonies. I could not have spoken of them to my best friend, or to the mother who bore me. Now, that I don't feel at all, and would give the thing I used to value most, the sight of my eyes, to be suffering again, I am perfectly willing to tell a stranger 'what's wrong.' Would you really like to hear? Then you shall."

He lay down on the thyme-scented turf, rested his head on a patch of yellow rock rose, and began to speak; the way in which the man laid bare his soul to a chance wayfarer proved the truth of his words. He did not feel. He was numbed to the core of a once aching heart.

"My name's Rufus Thorn," he began lightly and placidly, "I am twenty-eight years old. I used to make my living by writing. For the last two years I haven't worked at all. When my money is gone, I shall turn crossing-sweeper or pickpocket, I suppose."

He paused. Since Maxse made no comment he went on.

"I think Nature made me what is called sympathetic. I adapt myself quickly to other people, and to different ways of living and thinking. And from my youth up I had a passion to *know*, not a passion to learn, or know about things; but to know by *becoming*. When I was nineteen I went on the stage for two

years ; partly to know a new phase of life, partly to throw myself into different forms of human nature. They said I should have been a great actor if I'd stuck to it ; but I didn't care whether I was great or small, so I didn't stick to it. I went to Brent—do you know Brent ? Father Standish's place."

"I've heard of it."

"I've stayed there often. Father Standish said that what I longed to know was God. It had never struck me before. I thought I sought a fuller sense of individual life. I suppose it comes to the same thing."

Maxse knitted his brows and looked puzzled ; he lived chiefly in his works, and in his thoughts concerning the social problems which touched him most nearly. Rufus Thorn went on speaking :

"I was in touch with my fellow-men to the full. I seemed to understand everyone I came near. I tried to understand the lesser lives, too ; the animals and the plants. Sometimes I succeeded. I sat in the woods alone, and felt the life of the trees and earth fuse with my life. Everything was on fire with life ; nothing was outside myself ; everything seemed to be shifting, changing, growing ; when life grew so keen and so perfect it couldn't be expressed in one way, it expressed itself in another. I felt as though I were what the birds are, a link between the life of Gods and men, a door between the seen and the unseen. I felt the life of the Powers that fashion nature. I suppose you have thought there is a world finer, subtler, more elusive than the world we see ? "

"I have thought of it as a possibility."

"Have you ever thought there might be a 'lower deep' than this life of earth ? "

"No. How could there be ? The higher must be aware of the lower."

"I don't know that ! The universal knows all it contains, I suppose. But the higher *isn't* always aware of the lower. Suppose the power that keeps us alive, and makes us endure comes from above. It doesn't *know*, but it wills to know, and it presses outwards resistlessly. It learns to know and recognise itself in the depths ; each stage of the way, as water rises, it fights towards it_s

source, and takes no notice of the stage it leaves behind. Now if you seek for God you think of Him as above you, and take no thought of your life that lies hidden in the depths. But it is there, and it too is fighting upwards; blindly too, I think, not knowing what it tries to reach. But if one day it reaches *you*, as you know yourself, that is to say, if it begins to express itself through the brain you thought of as your special property, then as it unites with you, it feels as though it had known you all the time, and had waited and watched your every action from the darkness. That holds good of ordinary memory; when you remember, in the act of union knowledge comes, and you are heir to all the garnered memories of that region of your life. Perhaps you would feel the same, if you consciously reached God. Suppose your life in the depths was much stronger than your life here, as you know it; that is, if the force you call life played much more strongly in that region than in this; then when it rose up and reached you—the you of to-day—it would eat you up, blot you out, and there's no knowing what would become of you. But if you were the stronger, or were equal, you would only feel something that was you, and not you (you might call it a mood), making a battleground of your body and soul. Perhaps there may be an hour when the power that keeps us alive takes possession of its kingdom through and through, region after region; holds and watches it from above; and the seat of knowledge lies there, instead of craving upwards from below. But till that time comes I do not believe that any one part of us is more our 'real self' than any other. We don't know our 'self' at all; only the different little wheels and springs of the machine it works, now one, and now another."

He watched a shining star of thistle-down drift between him and the throbbing life of the sky.

"As for me," he went on, "(I'm obliged to talk about 'me,' you understand) I had struggled to become both the above and the below; to feel all the little wheels and springs and pulleys at once. I suppose the below was the nearer, though I never guessed it. I never realised where I should find myself. When people are convinced that *here* is their real centre of life, they are safe from heaven and hell."

"Safe from heaven!"

"It sounds queer. But I think if a man gained the full consciousness of heaven it would mean bodily death; unless, as Dostoevski suggests, it meant bodily transformation. How bored you must be! I'll be quick. I was at Brent. I had been out all day. There was a frost; the pine trees were silver; the sky above them was violet, fading into gentian blue; a southern blue. I burst the limits of my narrow soul; it seemed the wildest egoism to demand 'individuality' of Nature. I didn't ask it. I didn't want it. The only thing that mattered was that something which lay hidden at the root of things should be expressed. I went into the chapel and listened to the organ. There, suddenly, without any warning, I became aware of the life of hell."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply what I say. I became aware of the life of hell. I did not enter any region I could see and analyse as Dante did; I saw nothing. I wish to God I had! But I knew hell was a concrete fact, and a part of my life was there."

"You mean you realised the pain and sin of the world."

"I mean nothing of the kind. I realised *that* long ago. I have seen, and felt, and shared in a great deal of the pain and sin of the world. Even when I was a little child I became 'acquainted with grief.' I mean that in a moment I was in hell; and I knew there was a life hidden in darkness, as well as a life raised in glory. And I was in it. I was there."

"What was it like?"

"If I could describe it, it would be only earthly agony and sin. Besides, the details were not clear. Sin! you don't know what sin means. The standard is different. You don't know their sins, nor they yours. That runs through all. A cat thinks a dog's virtues are idiotic; the self-respect of a cat is crime to a dog. Never shall I forget the eeriness of it all. I went to town; stayed with my brother, and lived as he did; dances, dinners, théâtres, 'bridge.' All the time I was in hell. The sense that it was always there was horrible. The life of the world went on; the bliss of the Gods might be; the heaven of heavens might also be—but the depths were there too. I left

London and walked about the country. If I had told anyone I should have raved, and been locked up as a lunatic. So I held my tongue. Two days after I heard your father preach, I was sitting by a pond in Surrey. It was warm and sheltered; the gorse was beginning to bloom. The smell of gorse has always delighted me; that day I did not care much about it. I noticed this; and then I noticed something else. I did not care about this world of terror I had feared for three months of mortal life. I was aware of it, just as I was aware of the sun on my face, of the gorse scent, of the song of a lark above my head; and I felt and cared as little concerning it as I did for all of these. Loneliness doesn't express the feeling; isolation isn't the word; unconsciousness doesn't express it. I'm quite conscious. I can feel. I'm not alone. But I don't care. It isn't pain. I wish it were. It's moral paralysis."

He was silent. Maxse watched him. He shut his eyes, and lay still and rigid, but his mouth twitched and trembled, and his throat swelled.

"I think you would rather be alone," said Maxse.

"I would. If you don't mind."

Maxse rose.

"Good-bye," he said. Rufus Thorn made no answer. Maxse walked on for a few paces. The other called him back; he turned. Rufus Thorn's white face was quivering; there were tears in his eyes.

"I seem to be ungrateful and discourteous," he said. "I don't mean to be. I have just realised what I have done. It has brought the power of feeling back with a vengeance. I must have been mad to tell you. I feel as though I had been flayed alive in the market place. You can't forget. Will you be silent?"

"Of course. May I come back and see you to-morrow?"

"Y—y—yes. If I'm gone you will know I couldn't face you."

"I hope you will face me."

"So do I. Because I should like to see you again."

Maxse shook his hand and left him. He could not sleep for thinking of Rufus Thorn's pale face and agonised eyes. He

started early in the morning for the once storm-rent garden of peace. The green tent was still there, and so was Rufus Thorn; he came forward smiling.

"I hope you no longer feel you have been flayed in the market place," said Maxse.

"No. Night has brought counsel; and perhaps a better sense of proportion. I am returning to the market place, *i.e.*, London, to-morrow. Let me make you some coffee."

He began to make the coffee; and as he made it, he talked gently, pleasantly, gratefully, to the bewildered Maxse.

"Tell your father," said Rufus Thorn, "that unless a man be willing to lose his life, he shall not find it. He will agree to that. Ask him what *is* a man's life, his body, or his soul."

Maxse raised his eyebrows.

"You are preaching a very queer doctrine."

"O yes! And probably I don't understand what I talk about. Only it has struck me that he who *willingly* helps to fashion the dark root whence light springs upwards, is as great in service and in power as he who shines in glory. I wondered too, whether it could ever be that a poor human soul might learn, in bitter darkness earned by sin, to dwell in that darkness gladly, and therein serve God; though once he chose it hoping to serve himself. I wonder whether *in itself* the darkness is baser than the light. I wonder whether the depths have sin in them, for those who are native thereto, whose needs God fashioned them to serve."

"*Are* there any native thereto?"

"I don't know. I am only human; and a stranger in *that* land. Will you give your father my message?"

"Who counselled you last night?" said Maxse abruptly. "Your counsellor saved your reason."

"We set great store by our reason. But I was willing to stake reason along with the rest."

"Then you are one of those who fight to win. I wish I knew who counselled you!"

Now this Maxse never knew, though often in the future he talked with Rufus Thorn. But the story of the night lies in the Garner-house of Dreams; thence I will draw it for any who care to hear.

MICHAEL WOOD.

LIFE AND FORM

IN the February and March numbers of this REVIEW, Dr. Wells wrote two articles on "Private Revelations," in which he draws attention to what appears to him to be a discrepancy between certain statements made by Mr. Leadbeater in his book *The Other Side of Death*. Mr. Leadbeater had said: "At present the physical plane is the principal theatre of our evolution, and a great deal of very necessary progress can be made only under its . . . conditions."* And again, Mr. Leadbeater had said: "Its (the astral plane's) possibilities, both of enjoyment and of progress are in every way much greater than those of the lower level."† These two propositions Dr. Wells considers to be "mutually destructive."

But surely if we consider the matter carefully it will be evident, not only that these teachings are perfectly consistent, but that they are also exactly what we would expect *a priori*. At present, for us, that is to say for the average man, the physical plane is the principal theatre of our evolution. And why? Because it is only on this plane that our self-consciousness is fully developed. I say "fully developed" but perhaps "comparatively developed" would be a more correct expression; for even on the physical plane our self-consciousness, the power of the Ego to detach itself from the objective world, varies within very wide limits. But comparatively speaking, it is on the physical plane, and on that alone, that the average man has attained to a self-consciousness worthy of the name. Does it not follow, then, that the physical plane must be "the principal theatre of his evolution" so far as he has any hand in that evolution? For it is only where there is self-consciousness that the centre, as an organic unit, begins its growth. Previous to this stage there is

consciousness, but it is the Logic consciousness working upwards ; not the consciousness evolving from a centre.

But although, for the average man, the physical plane offers, at present, the principal theatre of his evolution, it must at the same time be borne in mind that the possibilities of the physical plane are immeasurably less than those of the superior planes, the astral and, *a fortiori*, the mental. The tremendous inertia of the physical, as compared with the other two worlds, offers such resistance to action that the one may be likened to a lump of coal from the coal pit, the other to the same as it glows in the fiery furnace. In the one case the energy is cabined, cribbed, confined in every direction ; in the other, the energy is set loose. Hence in the higher worlds, " the possibilities, both of enjoyment and of progress are, in every way, much greater than those of the lower level," always provided that we are in a position to take advantage of them. At present the bulk of us are not able to take advantage of them ; for we have not developed self-consciousness on those planes. At present our progress must be that which we make for ourselves on the physical plane, where our eyes are, to some extent, opened, and we have some power of ordering our lives. In the future, when we have a similar power of ordering our lives on the astral and mental planes, our possibilities of progress will " in every way " be " very much greater than those of the lower level."

These remarks serve as an introduction to my principal thesis. In the May number of the REVIEW appeared a paper, by Miss E. M. Green, sounding a note of warning against the ever-prevalent tendency of the human soul to wrap itself up in the form, forgetting that the form is but a transient phase, and with the growth of the soul the time soon comes when it must be broken in pieces. " The life, while conditioned, sustained, and perfected through form, may yet know no rest in any one form if it would mount upward through a world of forms to that of which *all* forms are but a partial expression." We must " see to it lest the plastic walls of our beloved Theosophical Society crystallise slowly but surely round us into ramparts of dogma and of creed."

To this, in the same number, Dr. Wells rejoins : " If all we have learned from earlier mystics is to be rejected as mere

'forms'—to be cast aside when a new seer bids—I do not see what becomes of our Theosophy. If we are to throw away the teachings we have received as being mere 'changing forms' where is the need of a Theosophical Society? Are we to be 'blown about with every wind of doctrine'?"

And there the matter remains. A wide and deep principle has been touched by both writers, the one laying emphasis on the continual recognition of the impermanency of the form, the other laying emphasis on the necessity of the form for the shelter and stability of the soul. Both writers are, without doubt, possessed by an aspect of the truth. Can we go a little further back and see where the two views harmonise?

At the outset the question arises: What do we mean by "form"?—what are the forms referred to?

Now "form," in the very widest, in the philosophic sense of the word, must exist on all planes where we have manifestation. It may be said, of course, that that necessity is but one of the limitations imposed on our thought by the methods of the reason. Reason living among a world of forms can no more conceive anything outside that world than a blind man can conceive colour or a deaf man can conceive sound. This is granted. Higher than the rūpa levels of the mental plane, it may be, the conception of form that we, living in the world of forms, have, and necessarily have, is transcended. We may take it, verily, that the form of thought that prescribes forms for us, whose consciousness is on lower levels, breaks up when we rise above them, and we emerge into a sphere where concepts that we now regard as "necessary truths" give way, and are seen to have been but a very partial expression of something far wider. This is granted; and therefore, to avoid any danger of misconception I purpose to confine myself to the use of the word "form" as existing throughout the three worlds, the physical, the astral, and the lower mental.

The necessity of form in the physical world for the evolution of life scarcely needs demonstration. Without it there could be none of that interaction between subjective and objective whereby consciousness is evolved from its very lowliest estate. It is, indeed, the friction of form against form that converts the life *in*

posse into the life *in esse*, even as it is the friction between two surfaces that converts the unmanifested electricity into the manifested, or the latent fire of the lucifer match into the flame. In this world we should note that not only is it the breaking up of the form that releases the energy contained within it, but, in proportion to the thoroughness of the breaking up of the form, so is the intensity of the energies released. Physical scientists have now, I believe, come to the conclusion that the tremendous energy manifested by a gramme of radium, inexplicable on the ordinary theories of molecular disintegration, may, nevertheless, be explained on a transcendental theory of atomic disintegration; that is to say, the energy manifested is far too great to be accounted for by the theory of the disintegration of the larger units of cohesion, but may be accounted for by the theory of the disintegration of the units that go to make up those units. This, though a side issue to my main argument, serves its purpose in illustrating, not only that the manifestation of life in its lowest stage—that is, what the physicists call “energy”—comes by the breaking up of its encasement, but that the more completely its encasement is broken up, so much the more completely is the life set free.

But what is the need for forms in the astral and mental worlds? Admitting that we must have forms if we are to have differentiation or manifestation, what is the necessity that these forms should be possessed of any stability whatsoever? Where is the need for the form that may offer any resistance to the movement, the growth, or the expansion of the life? Why not a perfectly fluidic form, responding perfectly to the impulse within it? Surely, it may be objected, anything that offers resistance to the life must militate against the progress of that life.

But a little further consideration will show us that this is the very proposition that we have to meet with a direct negative. As a matter of fact, unless the life is to be dissipated into, so to say, thin air, unless it is to fall back again into the great ocean of life whence it came, and so lose that nucleus or centre which it is the great purpose of its earlier evolution to acquire, it must have these walls against which to expend itself, and rebound with all the added impetus of the concussion; it must

have the form that may circumscribe its activity, else it loses itself owing to the very wideness of the sphere over which it spreads. Put in other words, we must needs build a house for our soul to dwell in, a house that will shelter our darling from the winds of heaven ; otherwise those winds, good in themselves and needful for our health's sake, will sweep away our very life, and we shall rise up some wintry morning to find our darling has taken wings to herself and flown away, and a chilliness, the chilliness of death, encompasses us round about.

We see, then, the necessity of form : we see, also, the necessity of form being broken up when by the expanding life it has been stretched to its utmost limits. We should now be in a position to face the main problem as to what measure of stability in form best conduces to our welfare. Can we discriminate so far as to say whether a particular form has, for us, become a hindrance rather than an advantage ? whether it aids or retards the growth of the soul ? and can we say when it is desirable that this particular form should be broken up ?

It seems to me the answer to these questions must be, No : we ourselves cannot consciously discriminate, since such discrimination would imply that we could see outside ourselves, and view the processes of our own growth. The life itself will reveal to us when the forms in which we have clothed our philosophy or our religion have become a restraint rather than a help. We find that the dogma embraces not the wider view howsoever much we may stretch its meaning ; doubts as to its validity come in. There is uneasiness : that is the beginning of the wider life, the death-throes of the form. Then, should the life have drawn much sustenance from the form, and the form have grown rigid with the length of time it has served the life, there will be suffering—suffering whose intensity is as the strength needed to break through the bonds that confine—but the process must go on if the consciousness is to expand.

Think, for example, of the man who has pinned his faith to the verbal inspiration of the Bible. It seems to him as though all his religion was going, as bit by bit the faith has to be given up before the discriminating reason. Afterwards he finds that the change is merely from a narrower to a broader basis for his

faith. But it is only when he has transcended the form and can view the wider field, that he can consciously say: "this form had become too narrow for my life." Intimates, especially those more advanced than himself, would, doubtless, have been aware of the coming change before the man himself. It is only in looking backward on them that we may see the forms out of which we have grown. Then we may regard them even as the butterfly may regard the chrysalis shell out of which she has emerged. But the forms in which we at present live and move and have our being—that which makes the skeleton-framework of our consciousness while we dwell within the limitations of the mental world—these forms, if they harmonise with the life, we cannot view objectively, since they are part of the very truth itself for us. Nay, more, it may be beyond our powers of conception to see how they *could* be transcended. But we must not fall into the fallacy of assuming our powers of conception to be the limits of the possible. Man may be the measurer of the universe, but he is only the measurer of the universe for himself. Take karma and reincarnation. We, as Theosophists, not only believe these doctrines, but it is perhaps inconceivable to us that they can ever be transcended. We may find certain logical difficulties with regard to karma, and we admit that reincarnation is for the three worlds only; but, although we grant certain limitations in their application, it is inconceivable to us that these truths, as truths, can ever be transcended. And yet one must admit that karma and reincarnation, wide and far-reaching principles no doubt, are yet *forms* of our belief, and when seen from above, instead of seen, as it were, from a point in the midst of their workings, may be found to be but partial expressions of still wider-embracing truths. Nor should this consideration in the slightest degree shake our surety of these or other principles that we receive. They are perfect truths for us now, and to admit that there may come a time when we shall perceive that they were only formal expressions is but equivalent to saying that at present we only know in part, that hereafter we shall know more; but only when we lose ourselves within the Divine shall we know all, and come face to face with Truth absolute. Then, indeed, all forms are transcended, since we are one with the Life Itself.

Deeper thought on this illimitable theme verily carries us into worlds far beyond the mental. We shall see the necessity of form to express the truth until we arrive at the All-Truth; the necessity of form to express the good until we arrive at Absolute Goodness; the necessity of form to express the beautiful until we are one with the very spirit of the Beautiful.

Therefore, when one of our foremost writers objects that his house should be toppled over, though we may heartily sympathise with him, we can say, "It is well"; for if the time has come when the life within needs must grow, and the house that he has built will not allow of its growth, then that house will be toppled over, and surely it is well that it should be. But if there is still room for the growth of the life within, then the house will stand, howsoever much the winds may shake it; and so again, it is well.

And when, further, another of our writers warns us against the danger of a continuing faith in any one form, we say: It is true that no form is permanent, but since a certain permanency is necessary for the growth of the life, take heed lest you destroy the form before the needs of the life demand it, so that the life cries out, "they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Oftentimes the danger of the form being broken up too soon is far greater than the danger that the form too long confines the ensouling life. For, although, in the last case, there may be more suffering to be gone through, in the first case it may be that the life itself is dissipated, *in tenuous auras*, and becomes of no effect.

POWIS HOULT.

A PRAYER.—Purge out of every heart the lurking grudge. Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Offenders, give us the grace to accept and to forgive offenders. Forgetful ourselves, help us to bear cheerfully the forgetfulness of others. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare us to our friends, soften us to our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all innocent endeavours. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and, down to the gates of death, loyal and loving to one another.

R. L

THREE QUESTIONS

[This article is a translation of a story of Leo Tolstoy's issued by the Free Age Press, 13, Paternoster Row, E.C., from which a number of Count Tolstoy's later works can be obtained. It is translated by V. Tchertkoff and I. F. M.]

A KING once reflected that if he knew the right time when to begin every undertaking ; if, moreover, he knew with what people he should work, and with whom he should not ; and above all, if he were always to know which of all undertakings is the most important—then he would never meet with failure. And having thus reflected, the king announced through all his realm that he would grant a great recompense to whoever would teach him *how to know the proper time for every action, who are the most necessary men, and how to avoid making a mistake as to which is the most important of all undertakings.*

Concerning the first question some said that in order to know the proper time for every action one should beforehand draw up a programme for every day, month, and year, and strictly adhere to what has been thus fixed. Only then, said they, would every act be fulfilled in its proper time. Others said that one could not decide beforehand when to accomplish each act ; but that one should refrain from distracting oneself with frivolous amusements and be always attentive to all which is taking place, and then do that which is required. Others said that however attentive the king might be to that which takes place, one man cannot always correctly decide what should be done at what time, but he should have the advice of wise men, and according to this advice should decide when to act. Others said that there are cases when there is no time to inquire of counsellors, but when it is necessary to decide on the instant whether it be the time or not for the beginning of a certain undertaking. And in order to know this it is necessary

to know beforehand what will take place. And this is known only by the augurs. And that, therefore, in order to know the right time for every action one should consult the augurs.

The second question was also answered variously. Some said that those most necessary to the king were his helpers—the rulers; others said that the most necessary to him were the augurs; others again, that the men most necessary to the king were the physicians; yet others that the most necessary were the warriors.

In reference to the third question—What is the most important work?—some said that the most important work in the world is the sciences; others said that it is the military art; others said that the most important thing is the worship of God.

All the answers were different, and therefore, the king did not agree with any of them and did not grant the recompense to anyone. And in order to ascertain the right answers to his questions he decided to consult a hermit whose wisdom was held in great repute.

The hermit lived in a wood, never going anywhere else, and received only common people. Therefore the king dressed himself in simple clothes, and, before reaching the hermit's hut with his bodyguard, he got off his horse and went alone to see him.

When the king approached, the hermit was digging trenches in his garden. Seeing the king he greeted him, and immediately resumed his digging. The hermit was thin and weak, and whilst thrusting his spade into the earth and turning over small lumps of soil, he breathed heavily.

The king went up to him and said :

“ I have come to thee, wise hermit, in order to ask thee to give me answers to three questions: What is the time one should bear in mind and not allow to pass that one may not afterwards repent of it? Who are the most necessary men, and consequently with whom should one work more and with whom less? And what are the most important actions, and therefore what work amongst all others should one accomplish first? ”

The hermit listened to the king; he answered nothing, but spat into his hand and again began to peck at the ground.

"Thou art tired," said the king. "Give me thy spade; I will work a bit for thee."

"I thank thee," said the hermit, and having handed over his spade he sat down on the ground. Having dug two trenches the king stopped and repeated his question. The hermit did not answer anything, but got up and stretched out his hand for the spade.

"Now rest thou; let me go on," he said.

But the king did not return the spade, but continued to dig. An hour passed, and then another. The sun had already begun to descend behind the trees, and the king thrust his spade into the earth and said:

"I came to thee, my wise man, for an answer to my questions. If thou canst not answer them say so, and I will go home."

"There is someone running this way," said the hermit. "Let us see who it is."

The king looked round and saw that a bearded man was indeed running from the wood. The man had his hands on his belly; from under them flowed blood. Having run up to the king the bearded man fell down and lay turning up his eyes without moving and only faintly groaning. The king, together with the hermit, undid the man's clothes, and discovered a large wound. The king washed the wound as well as he knew how and bound it up with his handkerchief and the hermit's towel. But the blood did not cease to flow, and the king several times took off the bandage soaked with warm blood and again washed the wound and bound it up. When the blood stopped, the wounded man came to himself and asked for drink. The king brought some fresh water and gave it to him. The sun had in the meantime quite set and it had become cool. Therefore the king, with the help of the hermit, conveyed the bearded man into the hut and put him on the hermit's bed. Lying on the bed the wounded man closed his eyes and appeared to fall asleep.

The king was so tired from walking and working that having begun to dose on the door-sill, he fell asleep, and so deeply that he slept through the whole of the short summer night; and when he awoke in the morning he could not for a long time understand

where he was, and who was that strange bearded man lying on the bed and looking at him fixedly with shining eyes.

"Pardon me," said the bearded man in a weak voice, when he saw the king was awake and was looking at him.

"I do not know thee, and I have nothing to pardon thee for," said the king.

"Thou dost not know me, but I know thee. I am that enemy of thine who has sworn to revenge himself upon thee because thou hast executed my brother and deprived me of my property. I learnt that thou hadst gone alone to the hermit and I decided to kill thee. I intended attacking thee when thou shouldst be going away. But a whole day passed and thou didst not come. Then I left my ambush in order to ascertain where thou wert and I came across thy bodyguard. They recognised me and wounded me. I fled from them, but losing blood I would have died if thou hadst not dressed my wound. I wanted to kill thee, but thou hast saved my life. Now if I remain alive and shouldst thou desire it, I will serve thee as thy most faithful slave and will order my children to do the same. Pardon me."

The king was very glad that he had succeeded so easily in making peace with his enemy and transforming him into his friend; and he not only pardoned him but promised to restore to him his property and also to send his servants and his physician to fetch him.

Having taken leave of the wounded man the king stepped out into the porch, looking around for the hermit. Before leaving him he wished to ask him for the last time to answer the questions he had put to him. The hermit was in the garden, crawling on his knees by the trenches, which had been dug the day before; he was planting vegetable seeds in them.

The king approached him and said: "For the last time, wise man, I beg thee to answer my questions."

"But they are already answered," said the hermit, seating himself on his haunches, and looking up at the king standing before him.

"How answered?" said the king.

"Why, plainly," answered the hermit. "If, yesterday, thou hadst not pitied my weakness and hadst not dug these trenches

for me, but hadst returned alone, that fine fellow would have attacked thee, and thou wouldst have repented that thou hadst not remained with me. Consequently, the right time was when thou wert digging the trenches, and I was the most important man, and the most important work was to do good to me. Then when the other ran up, the most important time was when thou wert tending him, for if thou hadst not dressed his wound he would have died without reconciling himself with thee. Therefore the most important man then was again he, and that which thou didst unto him was the most important act. Thus, remember, that the most important time is only one: *now*; it is the most important because only at that time have we got power over ourselves; and the most necessary man is *the one with whom at each present moment we are in touch*; and the most important work is *to do good to him*."

TO R. T. H. B.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever Gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

THE NATURE OF MEMORY

(CONCLUDED FROM VOL. XXXIV., P. 537)

Now, having noted the changes in the vehicles which arise from impacts from the external world, the response to these as changes of consciousness, the feebler vibrations produced in the vehicles by the reaction of consciousness, and the recognition of these again by consciousness as memories, let us come to the crux of the question: What is Memory? The breaking up of the bodies between death and reincarnation puts an end to their automatism, to their power of responding to vibrations similar to those already experienced; the responsive groups are disintegrated, and all that remains as a seed for future responses is stored within the permanent atoms; how feeble this is, as compared with the new automatisms imposed on the mass of the bodies by new experiences of the external, may be judged by the absence of any memory of past lives initiated in the vehicles themselves. In fact, all the permanent atoms can do is to answer more readily to vibrations of a kind similar to those previously experienced than to those that come to them for the first time. The memory of the cells, or of groups of cells, perishes at death, and cannot be said to be recoverable, as such. Where then is Memory preserved?

The brief answer is: Memory is not a faculty, and is not preserved; it does not inhere in consciousness as a capacity, nor is any memory of events stored up in the individual consciousness. Every event is a present fact in the universe-consciousness, in the consciousness of the LOGOS; everything that occurs in His universe, past, present and future, is ever there in His all-embracing consciousness, in His "eternal now." From the beginning of the universe to its ending, from its dawn to its sunset, all is there, ever-present, existent. In that ocean of ideas, all is; we, wandering in the ocean, touch fragments of its contents, and our response to the contact is our knowledge; having known, we can

more readily again contact, and this repetition—when falling short of the contact of the outside sheath of the moment with the fragments occupying its own plane—is Memory. All “memories” are recoverable, because all possibilities of image-producing vibrations are within the consciousness of the LOGOS, and we can share in that consciousness the more easily as we have previously shared more often similar vibrations; hence, the vibrations which have formed parts of our experience are more readily repeated by us than those we have never known, and here comes in the value of the permanent atoms; they thrill out again, on being stimulated, the vibrations previously performed, and out of all the possibilities of vibrations of the atoms and molecules of our bodies those sound out which answer to the note struck by the permanent atoms. The fact that we have been affected vibrationally and by changes of consciousness during the present life makes it easier for us to take out of the universal consciousness that of which we have already had experience in our own. Whether it be a memory in the present life, or one in a life long past, the method of recovery is the same. There is no memory save the ever-present consciousness of the LOGOS, in whom we literally live and move and have our being; and our memory is merely putting ourselves into touch with such parts of His consciousness as we have previously shared.

Hence, according to Pythagoras, all learning is remembrance, for it is the drawing from the consciousness of the LOGOS into that of the separated Self that which in our essential unity with Him is eternally ours. On the plane where the unity overpowers the separateness, we share His consciousness of our universe; on the lower planes, where the separateness veils the unity, we are shut out therefrom by our unevolved vehicles. It is the lack of responsiveness in these which hinders us, for we can only know the planes through them. Therefore we cannot directly improve our memory; we can only improve our general receptivity and power to reproduce, by rendering our bodies more sensitive, while being careful not to go beyond their limit of elasticity. Also we can “pay attention”; *i.e.*, we can turn the awareness of consciousness, we can concentrate consciousness, on that special part of the consciousness of the LOGOS to which we desire to

attune ourselves. We need not thus distress ourselves with calculations as to "how many angels can stand on the point of a needle," how we can preserve in a limited space the illimitable number of vibrations experienced in many lives; for the whole of the form-producing vibrations in the universe are ever-present, and are available to be drawn upon by any individual unit, and can be reached as, by evolution, such a one experiences ever more and more.

Let us apply this to an event in our past life: Some of the circumstances "remain in our memory," others are "forgotten." Really, the event exists with all its surrounding circumstances, "remembered" and "forgotten" alike, in but one state, the memory of the Logos, the Universal Memory. Anyone who is able to place himself in touch with that memory can recover the whole circumstances as much as we can; *the events through which we have passed* are not ours, but form part of the contents of His consciousness; and our sense of property in them is only due to the fact that we have previously vibrated to them, and therefore vibrate again to them more readily than if we contacted them for the first time.

We may, however, contact them with different sheaths at different times, living as we do under time and space conditions which vary with each sheath. The part of the consciousness of the Logos that we move through in our physical bodies is far more restricted than that we move through in our astral and mental bodies, and the contacts through a well-organised body are far more vivid than those through a less-organised one. Moreover, it must be remembered that the restriction of area is due to our vehicles only; faced by the complete event, physical, astral, mental, spiritual, our consciousness of it is limited within the range of the vehicles able to respond to it. We feel ourselves *to be* among the circumstances which surround the grossest vehicle we are acting in, and which thus touch it from "outside"; whereas we "remember" the circumstances which we contact with the finer vehicles, these transmitting the vibrations to the grosser vehicle, which is thus touched from "within."

The test of objectivity that we apply to circumstances "present" or "remembered" is that of the "common sense." If

others around us see as we see, hear as we hear, we regard the circumstances as objective; if they do not, if they are unconscious of that of which we are conscious, we regard the circumstances as subjective. But this test of objectivity is only valid for those who are active in the same sheaths; if one person is working in the physical body and another in the physical and the astral, the things objective to the man in the astral body cannot affect the man in the physical body, and he will declare them to be subjective hallucinations. The "common sense" can only work in similar bodies; it will give similar results when all are in physical bodies, all in astral, or all in mental. For the "common sense" is merely the thought-forms of the Logos on each plane, conditioning each embodied consciousness, and enabling it to respond by certain changes to certain vibrations in its vehicles. It is by no means confined to the physical plane, but the average humanity at the present stage of evolution has not sufficiently unfolded the indwelling consciousness for them to exercise any "common sense" on the astral and mental planes. "Common sense" is an eloquent testimony to the oneness of our indwelling lives: we see all things around us on the physical plane in the same way, because our apparently separate consciousnesses are all really part of the one consciousness ensouling all forms. We all respond in the same general way, accordingly to the stage of our evolution, because we share the same consciousness; and we are affected similarly by the same things because the action and re-action between them and ourselves is the interplay of one life in varied forms.

Recovery of anything by memory, then, is due to the ever-existence of everything in the consciousness of the Logos, and He has imposed upon us the limitations of time and space in order that we may, by practice, be able to respond swiftly by changes of consciousness to the vibrations caused in our vehicles by vibrations coming from other vehicles similarly ensouled by consciousness; thus only can we gradually learn to distinguish precisely and clearly; contacting things successively—that is, being in time—and contacting them in relative directions in regard to ourselves and to each other—that is, being in space—we are gradually unfolded to the state in which we can recognise

all simultaneously and each everywhere—that is, out of time and space.

As we pass through countless happenings in life, we find that we do not keep in touch with all through which we have passed ; there is a very limited power of response in our physical vehicle, and hence numerous experiences drop out of its purview. In trance, we can recover these, and they are said to emerge from the sub-conscious. Truly they remain ever unchanging in the Universal Consciousness, and as we pass by them we become aware of them, because the very limited light of our consciousness, shrouded in the physical vehicle, falls upon them, and they disappear as we pass on ; but as the area covered by that same light shining through the astral vehicle is larger, they again appear when we are in trance—that is in the astral vehicle, free from the physical ; they have not come and gone and come back again, but the light of our consciousness in the physical vehicle had passed on, and so we saw them not, and the more extended light in the astral vehicle enables us to see them again. As Bhagavân Dâs has well said :

If a spectator wandered unrestingly through the halls of a vast museum, a great art-gallery, at the dead of night, with a single small lamp in one hand, each of the natural objects, the pictured scenes, the statues, the portraits, would be illumined by that lamp, in succession, for a single moment, while all the rest were in darkness, and after that single moment, would itself fall into darkness again. Let there now be not one but countless such spectators, as many in endless number as the objects of sight within the place, each spectator meandering in and out incessantly through the great crowd of all the others, each lamp bringing momentarily into light one object and for only that spectator who holds that lamp. This immense and unmoving building is the rock-bound ideation of the changeless Absolute. Each lamp-carrying spectator out of the countless crowd is one line of consciousness out of the pseudo-infinite lines of such, that make up the totality of the one universal consciousness. Each coming into light of each object is its patency, is an experience of the Jîva ; each falling into darkness is its lapse into the latent. From the standpoint of the objects themselves, or of the universal consciousness, there is no latency, nor patency. From that of the lines of consciousness, there is.*

As vehicle after vehicle comes into fuller working, the area of light extends, and the consciousness can turn its attention to any one part of the area and observe closely the objects therein

* *The Science of Peace.* (In the press.)

included. Thus, when the consciousness can function freely on the astral plane, and is aware of its surroundings there, it can see much that on the physical plane is "past"—or "future," if they be things to which in the "past" it has learned to respond. Things outside the area of light coming through the vehicle of the astral body will be within the area of that which streams from the subtler mental vehicle. When the causal body is the vehicle, the "memory of past lives" is recoverable, the causal body vibrating more readily to events to which it has before vibrated, and the light shining through it embracing a far larger area and illuminating scenes long "past"—those scenes being really no more past than the scenes of the present, but occupying a different spot in time and space. The lower vehicles, which have not previously vibrated to these events, cannot readily directly contact them and answer to them; that belongs to the causal body, the relatively permanent vehicle. But when this body answers to them, the vibrations from it readily run downwards, and may be reproduced in the mental, astral and physical bodies.

The phrase is used above, as to consciousness, that "it can turn its attention to any one part of the area, and observe closely the objects therein included." This "turning of the attention" corresponds very closely in consciousness to what we should call focussing the eye in the physical body. If we watch the action taking place in the muscles of the eye when we look first at a near and then at a distant object, or *vice versa*, we shall be conscious of a slight movement, and this constriction or relaxation causes a slight compression or the reverse in the lenses of the eye. It is an automatic action now, quite instinctive, but it has only become so by practice; a baby does not focus his eye, nor judge distance. He grasps as readily at a candle on the other side of the room as at one within his reach, and only slowly learns to know what is beyond his reach. The effort to see clearly leads to the focussing of the eye, and presently it becomes automatic. The objects for which the eye is focussed are within the field of clear vision, and the rest are vaguely seen. So, also, the consciousness is clearly aware of that to which its attention is turned; other things remain vague, "out of focus."

A man gradually learns to thus turn his attention to things

long past, as we measure time. The causal body is put into touch with them, and the vibrations are then transmitted to the lower bodies. The presence of a more advanced student will help a less advanced, because when the astral body of the former has been made to vibrate responsively to long past events, thus creating an astral picture of them, the astral body of the younger student can more readily reproduce these vibrations and thus also "see." But even when a man has learned to put himself into touch with his past, and through his own with that of others connected with it, he will find it more difficult to turn his attention effectively to scenes with which he has had no connection ; and when that is mastered, he will still find it difficult to put himself into touch with scenes outside the experiences of his recent past ; for instance, if he wishes to visit the moon, and by his accustomed methods launches himself in that direction, he will find himself bombarded by a hail of unaccustomed vibrations to which he cannot respond, and will need to fall back on his inherent divine power to answer to anything which can affect his vehicles. If he seeks to go yet further, to another planetary chain, he will find a barrier he cannot overleap, the Ring Pass-not of his own Planetary Logos.

We thus begin to understand what is meant by the statements that people at a certain grade of evolution can reach this or that part of the kosmos ; they can put themselves into touch with the consciousness of the LOGOS outside the limitations imposed by their material vehicles on the less evolved. These vehicles, being composed of matter modified by the action of the Planetary Logos of the chain to which they belong, cannot respond to the vibrations of matter differently modified ; and the student must be able to use his âtmic body before he can contact the Universal Memory beyond the limits of his own chain.

Such is the theory of Memory which I present for the consideration of theosophical students. It applies equally to the small memories and forgettings of every-day life as to the vast reaches alluded to in the above paragraph. For there is nothing small or great to the LOGOS, and when we are performing the smallest act of memory, we are as much putting ourselves into

touch with the omnipresence and omniscience of the LOGOS, as when we are recalling a far-off past. There is no "far-off," and no "near." All are equally present at all times and in all spaces ; the difficulty is with our vehicles, and not with that all-embracing changeless Life. All becomes more and more intelligible and more peace-giving as we think of that Consciousness, in which is no "before" and no "after," no "past" and no "future." We begin to feel that these things are but the illusions, the limitations, imposed upon us by our own sheaths, necessary until our powers are evolved and at our service. We live unconsciously in this mighty Consciousness in which everything is eternally present, and we dimly feel that if we could live consciously in that Eternal there were peace. I know of nothing that can more give to the events of a life their true proportion than this idea of a Consciousness in which everything is present from the beginning, in which indeed there is no beginning and no ending. We learn that there is nothing terrible and nothing which is more than relatively sorrowful ; and in that lesson is the beginning of a true peace, which in due course shall brighten into joy.

ANNIE BESANT.

THE GIFT

(AFTER GEORGE HERBERT)

THE offering of Love's burning is not pure
While any thing remains,
First do our pleasures go ; then to make sure
We add our sometime pains ;
Till from the crucible ourselves may dare
To draw for the Beloved a gift most rare.

Yet not alone such rich oblation serves
The Master's Sense to please ;
For in man's heart lie ever some reserves,
And He, awaiting these,
Finds not content ; nor is our gift complete
Till with our sins we make the offering mete.

GUNAS, CASTE AND TEMPERAMENT

(CONCLUDED FROM VOL. XXXIV., P. 554)

THEOSOPHICAL writings are found to emphasise the need of systematically cultivating and strengthening the mental powers, in view of that continuity of our nature which is so clearly shewn in the order of the faculties. General intellectual efficiency is required in order that the entire mind may be bent to the service of the spiritual side of the life. Phrenological practice shows that many are remiss in this matter in a way that they little suspect. For instance, it is an ordinary experience to find that certain brain-areas have been allowed to lie fallow, that a certain group of faculties with which the individual is well endowed has scarcely been called into activity, and has therefore never contributed its colour or quality to the mental operations. When effort is made, in such a case, to exercise the dormant powers, they are readily called into play. But once the person is habituated to the non-employment of any given faculty, he too frequently sets up the palsyng assumption that it is not possessed, and thus closes his mind to the corresponding aspect of whatever he beholds. The loss is far greater than at first sight appears: it is a loss in depth as well as a loss in mental area. Our world corresponds to the powers we bring to its discovery. For the great majority of people, however, it positively needs the assault of what is looked upon as adverse experience to make them round out to the measure of what they can do and what they really are. It is unfortunate that recognised psychology has so little to say of the *signs* of faculty. The matter has to be left to the self-exploration of the individual.

No one seriously undertakes this self-exploration without finding that he is something more than he had thought himself. We have our limitations, it is true; but to discover these is

already, in a certain sense, to be beyond them. If one faculty is weak it is found that others in union will substitute their service to cover the desired advance, and so we constantly view the one portion of our field by the light derived from the adjacent part, and learn to grow into infinities on every side. The plastic mind is capable of endless accommodations and is full of unexplained and unexplored resources. Nothing, however, so trammels it as does our disbelief, our too ready assumption of inability.

The most trying and disconcerting phase of mental experience arises when the Self initiates a movement of the habitual centre of consciousness from the rājasic to the sâttvic level—otherwise, from the Motive to the Mental aspect of the nature. As we see from the scale of the faculties, the interests and ideals of the one are diametrically contrary to those of the other, and the new movement consequently involves a fundamental reconstruction or reversal of the habits of the life. This is the cranial view of the “Affirmation of the Will to Life” in opposition to the “Denial of the Will to Life,” treated of in Deussen’s* “Metaphysics of Morality” in relation to the Vedāntin philosophy. It is the turning-point from the Pravṛitti Mārga, the Path of Forthgoing, to the Nivṛitti Mārga, the Path of Return—from the life of *taking* to the life of *giving*. Directly the individual devotes himself consciously to further this movement, all the temperamental tendencies in which the life had been rooted have to be faced as active forces of opposition, and these can be seen to provide the particular difficulties with which each case is beset. The position which thus arises frequently constitutes an acute crisis in the life, and one sees only too much suffering involved in the reactions consequent on the generally disorderly attempts at reconstruction. These oscillations are familiar to the phrenologist as temperamental reactions, and the “temptations” they evoke are seen to follow the line of the individual constitution and cranial development, and to run into the corresponding perversion or excess. The intense emotional excitement that characterises some of our religious activities is not without its dangers in this direction. The reports of the Lunacy Commission suggest that one of our sorest needs is for a psychology applicable to this

* *Elements of Metaphysics*. Dr. Paul Deussen.

critical turning-point of human experience. Its phases appear to have been dealt with systematically in the yoga disciplines of ancient times, and human nature is still the same.

Parallel with our inability to guide the phases of individual growth runs the inadequacy of our attempts to solve the social problems of our time. On the one hand we are threatened by dangers arising from the increase of the unemployed poor, on the other by degradations arising from the increase of the ill-employed rich; and between these approximating extremes our straining individualism constantly presses new difficulties with which we do not know how to deal. We work upon no sufficiently comprehensive view of human need, human power and human destiny, and our disordered hereditary system would in any case annul its application.

If one may judge from a review of the work, the problem has been somewhat boldly faced by Mr. J. L. Tayler, M.R.C.S., in his *Aspects of Social Evolution*, just published. A new sociology is here proposed, and the natural basis upon which this must rest is found to be Temperament. The idea of caste must persist. The claims of class rule will be more and more urgent, but with well-ordered changes supremacy will be on account of natural powers and not the outcome of antiquated custom. Castes there will be, but castes based on culture, brain-power and morality. The characteristics of the individual must determine the employment for which he is best fitted. Those who are capable of the higher mental pursuits must have occupation found for them, to the end of the moral, mental and physical advantage of the race. The scum-parasitic class (here opposed to the slum aggregate at the other end of the social scale) will cease to be parasitic, says our author, if employed on physical-social work; its physical powers must be made to serve a social end, and that end "must be subordinate to that of all cultured, mind-loving people." The rôle of Medicine should be to estimate the relation of the various types of organism and their environment, to note the distinguishing characteristics of the types and to interpret them in terms of health and disease. There should be a science of preventive mental, as well as preventive physical, disease; there must be an individual preventive science as well as a collective. Time and

energy must be given to that most important work of all—the study of the relation of the *individual* to the individual environment. The review closes with a reference to Mr. Tayler's work, embodying what has been learnt by residence in the midst of slum life, as "a gallant and able effort to look some appalling facts in the face and to discuss them scientifically and soberly, and at the same time to seek for remedies for what must not persist—an effort worthy of the sympathetic study of all who care for the dignity of humanity."

The foregoing must suffice in evidence of independent observation leading again, in consideration of social problems, to the basic Guṇa-Caste-Temperament grading of human nature. The law of the multitude can only be formulated upon an understanding of the law of the individual life.

In conclusion, our review of the general subject of Cranial Psychology and Temperament fringes many questions as to brain-structure, brain-functions, mind, memory, consciousness and so forth, to treat which no attempt is made. Such aspects of the subject as have been brought forward, however, point to the conclusion that we are in actual possession of data relative to our human state of which neither the immediate value nor the ulterior significance has been sufficiently appreciated. As the brain-formation both records our past and evidences the powers that we now enjoy, so does it also stand a storied index of that which lies before us to achieve, a sign of right means to ends that are divine.

G. DYNE.



MAN's freewill is but a bird in a cage; he can stop at the lower perch, or can mount up higher. Then that which is and knows will enlarge his cage, give him a higher and a higher perch, and at last break off the top of his cage, and let him out to be one with the Freewill of the Universe.

TENNYSON; quoted from his *Life*, i. 318.

THE REVOLUTIONARY RADIUM

A FRENCH member sends us the following interesting notes on Radium, summing up the facts already known :

1. Radium is a simple body, allied to Barium ; it has its own spectrum of special lines, and all the characteristics of that which we call an element.

2. This Radium produces from itself, without borrowing from any external source, a constant quantity of energy, apparently indefinitely, without any appreciable loss during the time it has been under observation—four years. This energy—emitted under the form of light, heat ($+3^{\circ}\text{C}$. above the surrounding atmosphere) and electricity—is accompanied with the emission of something, at first regarded as a very subtle fluid, discharging electrified bodies by making the air a conductor. This has been called an emanation. Sir W. Ramsay has recognised this as a gas without chemical activity, like the inert gases in the air (belonging to the nitrogen group), and with an analogous spectrum ; it has a tension like vapour, is subject to the laws of weight and of Boyle-Mariotte. Ramsay has named it “Ex-radio.”

3. Ex-radio is luminous continuously ; it therefore emits energy, like Radium, but at the same time it diminishes in volume, and the luminous part of the narrow tube enclosing it grows shorter with each day. When the luminosity disappears, there is no more Ex-radio, but Helium has taken its place, yielding its characteristic spectrum as a simple body, and a volume four times that of the original Ex-radio, which has given it birth by losing energy.*

4. Ex-radio, like Helium, in isolation, has a mon-atomic molecule ; an atom of Radium will only yield a single atom of Ex-radio, decomposing into Ex-radio and energy (for Radium

* A small deposit is formed on the walls of the tube ; it is not yet understood—possibly it may merely indicate a change in the glass of the tube.

=225 and Ex-radio=160). By the quantity of Ex-radio emitted, the rate at which Radium should disappear has been calculated (no balance being sufficiently sensitive to weigh the loss), and it has been concluded that about the thousandth part of the weight transforms itself in a year, so that a thousand years would be required to exhaust the energy of transformation of an atom of Radium.

For the first time we gaze at a spectacle strange to the scientific man, accustomed to consider the atom as the indestructible substratum of the universe: a well-defined, simple body, Ra, transforming itself into another well-defined, simple body, Ex, of smaller atomic weight, *plus* a setting free of energy and of electrons; in turn, the new body, Ex, sets free energy and electrons and transforms itself into a third body, He, of still smaller atomic weight (He=4).

Such is the position of the moment.

A. DE G.

[If "matter" be indestructible, whither go the missing particles? Into the astral?—Eds. T.R.]

CONCENTRATION

WHAT is Concentration? A glance, to begin with, at the history and development of the word itself may not be amiss.

Concentration is derived from a Latin prefix and stem, *con*, together, and *cent*—as seen in *centrum*—the point of a stake or spur, a centre; and the verb *concentrate*—or in the older English form, *concentre*—means, literally, to bring to or towards a common centre or focus; to collect or gather as at a centre; to converge or meet at one point or place.

The term was at first most usually employed of military tactics; to concentrate in a campaign is to bring troops or forces close together, with the result that the action of the whole army is intensified by being brought to bear on one point. And this we

may take to be one of the two important effects of concentration, intensification of action through convergence of forces.

From military tactics, the term was taken over into the department of chemistry, where to concentrate is to increase the strength of a solution or liquid by contracting the volume—for example by evaporation. The result in this case is that non-essential elements are in varying degrees excluded or expelled, and thus we get the second of the two important effects of concentration—intensification of the property of a thing by removing what is weakening or impure, foreign or non-essential.

When the word is carried over from the physical into the realm of mind, there is taken with it these two ideas, and concentration in mental science means, on the one hand, the keeping of the mind fixed on one object or set of objects, and, on the other hand, the excluding or expelling for the time from the consciousness all that would detract from or weaken the consideration of the matter in hand. Diagrammatically the unconcentrated mind may be represented as a large sphere, bulging, perhaps, like an ill-expanded balloon now on one side, now on another, according as it is drawn (not driven) by currents of desire. The concentrated mind, on the other hand, is like a smaller sphere tapering down upon a fixed point. So much for the word and its meaning. Let us look more closely at the thing itself.

And at once we are thrown back on the subject of attention, for obviously concentration is but a particular degree or intensity of attention. Indeed it has been described as a state of exclusive and persistent attention. Phrenologists have dubbed attention, and especially that degree of it which we call concentration, a faculty of the mind: they have placed its seat at the back of the head, immediately above amateness, and on a level with the organ of destructiveness; and they have described its function as that which maintains two or more powers in simultaneous and combined activity, so that they may be directed towards one object. That this may be based on truth is very possible, for physiologists are agreed that an act of attention contracts the occipito-frontalis, that muscle which occupies the whole region of the forehead, and which has its mobile point of insertion in the under-surface of the skin of the eyebrow and its fixed point of

insertion at the back part of the skull. In contracting from the back or near the phrenological region of concentration, this muscle draws to itself the eyebrow, lifts it, causing the brow to wrinkle, the eyes to open wide, and occasionally (particularly in young children) the mouth. All this, however, pertains to the physiology of attention, to its working through and in the physical organism; and as our present purpose is rather to discuss the thing that lies behind the bodily appearances, we shall more nearly hit the mark if we describe attention simply as the mind at work, or beginning to work, in which case concentration may popularly and not inaccurately be described as the mental body with its coat off.

The states of attention and concentration may be produced in two different ways; first, by an outward impact impelling attention through sensation; second, by inward direction following upon a deliberate decision of the Self. In the first case, the attention is described as reflex, passive, spontaneous; in the second case, voluntary, or active, or volitional. In the former case the state of attention is non-induced and uncontrolled by the Self; in the latter case it is both induced and controlled.

Here let me utter a gentle protest against the tendency of some psychologists to lay undue stress on reflex attention, and to describe it as natural attention in contrast to voluntary attention, which they style artificial. A rose does not become artificial by cultivation, and the mind of man is to be measured and explained not by its lowest but by its highest types. Because there are certain motor manifestations which accompany attention in the child or the savage, such as the open mouth, staring eyes, raised eyebrows, slackening of respiration, throwing forward of the body, and so on, these are not therefore, as alleged by some writers, the necessary conditions, the constituent elements, the indispensable factors of attention, and the close observation of the mechanism of reflex attention does not throw such an illuminating¹ light on the study of voluntary concentration as is sometimes² claimed. It is possible to give too much consideration to the evolution of the form, and too little consideration to the working of the thing itself.

How, then, is the art of voluntary concentration acquired?

First of all, by the outside impacts of our environment attracting our spontaneous attention. At birth the Self is largely unconscious of its physical surroundings. It has hardly awakened on the earth-plane, and it is therefore unable, first, to come to a deliberate decision about any mundane matter, or, second, to exercise the inward direction following thereon, which are the characteristics of voluntary attention. Until the Self is itself able to decide and thereafter to exercise its various vehicles, these vehicles must be exercised for it by exterior attractions. The pain caused by want of nourishment, the pleasure born of a plentiful supply, these are the earliest impacts on an infant's surroundings that cause it eagerly to search for the mother's breast, and when it is found to concentrate on it until satisfaction follows. A bright light, a moving object, these are subsequent attractions causing reflex attention or concentration, and psychologists allege that when the infant has reached the age of five or six months there is evidence of voluntary attention, although in a very rudimentary form.

As the child grows, the earliest educational problem that presents itself to its parents is that of voluntary concentration. How is the child to be made voluntarily to attend to things that are not in themselves attractive to it? How is the state of exclusive and persistent attention to be fostered? Take for example swimming, and let us put aside for the moment the Spartan method of South Sea mothers, who throw their offspring into the water, leaving them to come to shore as best they may. A child, let us suppose, has been induced to learn to swim; the Self has decided; but the moment the child is plunged into the water, and realises how helpless it is in the unaccustomed element, then not only is there a want of exclusive and persistent attention towards the attainment of its ambition, but there is most frequently a violent and spontaneous effort in a contrary direction. This repulsion is most readily overcome not by any frontal attack, so to speak, but by what is known as the indirect method, by awakening the child's desires, by letting him watch accomplished swimmers, and suggesting the possibility of his becoming like even unto them, by dwelling on the manliness of the sport, by promising a reward if he will take the first step

without flinching, and so on. Indirect attractions are made to take the place of, or at least to strengthen, the original attention which had become weakened through unpleasant experience, and when next the ordeal comes upon him, the boy sets his lips firmly together, brings his mind to a point, and generally goes through with it. And if he does not, still in the effort made is the germ of ultimate success; for a longer or shorter time there has been voluntary concentration. Similar illustrations might be multiplied endlessly, all showing the value of indirect attractions, and what the parents and teachers of a child do for it, we who have seized the reins of our own chariot must do for ourselves.

How are we to train ourselves in concentration? By an exercise of the will, is the answer perhaps that rises readiest to the lips. But will is not a "thing in itself," a faculty of the mind, a motive force that we can let loose as an engine-driver lets loose his steam-power by opening a valve. Will or volition is a pure abstraction, and it is as incorrect and absurd to talk of *the* will as it would be to speak of *the* authority, or *the* knowledge, or *the* control, when we mean authority, knowledge or control viewed for the moment abstractly from the Self who authorises, knows, controls. If we put the question in this form: How do we will to concentrate? we at once see that to reply: By an exercise of the will, is not to answer at all. There are two steps in the process. First of all, the act of willing. This is twofold in its nature, being the deliberate recognition by the Self of the wisdom of one course of action, and the folly of another, with the intention (inseparably involved in the recognition) of following wisdom and refraining from foolishness. I emphasise the inseparableness of this twofold process, because I am utterly unable to conceive of a person, even a "black magician," recognising the wisdom of a certain course, and deliberately willing to do the opposite. Such a conjunction is contrary to the nature of things. It is true that a man may have such an imperfect recognition of the wisdom of a certain course, that he may be unable to decide whether to follow it or not, or his recognition may be only relative to himself, and may be absolutely mistaken, and appear so to one who is on a higher level; but we are so constituted that if we clearly perceive the good we cannot but choose it. Willing

therefore, is the instinctive, innate, automatic decision of the Self when it recognises, or fancies it recognises, the wisdom of any particular course.

But a man may will to follow a certain course without being able to perform it. We may wish to attend or to concentrate our attention, and yet fail to do so. This failure arises from our inability to take the second step in the process of voluntary concentration, which consists of the controlling of our vehicles, the mind and desire bodies, and of fixing them on a particular point. So long as we permit our thoughts to wander, as the wind blows, where they list, so long as our passions and emotions have free play, so long will states of exclusive and persistent attention—in another word, concentration—be impossible. When we talk in popular terms of a man having a weak will, we mean not that he does not know what course to follow, but that he is unable to carry out his will, *i.e.*, the decision of the Self, owing either to want of control of his mental and passional natures, or to these natures being without sufficient vitality. There is much written in these days about “will-power,” as it is termed. The phrase is not a very lucid one, and it is seldom explained that the power referred to is simply the vital force that is inherent in our various vehicles. We carry out the decisions of the Self by means of the force in our mental and passional bodies, and the more force there is in these bodies the more readily is the work done, *provided the force is controlled*. Will-power is not a new force, but simply old forces under control. It is mental force and passional force obedient to the Self and directed to a particular end.

This control of the vehicles is the most needful part of our education, and a state of uncontrolled mind and passion co-existing with a will to do what neither mind nor passion will brook, is surely a situation familiar to all. No philosopher has expressed the position of matters more clearly than Paul in the seventh chapter of his Letter to the Romans. “That which I work,” he says, “I know not” (identifying, you will observe, recognition of wisdom or knowledge with a decision of will). “For not what I would do I practise; but what I hate, that I do. . . . The good which I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I practise. . . . I find then the law, that to me,

who would do good, evil is present. For I delight in the law of God after the inward man; but I see a different law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity under the law of sin which is in my members."

Why should it be so difficult to control our vehicles? Plainly control in this case does not mean merely the overcoming of inertia, but the warring against active opposition. The explanation lies in the fact that the elemental essence of which our mental and passional bodies are largely composed is living matter travelling along a line of evolution, as we ourselves are doing, only in the case of this elemental essence the line of evolution is downwards, while ours is upwards. The *summun bonum* of the elemental essence is to plunge ever and ever deeper into the material, till, reaching the mineral kingdom, it begins the upward climb. But what is good for it is evil for us, and hence there must always be antagonism between it and us, the warring between the Self and its members that S. Paul speaks of. The elemental essence of the astral body craves for emotions and desires of all kinds, while the elemental essence of the mental body craves for variety. Pure desires and high and restrained thoughts will do much to expel such elemental essence, and our astral and mental bodies will be more controllable.

In conclusion, let me enumerate some hints and rules for attaining control of our vehicles, and, with control, concentration of thought. To begin with, it is an advantage to have quiet surroundings. Impacts from outside draw and divert a wandering mind, and it is worth while putting ourselves beyond the reach of these. After progress in control is made, quiet surroundings become unnecessary, and interruptions may even be courted as a test of control. Under proper training, the mental body ought to become so elastic (so to speak) that it may fix on one point, and at command of the Self, in an instant, wholly remove from that point, and fix on another for a required length of time, thereafter returning to the first without (and this is the difficulty) carrying with it any half-conscious activity regarding the intermediate point. The mind is apt on its return to the first point, to give it only its divided attention, thereby showing that it is not yet entirely under control of the Self. The secret of

success of the head of a large firm lies in his ability to endure endless interruptions, to take up and discuss with subordinates difficulties about which they seek solution, and the moment that each retires, to return unperturbed to the consideration of his own work at the very point at which he dropped it, and with undivided concentration.

A second useful rule to keep in mind is to practise bodily passivity. Reflex attention is always accompanied with bodily strain, open mouth, staring eyes, and so on, and voluntary attention is apt to be accompanied with the same outward marks. But this bodily attention, as we may call it, is not only unnecessary, it is positively wasteful of energy. The champion racquet player of the day takes care when at his game to relax all muscles but those actually in use at the moment, and he finds that thereby his powers of endurance are much increased. So in concentrating attention, which is an attitude of the mind, we ought to relax our bodies, thereby setting free all our energies for the mental exercise.

An absolutely essential rule need only be mentioned, for it is insisted upon in all the schools, I mean regularity in our study of the art of concentration. Ten minutes every morning—no more is required for some time, yet by the law of habit, and the cumulative effects of little by little, the gain is enormous.

As a last hint, begin with physical objects: take a comparatively simple picture, look at it quietly for a minute or two, and then close the eyes and see what image the mind retains. Open your eyes, look at the actual picture, compare it with your image, note where the latter was defective, and again shut the eyes, and try to get a clearer image. Go from simple pictures to more complex. Then turn to books; read a chapter of a book, and having shut the volume, take your pencil and make an attempt to summarise your reading. Lastly, come to thinking, and taking a simple subject, hold it in your mind, and work out a rational, developed line of thought. The highest exercises are in meditation with consequent illumination; and here we pass from the process of concentration to its highest and ultimate end.

EVAN J. CUTHBERTSON.

A DREAM

I WAS on a vast, an illimitable plain, where the dark blue horizons were sharp as the edges of hills. It was the world, but there was nothing in the world. There was not a blade of grass nor the hum of an insect, nor the shadow of a bird's wing. The mountains had sunk like waves in the sea when there is no wind; the barren hills had become dust. Forests had become the fallen leaf; and the leaf had passed. I was aware of one who stood beside me, though that knowledge was of the spirit only; and my eyes were filled with the same nothingness as I beheld above and beneath and beyond. I would have thought I was in the last empty glens of Death, were it not for a strange and terrible sound that I took to be the voice of the wind coming out of nothing, travelling over nothingness and moving onward into nothing.

"There is only the wind," I said to myself in a whisper.

Then the voice of the dark Power beside me, whom in my heart I knew to be Dalna, the Master of Illusions, said: "Verily, this is your last illusion."

I answered: "It is the wind."

And the voice answered: "That is not the wind that you hear, for the wind is dead. It is the empty, hollow echo of my laughter."

Then, suddenly, he who was beside me lifted up a small stone, smooth as a pebble of the sea. It was grey and flat, and yet to me had a terrible beauty because it was the last vestige of the life of the world.

The Presence beside me lifted up the stone and said: "It is the end."

And the horizons of the world came in upon me like a rippling shadow. And I leaned over darkness and saw whirling stars. These were gathered up like leaves blown from a tree, and in a moment their lights were quenched, and they were further from me than grains of sand blown on a whirlwind of a thousand years.

Then he, that terrible one, Master of Illusions, let fall the stone, and it sank into the abyss and fell immeasurably into the infinite. And under my feet the world was as a falling wave, and was not. And I fell, though without sound, without motion. And for years and years I fell below the dim waning of light ; and for years and years I fell through universes of dusk ; and for years and years and years I fell through the enclosing deeps of darkness. It was to me as though I fell for centuries, for æons, for unimaginable time. I knew I had fallen beyond time, and that I inhabited eternity, where were neither height, nor depth, nor width, nor space.

But, suddenly, without sound, without motion, I stood steadfast upon a vast ledge. Before me, on that ledge of darkness become rock, I saw this stone which had been lifted from the world of which I was a shadow, after shadow itself had died away. And as I looked, this stone became fire and rose in flame. Then the flame was not. And when I looked the stone was water ; it was as a pool that did not overflow, a wave that did not rise or fall, a shaken mirror wherein nothing was troubled.

Then, as dew is gathered in silence, the water was without form or colour or motion. And the stone seemed to me like a handful of earth held idly in the poise of unseen worlds. What I thought was a green flame rose from it, and I saw that it had the greenness of grass, and had the mystery of life. The green herb passed as green grass in a drought ; and I saw the waving of wings. And I saw shape upon shape, and image upon image, and symbol upon symbol. Then I saw a man, and he, too, passed ; and I saw a woman, and she, too, passed ; and I saw a child, and the child passed. Then the stone was a Spirit. And it shone there like a lamp. And I fell backward through deeps of darkness, through unimaginable time.

And when I stood upon the world again it was like a glory. And I saw the stone lying at my feet.

And One said : " Do you not know me, brother ? "

And I said : " Speak, Lord."

And Christ stooped and kissed me upon the brow.

F. M.

EMOTION *VERSUS* REASON

"ALL knowledge is concise description, all cause is routine."* This brief statement sums up in a masterly fashion the most profound conclusions of Modern Science. It is epoch-making; and points to nothing short of a revolution in our manner of feeling, and our mode of thinking. At last we have reached the irreducible minimum, the precise definition, the clear meaning of knowledge. An *explanation* of things has been seen to be impossible—not because they cannot be grasped by the mind as we know it—but simply because there is nothing to explain. "There is no preconceived Design (*sic*) in the order of the Universe, no intelligible purpose"† discernible at the back of *things* (*i.e.*, constructs); so that we may say that *purpose*, as applied to things as they appear, is an altogether illegitimate pseudo-concept. A percept, or a purpose perceived in things, it can never have been, for that has been shown to be due—not to external things in themselves but—to our mode of thought, the calibre of our minds. We have at last come down to fundamentals, and we find them to be—not things as they appear, but things and ideas, or constructs and concepts, as they *are*, in and of the mind.‡

The ancient and time-honoured view-point has now been shown to be an apparitional self-delusion, due to the natural unfolding of the mind as it appears from the surface outward—from within out—resulting in the traditional "explanations" of phenomena, and naïvely erroneous deductions drawn from these phenomenal apparitions in projection, as it were, outside self.

It is the sole function of Science to give us an adequate

* Karl Pearson. *Grammar of Science*.

† Herbert Spencer.

‡ For details in relation to some of the principal aspects of the impregnable idealistic position one may refer those who are unfamiliar to two world-renowned and in the main quite unrefuted philosophers and their followers:—the Buddhist Ashvaghosha in the East (*The Awakening of Faith*), and the Christian Bishop Berkeley in the West (*Principles of Knowledge and Dialogues of Hylas and Philonous*).

description of our position in the unfolding mind and in relation to our ever-changing state. "All cause is routine," and the routine it is assumed may be due to the "perceptive faculty," or more generally to the mind or minds that it is assumed collectively produce it. It is quite irrational to postulate "routine" as due to some purely conceptual phantom such as an Abstract Cause; and the well-known emotional "demand of causality in reason" carries us no further than a *desire* to be quit of thinking, and come to a stand at some point, usually an unconditioned homogeneity, in which the mind can rest. It is the natural result of what we call our limitation, or conditioned finality, that we ever seek, and think to find, our supreme satisfaction in the cessation of thought. Thus it is that so many find, in transcendental axioms and unknowable authoritative declarations of exoteric religions, so much solace and unreasoning satisfaction. For it is just here that belief, or mental inertia, relieves the subjective strain, to which the untrained mind is quite unequal, and which even the strongest cannot prolong indefinitely, without a *point d'appui*.

A First Cause, in any other sense than antecedent, is seen to be a fetich and is simply a confession of weakness, by which we declare that we have had enough of it, and that here at last we must rest. Those who advocate this sort of subterfuge say to us something of this sort: Have we not by eliminating everything thinkable reached an ultimate simplicity, and must not this be the First Cause—the producer of the ever-growing complexity, from which we now, by conceptually reversing the process of evolution, at the last abstract it? Surely this irreducible concept of *ours*, must be the first and final cause; and this because *we* cannot think of anything further and cannot imagine a still more unthinkable abstraction. Here, then, we must stop, and in doing so we postulate, nay more, we dare affirm, a first and uttermost Cause.

This class of futile reasoning has now given place to the rational conception of *routine*. It is admittedly based on the flux of things, that by an irresistible prejudice we conceive to actually take place before our eyes, in a world external to ourselves. It is due to what has been well called the "eye theory of things," or

things as they appear; and it is of course the obvious and perfectly natural description of the evolution of phenomena. Also we may note that the whole of the scientific method is based on these temporal sequences and spatial correlations of the mind; which may perhaps be comprehensively and expressively summed up as Objectivism. Now this most rational science, which has cleared the ground and led us to this point, at the crux deserts us. In front of the Arcanum, "reason" abdicates.

This mechanical and superlatively useful materialism, based in its evolution theory on things as they appear from the surface outward (from within out) leads those who seek *realities* straight into the apparitional desert of bewilderment. Despite its success as a universal provider of comforts, and its furtherance of the arts both æsthetic and destructive, it has really given us nothing but *utilities*, and has proclaimed its opinion that all else is futile. It has, however, done us considerable service in proclaiming its absolute scepticism in relation to what it cannot see with its eyes. It still believes—and this is one of its few remaining delusions—that the mind or the Ego, or whatever it is that seems to see, is located somewhere at the back of the eyes, through which sight-mirrors it gazes out of its head upon an external world of animate and inanimate things. It may not always admit this quite natural view of the multitude, and, if challenged, will talk learnedly about "neurons," or perhaps, if very psychic, the "subliminal self" will be produced from the cavern. The whole of modern science is based on the assumption that the mind can be located *in* the brain: and that it is a function of this highly nervous and material organ, although nobody so far has caught the mind asleep in the brain-box, not even in the mysterious pineal gland; but surely it cannot be doubted that it is there, like the fetich in its hut, although invisible.

The mind as the product of matter—whether viewed as Nature, or Tao, or Prakṛiti—must be *in and of the brain*: as the result of the evolution of Spirit, matter can only be conceived as *an image in the mind*. But from the view-point of matter this mind is too subtle, it cannot be even weighed in the delicate balance of the chemist; it is assumed to slip through, like the hypothetical molecules, atoms, and electrons, and this, although

there was a time not long ago when it was asserted to run to "no more than 4·02 ;" also anciently it was "described as being in size like a grain of barley or rice, and later to be of the size of the thumb, in shape like a man, flame-coloured . . . as a breath."*

The grossly limiting and irrational superstition of the mind located inside the brain-box has arrested the progress of thought for centuries, and especially in psychology, as taught in the text-books, it still bars the way to liberation from the trammels of things as they appear. It is still argued that the mind must be in the skull, because, if that object be damaged or destroyed, the mind, which it is assumed inhabits that brain-box, ceases to manifest and, consequently, to exist. The mind is here identified with the mere instrument. The form is mistaken for the substance. The mind is the product of matter and disappears with the dissolution of mere form and colour. A "construct" with which the mind is habitually associated disappears, and this from the view-point of certain individuals, who therefore argue: "it has ceased to manifest, *ergo* it has ceased to exist." This is the result of identifying mind with its manifestation, the substance [Bhûtatathatâ],† with the appearance. If its utility be questioned, it might be replied that utilities are not the measure of Reality, but that, in any case, this view-point has the merit of liberating the mind from the trammels of the conventional illusion of mere name and form. Things are outside the head—undoubtedly—but both head and things are inside the mind, conceiving projections, and perceiving them. But then, this simplicity is too obvious to be granted.

Pre-conceived notions obscure this fundamental truism, although it was both seen and realised ages ago by seers in the East, and more modern philosophers have voiced it with less insight ; but it has been totally ignored practically.

H. KNIGHT-EATON.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

* Rhys Davids. *Buddhist India*. Pp. 251-2.

† Ashvaghosha. *The Awakening of Faith*. P. 153.

FROM A STUDENT'S EASY CHAIR

AN Irish mystic has written a little poem called *That*. Here it is :

What is that beyond thy life
And beyond all life around,
Which, when thy quick brain is still,
Nods to thee from the stars ?
Lo, it says, thou hast found
Me, the lonely lonely one.

Many other mystics have attempted a like amplification of the famous phrase of Plotinus, "The flight of the alone to the alone;" but there is a simplicity and directness in Mr. Weekes' poem which distinguishes it from other renderings of more tangled metaphysics. The very name of the poem is luminous, because it is no name at all: we have to supply out of our own spiritual experience the noun to which it is relative. The poem has the exuberance of attainment: does not Winifred Lucas speak of "those brief ecstasies of flight of the alone to the alone"? It claims a more splendid and daring familiarity with the eternal and the infinite than even the writings of the American mystics: Emerson, who would have us hitch our waggon to a star; Walt Whitman, whose cradle was "ferried by cycles." What is *That* which "nods to thee from the stars"? Faust exclaims: "*Wer darf ihn nennen?*" and the great legends of Eros and of Lohengrin teach the fatality of limiting the unknown by a name. It is enough to rest in the supreme knowledge that we have found that which we sought.

But it is not only from the stars that it nods to us. We are growing slowly to the realisation that the material is the mere vesture, more or less transparent, of the spiritual, and that the real part of a fact is its soul. In art, in literature, in the drama, this teaching is becoming more and more imperative, and, in the

struggle after expression, what Jacob Boehme calls "the first light of God" is beginning to triumph over "the light of outward reason." In G. F. Watts' work, in his heroic wrestling with the problems of chaos and of creation, the eternal and the immortal appear to us barely veiled by the clothing of matter; and in the recent exhibition of William Blake's pictures, we seemed to pass behind the framed paintings on the walls into a region of bodiless aspirations and emotions, terrors and ecstasies.

It is more overwhelming still when *That* nods to us across the footlights, from the stage which has grown to be so closely associated with artificiality, with vanity, with narrow and sordid convention, to name only the less hurtful features of the modern theatre. At this end of the dramatic season the newspapers and reviews have been full of articles commenting on the leanness of the year, on the exceptional number of deserved failures, and on the slightness or unworthiness of the few successes. But the critics do not condescend to look outside the commercial drama, which is merely a puppet-show, worked by strings which become increasingly obvious under the glare of increasingly exaggerated light. "No shining candelabra," says Mr. W. B. Yeats, "have prevented us from looking into the darkness, and when one looks into the darkness there is always something there."

For those that have eyes to see and ears to hear, these past six months have been rich in the most exquisite dramatic experiences. I suppose there is no question that *Where There is Nothing* is one of the greatest mystical plays that has ever been written: there exists certainly no more vivid expression in any language of extremest mysticism than the great scene in the monastery where Paul Ruttledge puts out the candles one after one. "We must get rid of everything that is not measureless eternal life. We must put out hope, as I put out this candle. And memory, as I put out this candle. And thought, the waster of life, as I put out this candle. And at last we must put out the light of the sun and of the moon and all the light of the world, and the world itself."

It is wonderful and significant that this play should have been produced even for a couple of times upon the London stage, and should have found on the whole so large a measure of comprehension. This tragedy of Paul Ruttledge forms a very curious

contrast to another production of the Stage Society's this season, labelled more emphatically *A Soul's Tragedy*. Literature affords few parallels more striking than this play of Browning's and Mr. Yeats' *Where There is Nothing*—the one so characteristic of the Englishman and the optimist, the man of broad and genial humour and of tolerant outlook upon life: the other brimmed to the full with Keltic mysticism, with the agony of aspiration and yet close to the simplicities of Nature. We watch Chiappino's fall and murmur to ourselves, "The pity of it!" but all the while we are chuckling over the rich and delicious worldliness of the Papal Legate. Browning's play has for refrain: "I have known three and twenty leaders of revolts;" and ends on the climax: "I have known four and twenty leaders of revolts." Chiappino's tragedy is the failure of character under the stress of worldly temptation. Paul Ruttledge does not fail, though they kill him and destroy his work; yet his is more truly a tragedy of soul: the brave and hopeless war of the spirit against the bondage of material things.

Maeterlinck's theme in *Pelleas and Melisande*—recently performed with Madame Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs. Patrick Campbell as its chief exponents—has kinship with Mr. Yeats' motive in *Where There is Nothing*. It is, however, the unhappiness of the soul in its prison-house of mortal life that Maeterlinck seeks to portray, and he has chosen a different medium of drama for his purpose. His play has the remoteness of a faery dream. The poet embodies the Soul under the form of a lovely and unhappy woman, weeping, terrified, having lost her way in the world, and afterwards imprisoned in a sunless castle, married to a Prince who measures her actions by incomprehensible material standards that bewilder her innocence. "I am not happy, I am not happy," murmurs Melisande. About all the scenes hangs a heavy atmosphere of dream, tangible almost as the gauze veil behind which the earlier performances took place.

Milton is not usually included among the mystics, but Blake would hardly have chosen to illustrate *Comus* had he not felt some kinship of inspiration with the Puritan poet, and the Lady is indeed a distant sister of Melisande, more limited in definition, and enchanted in the snares of a less subtle coil. In witnessing

the charming open-air performance of *Comus* by the Mermaid Society, one is driven to give the masque a high place among the dramas of soul.

But to one play-goer at least no play spoke with such direct and arresting vigour as *The King's Threshold*, by Mr. Yeats, acted by a body of amateur players come over from Dublin for the week-end. There are some who hold that this is a political allegory, and that the Chief Poet on the threshold signifies Ireland; but this seems too narrow an interpretation, and we would rather regard him as a symbol of the things of the soul. Distant in time, remote from the problems of everyday life, *The King's Threshold* yet appealed with a force and an intimacy that were almost terrifying. It seemed as if some new faculty were awakened to apprehend it; we were rapt away to another plane; and That nodded to us from the stage.

D. N. DUNLOP.

FROM MANY LANDS

AMERICAN SECTION

JULY has been a quiet month in the American Section. Mr. Leadbeater spent it at Ridgewood, resting from his work in the field, but busy with his books and correspondence.

He spent the first week in August in Newton Highlands, Mass., going from there to Toronto, to remain until the 30th. One striking result of his work in America is seen in the great increase in the sale of theosophical books. The business of the Chicago Book Concern is four or five times greater than in 1901. Members and branches buy much more largely than they did, and many orders come from persons whose interest has been aroused by hearing Mr. Leadbeater speak. The Chicago Public Library buys Mr. Leadbeater's books as fast as they appear. There are many other indications that thinking people are seeking some expression of the truth to which they can give assent. An inquiry at the leading booksellers in Chicago for Sabatier's *The Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit*, elicited the remark: "that is a wonderful book and selling well."

Our Chicago people are looking forward to Mr. Leadbeater's too brief stay with us during Convention week with lively anticipations, and with an ever-deepening sense of the great debt of gratitude we owe him for his untiring labours among us. However unfavourable the astral conditions in Chicago may be for most of us, he truly walks her streets attended by battalions of loving thoughts and good wishes.

E. S. B.

BRITISH SECTION

Biblical study is being earnestly taken up in England in a way far removed from the "Bible class" of our childhood. At Oxford, during the vacation term, no less than seven lecture courses have been organised, in addition to numerous single lectures, for the benefit of serious women students; among the course subjects we find: "The Influence of Hellenic Religion at the time of the Rise of Christianity," by Prof. Percy Gardner, and "The Condition of the Eastern Roman Provinces at the time of S. Paul," by Prof. Ramsay. Single lectures offer: "The Mystic Element in New Testament Doctrine," by the Rev. W. R. Inge; "Disputed Readings," by Mr. F. C. Conybeare; "The New Uncanonical Sayings of our Lord," by Dr. Grenfell. All serious study of religious subjects is a welcome sign of growing thought on a matter vital to national life, and Theosophists rejoice in all such work, as serving the WISDOM.

Mrs. Besant's tour in the provinces, after leaving Bath, included Birmingham—where the audience filled the Town Hall, kindly granted by the municipality—Sheffield, Hull, York, Bradford, Leeds, Didsbury, Manchester, Liverpool, Middlesbrough, Newcastle and Harrogate. The Manchester Branches are developing, and are attracting many thoughtful men and women, as will be seen further in the paragraph below. Middlesbrough is forming groups for systematic study during the winter of "Elementary Theosophy," "Christianity in the Light of Theosophy," and "The Scientific and Philosophical Aspects of Theosophy." Bradford is also shewing a healthy activity. The Northern Federation held its forty-second Conference at Harrogate; the afternoon meeting was occupied by a well-arranged set of useful papers on "Animal Consciousness," and a previous set of papers on "Man and Death" was on sale. The public lectures were in the handsome Kursaal, which was well filled. The new rooms of the Lodge are large and convenient.

The South Manchester Branch of the Theosophical Society, upon

entering its new and spacious premises, hopes very shortly to bring forward another feature in connection with its public work. The Branch originally met at the house of the President, but the enquirers' meetings soon became too large for the accommodation, and a move was made to a large room, over a shop, in the vicinity. This was opened by Mr. Keightley in June, 1903. In the autumn, lectures were given in one of the public Halls, books and pamphlets were sold, and much enquiry was the result. It was then decided to move into larger premises, and these have been secured, most conveniently situated in a good centre, in a thickly populated district. The lecture hall will hold about 300 people, the lodge-room about 80; and, with ladies' and gentlemen's cloak-rooms, form a very complete and comfortable suite, with an entrance at each end of the building. The Lodge meets each week, and there are also meetings for special study. There is a fair lending library. Once a fortnight an enquirers' meeting is held. There are quarterly re-unions of the three Branches. Each month a tea is provided for the Branch members only, and an hour is devoted to conversation, followed by an address, or ten minutes' papers, by two or three members. After the holidays public lectures will be given every fourth Thursday in the month; and on the Sunday evenings meetings will be held, with music and readings, followed by a theosophical address.

DUTCH SECTION

Of work in Holland there is not very much to report for the last two months. After the days of the Congress, when the zenith of activity was reached, the Section seems to have entered a period of rest—the Lodges and their workers are taking their summer holiday in order to be ready to resume labour at the beginning of September. And surely a year of strenuous exertion may be expected. Whatever the Congress may or may not have been to the whole of the European Federation, in Holland it has done a great deal in placing the Society on a higher standard in the estimation of the public. The Theosophical Movement has shown itself to be one of the important world movements. But this higher opinion which our Dutch compatriots will in the future have of our Society will greatly increase our responsibilities, and will probably bring us more serious attacks than ever before; so that our members will have to exert all their strength next year, in order to rise to their opportunities, and to ensure the steady growth of the Section and the regular spreading of theosophic thought in Holland.

J. J. H

GERMAN SECTION

A General Theosophical Congress for Germany, Austria-Hungary and Switzerland, is arranged in Dresden for September 24th to 26th. It is, according to the circular, an open gathering ; there are no delegates, but anyone is welcome who is interested in the Theosophical Movement, whether technically a member of the Theosophical Society or not. Two public lectures are to be given, one by Dr. Franz Hartmann, and one by Dr. Rudolf Steiner, General Secretary of the German Section. The conveners quote the following words of H.P.B. to the Fourth Convention of the American Section :

“ The Masters require only that each shall do *his best*, and, above all, that each shall strive in reality to feel himself one with his fellow-workers. It is not a dull agreement on intellectual questions, or an impossible unanimity as to all details of work, that is needed ; but a true, hearty, earnest devotion to our cause which will lead each to help his brother to the utmost of his power to *work* for that cause, whether or not we agree as to the exact method of carrying on that work. The only man who is absolutely wrong in his method is the one who *does nothing* ; each can and should co-operate with all, and all with each, in a large-hearted spirit of comradeship, to forward the work of bringing Theosophy home to every man and woman in the country.”

INDIAN SECTION

The attack attempted in Benares on the Theosophical Society and the Central Hindu College has collapsed in the most ludicrous way. It was engineered by an eccentric gentleman, who was only laughed at for his pains, and some at least of the names attached to his circular were not genuine, if, indeed, any were.

In the Southern Mahratta country, the indefatigable Mr. Jagannathiah has been hard at work, and has been delivering lectures to large audiences. At Kurundwad a Branch was formed with the help of the Chief, who joined the Society, and fed a large number of the poor in honour of its opening. The Mahratta Brâhmanas are difficult people to move, harsh and narrow, and if Theosophy takes root among them the whole country will be benefited.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

E PUR SE MUOVE

Some Elements towards the At-one-ment of Knowledge and Belief.
By William Routh, M.A. (London : Elliot Stock.)

THOUGH, from a theosophic point of view, this book is behind the times, yet it is a distinct advance on any other treatise within our knowledge that has been produced by an ordained member of the Church of England ; therefore we welcome it as an earnest of more to follow, as a leader in the vanguard of the Church, and as a sign of the times with regard to orthodoxy ; and also as an expression of a growing section within the pale of the Church itself, the body of clergy and laity that bitterly regret the Dean of Ripon episode, which witnessed the withdrawal of his publicly expressed belief respecting the Incarnation. We trust that Mr. Routh will stick to his guns and be unsparing with his shot and shell. Such artillery is needed just now, when we have witnessed the prohibition of a well-known clergyman by a well-known and, as we thought, a broad-minded, tolerant Bishop of the English Church.

We welcome this book because of its sincere attempt to reconcile Faith and Reason, and widen the horizon of both the Theologian and the Materialist. It was indubitably the attempt to perform this task that caused some to despair, give up reason, and submit to the infallibility of the Pope, and others to give up Faith and take to a soulless materialism. Yet they all sought for truth, unconsciously recognising that "there is no religion higher than Truth." They, however, seemed no nearer the discovery at the end of their search than they were at the beginning. They had reached an *impasse*. They needed to blend Faith and Reason to lift them out of their perplexity. This the author sets himself to accomplish, and, though he makes a brave attempt, we cannot say that he is convincing, because of the demands and concessions which he makes from those on either hand.

Christianity has made one gigantic mistake all along the line, namely, the alienation of science and religion. Instead of regarding science as a handmaid, it has in modern times opposed it as an enemy ;

and this accounts to a great extent for the present attitude of science towards religion. It is an agreeable change to find this theological writer stating at the outset that all "scientific trends of thought when combined together can only make for good." We are entirely in agreement with him in his protest against the straying of science into realms of which it cannot judge. On page 7 the author acknowledges that: "Apart from this book (the Bible), or collection of books,* it is safe to say that we have nothing which can reveal to us the true nature and will of God except what we can gather from Nature, which is His handiwork, or, as we have called it already, the realisation of His dream. But in studying Nature we are forced to call to our help all the resources of Science under all its aspects. Thus it is plain that Science is far from being an enemy of Religion. Rather is it the requisite which is indispensable for arriving at a true conception of things as they actually are, even as concerns the nature of God Himself and of His treatment of men."

"Nature," he further says, "reveals no science of good and evil as taught by most of the Churches. Moral codes superimposed upon the law of Nature have caused all the confusion of conventional morality which has cramped and distorted the human being out of his original mould." This sounds like an echo of our own teaching.

Mr. Routh's attitude towards Theology can only be explained, he says, by taking its main tenets separately and stating his belief with regard to each one. In a short review it is impossible to go through the whole gamut of his attitude, but we will endeavour to show his trend of thought, which will justify our favourable reception of his work. "The Creation," he states, "is a realised dream of God—matter and its laws are an emanation of the Divine Mind." Whence did the author obtain this view that matter is spirit densified, if not from theosophic writers? "That we become Sons of God is conditional on our attaining a very high and exacting standard of living." In thus writing the author *implies* that not all will grasp immortality. In this he claims that his view is not unlike the poet Browning's, though by no means identical with it. But with regard to the question of immortality the author says that the justice of God demands this for *every* soul, because God has implanted a fierce and irrepresible yearning for life hereafter, and the author appeals in support of his belief in unconditional immortality to the wastefulness and conservation observed in Nature.

* [This appears to ignore all other Scriptures!—Eds. T.R.]

Mr. Routh casts off all anthropomorphic conceptions of Deity, and regrets that he must speak of God as "He" because there is no other term available. He hates to "narrow the Supreme with sex." We would suggest the term "THAT" as being exactly what he needs; it has this recommendation that it is biblical: "I am 'That' I am."

The idea that "God having expressed His will to create, retired," is endorsed by our author in a question and answer. "Did the Author of Creation," he says, "retire from the supervision of the system, deputing to other beings the moral and social government of this world? *We think He did.*" (The italics are Mr. Routh's.)

The whole trend of the book is a feeling after teaching much of which the author would find in the works of members of the Theosophical Society.

J. N. D.

HYSTERONPROTERONISM

The Rise of English Culture. By Edwin Johnson, M.A. With a Brief Account of the Author and his Writings. (London: Williams & Norgate; 1904.)

WHEN in 1886 an anonymous writer under the title *Antiqua Mater: A Study of Christian Origins*, asked the thoughtful English-reading public to entertain the utterly anarchical thesis that Christian documents were entirely the result of the literary industry of late mediæval monkdom, he could hardly expect to obtain a very patient hearing; when in 1889 he further pressed home his point in another volume, *The Rise of Christendom*, with even greater assurance, he can hardly have been surprised that more moderate men should say that "Johnson had the Benedictines on the brain."

Edwin Johnson departed from this, to him, historically intolerable world in 1895, and is presumably now busy with the "astral" counterparts of the mediæval Benedictine *scriptoria*, and most probably revising his too one-sided opinions.

The book before us is a posthumous work, edited by his friend Mr. Edward A. Petherick, and continues the contentions of his chief life-work with marked ardour and greater assurance than ever. His special theme is "that English Story is a branch of Church Story, and that it rests not on the testimonies of witnesses who were living in the times of which they profess to relate, but on the dreams and themes of Church artists, who were sitting down to their work at an epoch much nearer our own than we are wont to suppose" (p. 552).

This epoch is the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In other words, "what we call English History is the poetic invention of the Tudor period" (p. 221). There is, however, an audience for Johnson's work of which he did not dream when he wrote it (about 1890), but which should find much to their liking in his laborious investigations. We mean those who are persuaded that much of the finest literature of the Elizabethan and immediately preceding period, not only in England but also on the Continent, was the product of a guild or syndicate, at the back of which was the organising and inspiring genius of Francis Bacon.

Johnson, it is true, asks us to believe too much—and that, too, even if we be by nature of the most robust scepticism; but, on the other hand, he is exceedingly useful as a relentless exposé of the utterly unhistorical methods of all medieval literary composition, and also has done great service in insisting upon a fact which we are all too prone to forget, that MSS. and records prior to the fifteenth century are far rarer than we are wont to suppose; indeed, that it is almost impossible to get at truly reliable evidence for ninety-nine per cent. of the statements which are accepted on all hands as legitimate history.

But when Johnson asks us to believe that the Vulgate was the Latin Bible of the monks of the fifteenth century only, that Greek and Hebrew texts were derived from this Vulgate, that Jerome and Tertullian and Augustine were monks or monkish writing-groups of the later middle ages; that not only so, but that the Hebrew Bible was only a little earlier; that, for instance, *Daniel* was written in the times of the Abarbanels (when we know that Porphyry, c. 250, for instance, dealt with this famous apocalyptic in a highly critical fashion, showing its provenance amid early Maccabæan surroundings)—then we can only hope that there may be an "astral" counterpart of Oxyrhynchus, if of nothing else, in his "heaven-world."

But with him the basis of the Christian story is the Arab legends in the first place, then the coming of the Jews to Spain in the steps of their conquering Moslem brethren, and then, though several centuries later, the invention of Christian history and scripture in the busy monkish *scriptoria*.

It is with no feelings of pleasure that we are constrained to pass an unfavourable verdict on Mr. Johnson's life-labours, for we cannot but admire a man who, through so many weary and laborious years, in the face of the greatest prejudice, contempt, obloquy and neglect,

valiantly held to his conviction and continued his struggle single-handed; nor can we but most deeply sympathise with a man who, for years a minister of religion, and a teacher of Christian history and theology, found his most honest efforts to get at the historic truth, not only frustrated at every turn, but revelant of the clearest possible proofs of the most widespread literary dishonesty and the busiest industry of fraudulent book-making.

Nevertheless, it cannot but be admitted that this good man, like so many other good men, was the victim of an *idée fixe*, and that he had not yet learned the wise sanity of the old Greek gnome, "nothing too much." In spite of this, however, he has not toiled in vain, for though his main contentions, especially with regard to Christian origins, cannot stand, a mass of detailed research in little trodden fields of literary and historical industry has been piled up by his unflagging industry, and the discriminating scholar will thank him when the literary sciolist throws away his books with annoyance.

G. R. S. M.

SOME BOOKS FROM INDIA

The Ashtâvakra Gîtâ. Trans. by Rai Bahâdur Lala Baijnâth, B.A.
(Allahabad: Liddell's Printing Works. Price 8 annas.)

Easy Introduction to Yoga Philosophy. By Sris Chandra Vasu, B.A.
(Allahabad: 38-40 Bahâdurgunj. Price Re 1.)

Vedânta Tattva-Traya. Trans. by Manomatha Nâth Paul, B.A., B.L.
(Same address. Price Re 1.)

Transactions I. and II. of the Bengal Theosophical Society.
(Calcutta: 28/2 Jhâmâpuker Lane.)

Sûrya Gîtâ. Translated by Lena M. Chamier. (Madras: Oriental Publishing Co., Mylapore.)

RAI BAHÂDUR LALA BAIJNÂTH will be known by many of our readers, and they will be prepared to welcome his new publication. The learned judge introduces the translation with a brief note on Indian philosophy, and a summary of the contents of the book. The essence of this Gîtâ may be said to be in the verse: "One who imagines himself bound, is bound indeed; one who imagines himself free, is free indeed. The popular saying, 'as the thought is so is the action,' is true. . . . Learn to realise thyself as the ever-permanent

Intelligence, the One without a second." There is a fine song, expressing the joy of Self-realisation, and this joy more or less pervades the whole book.

Babu Sris Chandra Vasu, the well-known translator of Paṇini, has issued a very useful little book as an introduction to the Yoga Philosophy. It is based on Patañjali, and will be found useful by those who wish to know something of Yoga.

The *Tattva-traya* is a book belonging to the Rāmānuja school, that which asserts the "three truths" (tattva-traya) of the Self, Nature and God. The Self is Chit, Consciousness, the I; Nature is Achit, the non-conscious, the Not I; God is Īshvara, the Ruler alike of Chit and Achit. The knowledge of these three is necessary for liberation. We have here the teaching of the Viśiṣṭādvaita School of Vedānta, so widely followed in India. The little book before us takes up each of these truths in turn, and expounds them, and the reader will find the exposition useful and instructive, even though he may not be willing to rest finally in this trinity.

These Transactions, edited by Bābu Priyanāth Mukhopādyaaya, and written by "The Dreamer," are a good sign of Lodge activity. They are well printed and form pretty little books, and their contents are well worth study. "The Dreamer's" dreams always yield pleasant and useful reading, for he possesses a very able brain, well stocked with theosophical lore. The first Transaction, *The Life Waves*, is a most valuable summary of "origins," a comparison between the teachings on the subject of the Purāṇas and the *Secret Doctrine* being made. Then the states of matter as arising from the modifications of Brahmā's consciousness are traced out, and the five-fold field is described, the result of the First Life Wave. Transaction II. is occupied with *The Third Life Wave*, the projection of the Monad, and with the "co-ordinating and organising energy of the Second Life Wave." "The Dreamer" again explains most skilfully, aided by the light of Theosophy, the paurāṇic accounts, and it would be wonderful to find how the modern presentments of some of our "seeing" students are confirmed by these ancient writings, were it not that, after all, both are dealing with the same facts. *The Second Life Wave* is to be Transaction III.

It is difficult to judge of the value of this edition of the *Sūrya Gītā* as a translation, without reference to the text. The whole flavour is

modern, not ancient, but whether this is due to the writer of the treatise or to the translator it is impossible to say. Such a phrase as: "the objective forces of nature were created by the differentiated will to live," is certainly not a translation of any ancient Hindu sentence. Moreover, the book is wordy, not terse, and its thought diffuse, not concentrated. It is nicely printed, but the illustrations are very poor.

A. B.

OCCULT ARTS

Telepathy. By R. D. Stocker. (London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, Price 1s. net.)

Planchette and Automatic Writing. By Ida Ellis. (Blackpool: The Ellis Family, Promenade.)

A Primer of Clairaudience. By J. Barker Smith. (Upper Norwood: Imperial Press, Price 1s.)

MR. MYERS' book has drawn much attention to the Occult Arts, and everyone is now talking of telepathy. We cannot say that Mr. Stocker's little book can be of any use to the student, but it may be of some service to beginners.

Miss Ellis points out, after describing how Planchette is worked, that the writing may be done by the soul of the person whose hand is on the board, or by some other soul, and she relates instances of its use. She remarks that the controlling intelligence sometimes claims to come from Mars or Jupiter, and seems to think the claim may be true. Very unlikely, at least, though it is rash to say that anything is impossible. Miss Ellis gives a much needed warning as to the danger of implicitly trusting in the statements made through Planchette writing, since the influences on the other side are as varied as on this, and the messages may come from either side. In automatic writing, Miss Ellis thinks that a concentrated condition of mind is superior to passivity.

Mr. Barker Smith proposes to issue a work on Clairaudience, the result of twenty years' study, and meanwhile publishes a small primer in which he deals with "voices," contending that Christianity and Muhammadanism both "owe their origin to voice manifestation from unknown and mostly invisible sources." On the other hand voices drive people to insanity, suicide and murder. Hence such phenomena deserve scientific study. A few historical instances of clairaudience are given.

A. B.

OLD WORLD RUNES

The Nibelung's Ring. By W. C. Ward. (London and Benares :
The Theosophical Publishing Society. Price 1s. net.)

MR. WARD'S most interesting essay, first published in *The Meister* in 1889, fully deserves separate issue. It is a most careful and intuitive study of the great tragedy. The *Nibelungen Lied* is taken as the myth of the "progress of the human soul, its contests, its victories and defeats, and its ultimate redemption by the power of Divine Love." We heartily commend the booklet to our readers.

A. B.

THE WISDOM OF THE EAST

The Odes of Confucius. Rendered by L. Cranmer-Byng.

The Sayings of K'ung the Master. Selected by Allen Upward.

The Duties of the Heart. By Rabbi Bacheye, trans. by Edwin Collins. (London : The Orient Press, 26, Paternoster Square, E.C. Each 1s. net.)

THESE delightful little books, charmingly got up, should have a very large sale among lovers of eastern wisdom. The first contains selections from the *Shi King*, or Book of Poetry, and Mr. Cranmer-Byng has utilised the prose translations of Professor Legge, and has given us metrical versions of the poems. The Odes were compiled by Confucius from earlier collections, from 1765 B.C. to 585 B.C., and breathe the spirit of an elder day. Prays the Emperor Ching :

Let me be reverent, be reverent,
Even as the way of Heaven is evident,
And its appointment easy is to mar.
Let me not say, "It is too high above";
Above us and below us does it move,
And daily watches wheresoe'er we are.

It is but as a little child I ask,
Without intelligence to do my task ;
Yet learning, month by month, and day by day,
I will hold fast some gleams of knowledge bright.
Help me to bear my heavy burden right,
And show me how to walk in wisdom's way.

And how sweet is this lament :

The little boat of cypress rocks
 There by the side of Ho ;
 He was my only one, whose locks
 Divided in their downward flow.
 Till death betide
 His bride,
 I'll wed no other.
 O Heaven ! O mother !
 Far from me be the thing defiled !
 Will you not understand your child ?

"Confucius," it seems, is our anglicising of K'ung-fu-Tzse, which means "K'ung the Master," and some of his sayings are given for our learning by Mr. Allen Upward. K'ung the Master described himself as: "A transmitter, and not a maker, believing in and loving the ancients," and so well did he transmit that now, when he is himself among the ancients, he rules most of China. Said he: "At first my way with men was to hear their words, and give them credit for their conduct. Now my way is to hear their words, and look at their conduct." "I do not open up the truth to one who is not eager, nor help out any one who is not anxious to explain himself. When I have presented one corner of a subject to any one, and he cannot learn from it the other three, I do not repeat my lesson." O wise Master !

Rabbi Bacheye is truly a Son of the Wisdom, and he leads the learner along the path that leads thereto. In teaching humility, he says: "The truly humble man will mourn for all the mistakes made by other men, and not triumph or rejoice over them." "If one does not trust in God, one trusts in something, or in someone, else. And he who puts his trust elsewhere than in the One Eternal, removes God and His ruling Providence from over him, and puts himself in the hands of that thing or person in whom he trusts."

A. B.

THE ACORN THEORY OF EVOLUTION

The Law of Evolution : its true philosophical basis. By J. Scouller.
 (London : Grant Richards ; 1903. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS admirably printed and very nicely got up octavo volume is in a certain aspect one of the many "signs of the times," while in another it arouses no little regret and occasional impatience in the mind of the

Careful student—especially the well-read student of Theosophy. Indeed, it is not a book in which such a student is likely to find either stimulus, suggestion or useful information ; but rather one that will do any work it has capability to do among those minds to which the whole conception of a spiritual evolution, whose expression science traces in the evolutionary development of form, is undreamt of and unknown.

It is a sign of the times, in so far as it advances the conception of “transmigration,” or reincarnation, as *the* clue to many problems ; in so far as it embodies a vague and imperfectly grasped groping after the idea of spiritual evolution ; in so far as it echoes in its general tendency and keynote the growing responsiveness of thinking men to the deeper realities of truly spiritual thought. But it arouses regret in a careful student through its well-meant but imperfect attempts to criticise scientific conceptions which the author has not understood, and to dispose of controversies whose real meaning and bearing he has not grasped. And it irritates from its over-confident laying down of the law about subjects of great difficulty and problems wrapped in obscurity, on the basis of a shallow and superficial acquaintance with the mere surface of the work that has been done upon them.

As against these necessary criticisms, however, must be set the fact that the author has produced a book not unlikely to prove useful to many who are as yet wholly unprepared for anything more thorough-going or more adequate to the problems dealt with. And thus, as an addition to the rapidly growing volume of literature which is preparing the way for the coming of a new life among men, Mr. Scouller's book deserves a welcome, not unappreciative, not over critical, from those who are labouring in the same direction, and who remember that H. P. B. said that it was the mission of the movement she initiated to “reconcile Science and Religion.”

B. K.

KARMA RE-NAMED

Titasus. (Edinburgh : Colston & Co. Price 1s. net.)

THIS book is said, in the Introduction, to have been obtained by occult means, and to have been given by a Master named Ozeus ; but it is a little difficult to see why such means were necessary, as it contains the ordinary theosophical teachings, set forth somewhat less clearly than in the treatises that do not claim so august an origin.

Apart from any question of occultism, the book is a good little treatise on karma, tracing the unfolding of the spirit through the mineral, vegetable, and animal up to the human kingdom, and then through the stages of human growth. By a curious reversion, soul is made to be superior to spirit—the spirit “evolves from Spirit to Soul”; it is clear that the writer has the idea of the Higher Manas sending out its rays as the Lower Manas, and it is only the terminology which is unusual. The writer points out that men, by slaughtering animals, protract their stay in the animal kingdom, a point often forgotten.

It is useful that theosophical ideas should be spread in books not professedly theosophical, and this little volume might usefully be given to anyone likely to be alarmed by the theosophical imprint.

A. B.

ASTROLOGY

Astrology for All. By Alan Leo. (London: 9, Lyncroft Gardens, West Hampstead, N.W. Price 7s. 6d.)

THE Second Edition of the first vol. of *Astrology for All* is so much enlarged and improved as to be practically a new work.

It is the first of a series of seven volumes in which it is intended to deal exhaustively with the science of Astrology, exoteric and esoteric, and it should be especially acceptable to Theosophists, as it elucidates and furnishes another basis of proof for the great truths taught by the Ancient Wisdom.

In his preface the author thus states his conception of its relation to one of these fundamental Truths: “The *first principle* upon which the science of Astrology rests is that the whole universe is actually what the term implies—a Unity; and that a law which is found in manifestation in one portion of the universe must also be equally operative throughout the whole. The consequent to this major premise is, that our own solar system being in itself a complete whole, those laws which are operative among the major constituents of that system, *viz.*, the planetary bodies, are also in force among the lesser components of the same system—to wit, ourselves, and the other objects on this earth, whether solid, liquid or gaseous, whether human, animal, vegetable or mineral. The *second principle* is that by a study of the motions and relative positions of the planets the operations of these laws may be observed, measured and determined.”

The first volume of this work is purely elementary and deals chiefly with the Individuality and Personality, as represented by the

Sun and Moon. Students of Theosophy know that the term "Individuality" is applied to the permanent reincarnating Ego, which in Astrology is represented by the Sun; and that the "Personality" signifies the lower bodies which the Ego takes during his sojourn on earth, symbolised by the ever-changing Moon.

In the first chapters, the Signs of the Zodiac, their nature and characteristics, and the influence they each exert on the physical body, are described with the aid of diagrams. Then the results produced by the varying positions of the Sun and Moon in the twelve signs in each month in the year and the Soli-Lunar Combinations, or Polarities, are dealt with at great length and very clearly. Each sign is taken separately and the personal and individual characteristics of the man who comes into the world with the Sun or Moon in such sign at the time of birth are carefully described.

To the functions and general influence of the planetary bodies is given a comparatively small place. An exhaustive account of these heavenly bodies, their different aspects and various relations, with all that these signify, will appear in the second volume. The Rules for casting a horoscope are also reserved for the next issue.

Two valuable additions are made to the book—a complete list of the positions of both Sun and Moon is given for the years 1850-1905, and a condensed statement of the natal influence exercised by each degree of each decanate of every sign—360 in all—is added.

We can but wonder at the ingenuity, patience and industry which claim to have discovered and verified a different character for each man born during every successive four minutes of the day and night throughout the year. Some people make merry over these calculations. But why? We see around us an infinite diversity among our own limited circle of friends and acquaintances. What produces this variety? It seems to be more or less independent of parentage, social position, or general environment.

If we seek for the causes which bring down these differences to the manifested planes, what can we imagine as more powerful to produce them than the vault of heaven, with the magnetic occult forces which lie within it?

Mr. Leo is to be congratulated on the general appearance of the new edition and its rapid sale, and we wish him equal success with the rest of the series. We hear that the second volume will appear in January next, under the title of *How to Cast a Nativity*.

U. M. B.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

Theosophist, July. "Old Diary Leaves" this month contain notices of the late Svâmi Vivekânanda and Mr. Gandhi, from both of whom much good was hoped—hopes frustrated by their early death. The Colonel's return to Madras, and the Governor's visit to the Pariah Schools, form the remainder of the instalment. Next we have the conclusion of Mr. Leadbeater's "Magic, White and Black"; and of Harihara Aiyar's "Stray Thoughts on Mysticism," in which he describes "the Hindu method of obtaining cosmic consciousness." Fio Hara gives a valuable summary of "The Secret Doctrine of Racial Development"; and J. D. Crawford "A Criticism of the New Thought Movement." The number is concluded by Mr. Mead's article "Concerning H. P. B." reprinted from our own pages.

Central Hindu College Magazine, July. The most important paper in this number is the address on "The Significance of the Central Hindu College" by one of the Professors, A. K. Ukil, M.A. The rest of the number is very readable, but even our best good-will cannot accept the illustration as a representation of a white marble hall. The printers evidently do not understand the handling of these delicate plates. We are glad to find that progress is being made with the building of the Girls' School, and we hope that due notice will be taken of the statement that "if the movement is to be at all a National one there will have to be a very liberal response to Mrs. Besant's appeal."

Theosophic Gleaner, July. N. F. Bilimoria gives an interesting paper on the Zoroastrian Haoma; Mr. Jussawalla's lecture on Vegetarianism is continued; and S. M. Desai has a learned discussion of "Sutakas in the Zoroastrian Scriptures." The number ends with a portion of a lecture by Mrs. Besant on Giordano Bruno.

Also from India:—*The Dawn*; *The Sun of Truth*; *East and West*, a number of more than usual interest; and *The Indian Review*.

The Vahan, August, has succeeded in beating up some contributions to the "Stray Notes." The questions treated in "The Enquirer" are: "Does Theosophy condemn music as appealing only to our lower nature?" (paraphrased by G. R. S. M. as "Is Theosophy a 'hass'?") and "From a Theosophical standpoint would not a mystical interpretation of the Bible remove many of the difficulties of the Higher Criticism?"

The Lotus Journal, August, has a lecture by Mr. Leadbeater on

the uses of a Lodge meeting, which every member of a Lodge should "mark, learn, and inwardly digest." The prettily illustrated child's story, and Mrs. Besant's "Man as Master of his Destiny," are continued.

Revue Theosophique, July, opens with an interesting paper by B. Keightley on "Psychism and Mysticism." Translations fill up the rest of the number.

Theosophia, August. In this number M. v. Ginkel's interesting account of the Great Pyramid is continued, and the Social Problem is discussed by Chr. J. Schuver. Translations from Mrs. Sharpe, Mrs. Besant, and of Michael Wood's "Yuein the Harper" are given, and Dr. v. Deventer continues his valuable extracts from Plato's *Timæus*.

Theosophie, August, is mainly filled with Mr. Mead's much appreciated article on H. P. B. from our pages, and gives also a portion of Mrs. Besant's "Helping the So-called Dead."

Dev Vâhan, August, contains R. Schwela's "Considerations upon the Eightfold Path," and the conclusion of Mme. von Schewitsch's "Hints on Practical Theosophy." From the latter we extract a few lines: "I must give an answer to a question constantly put to me: 'What are the ethical commandments which we are bound to obey?' I answer, there are *no* general rules binding on all. Whoever desires such, shows that he has not yet taken in and assimilated the whole marvellous height and depth of the Theosophic doctrine. What for one man—on the step of development on which he stands—may be perfectly lawful, for another, living under a higher and more detailed law, may be the deadliest of sins!" Next is continued the appreciation of the new volume of *Old Diary Leaves*; Dr. Soltau's "Mithras-Religion and Christianity" is concluded, and the usual space is devoted to Questions and Answers, original and from the English *Vâhan*.

Sophia, for July, has the somewhat rare distinction of being sufficient for itself—entirely original. We venture to congratulate the Editor; translations, however good, can never quite speak to the reader as a paper *thought* in his own tongue does. The running translation of H. P. B.'s "From the Caves and Jungles of Hindustan" does not affect this. Besides a study of Karma by V. Diaz Perez, we have two interesting astronomical papers, and the continuation of S. Gonzalez-Blanco's "Hylozoism."

Also received with thanks: *Teosofisk Tidskrift*; *Theosophic Messenger*, which records, but not entirely approving, a proposition to form

a Theosophical Settlement—"a productive and manufacturing centre on lines similar to that of the Roycrofters in East Aurora"; *South African Theosophist*; *Theosophy in Australasia*; *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*; *Theosofisk Maandblad*, containing our brother J. van Manen's farewell to Java, and an Editorial giving an account of his unwearied labours for the cause during his visit.

Also: *La Nuova Parola*; *Mind*; *Logos Magazine*; *Light*; *Humanitarian*; *Destiny*; *Round-About*.

Under the title *Man and Death* we have a neatly got-up six-penny pamphlet whose sub-heading, "A brief outline of the late F. W. H. Myers' work, 'Human Personality and its survival of bodily death,' with a critical review and commentary, being a condensed Report of the Conference of the Northern Federation, Harrogate, May 28th and 29th, 1904," sufficiently explains its purpose. There are many to whom such a summary as this will be more useful than the original work. The task of giving a brief outline of so extensive a work, and one which (it must be confessed) is so refractory to any attempt at abbreviation, is no light one; and we heartily congratulate the Northern Federation on the discussion and still more the anonymous reporter who has prepared it for the press. We hope that this valuable work will be the first of a series of "Transactions"; from the specimen, all readers will feel sure that much must be said at the meetings well worth preserving in print.

Do not pray for easy lives! Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

To live content with small means, to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open hearts; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony.

WM. HENRY CHANNING.

THERE is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbours good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbour is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.

R.L.S.

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THOSE who stand out as leaders in any organised body ought to act with some sense of responsibility, otherwise they injure their cause instead of serving it. Archdeacon Sinclair lately preached in S. Paul's Cathedral a sermon on Theosophy, attacking it with much bitterness. Archdeacon Sinclair is a dignitary of the Church, and S. Paul's Cathedral is the metropolitan church; the speaker and the place give us the right to expect a scholarly and well-weighted statement. Some of the opinions ascribed to Theosophists were strangely unfamiliar to students, and an inquisitive Theosophist wrote to the Archdeacon and gently enquired as to his authority. It was: *Earth's Earliest Ages, and their Connection with Modern Spiritualism and Theosophy*, by G. H. Pember, M.A., author of *The Great Prophecies*, etc.; publishers, Hodder and Stoughton! The object of this work, as stated in the preface, is to prove that the first chapter of Genesis, with those that follow it, is "plain history, and must, therefore, be accepted as a literal statement of facts"; the writer states that the "Days of the Son of Man," i.e., the coming of Christ, are near, that Spiritualism is a "revival of the last and greatest cause of corruption in the days

of Noah," and that "two other waves of kindred thought, Theosophy and Buddhism, had followed it." Theosophy comes from "‘descending angels,’ who can be none than those Nephilim which the Bible mentions as having already appeared twice upon earth"; and "it would seem to have been by means of this very doctrine that Satan effaced the primal revelation from the minds of the intellectual among men." Such is the source from which Archdeacon Sinclair, by his own statement, drew his material for his sermon. Now in this book no references are made to accepted Theosophical works, on any point of doctrine; there are two references to *Isis Unveiled* and one to the *Occult World*, but these do not deal with doctrines. The teaching is taken from *The Perfect Way*, published in 1882. "One of the Theosophic writers," who calls Christianity Paulism, and quotes Swedenborg as seeing S. Paul in hell is—Dr. Kenealy, who published his book five years before the Society was founded, and was an independent thinker, a mystic, but most certainly one whose sayings cannot be fairly quoted as embodying modern Theosophical views. We put it to Archdeacon Sinclair: Is this a fair way to present Theosophical teachings, or does he hold to the view once widely current, that no faith need be kept with heretics?

* * *

THE Church Missionary Society seems to be angry with Theosophists in India. In its annual report, extracts from which are published in the *Guardian*, it becomes almost "You're a Pagan" hysterical over the success of the Central Hindu College, Benares, and complains of the English workers there who:

Give their whole services gratuitously, or for bare sustenance, to the work of this College; so that the marvellous sight is seen of English professors (of both sexes) in greater numbers than are to be found in any other college in India (except possibly in the presidency cities), zealously engaged in the instruction of Indian boys out of pure anti-Christian fervour. The sight is a saddening, nay, a sickening one; What is the teaching, and what the influence of the Central Hindu College? Perhaps one word might sum it up—pagan.

Good Dr. Hooper is a little over-excited. There is no "anti-Christian fervour" in the case, but only a genuine desire to help people of another race and creed to obtain good education with-

out forcing on them an alien religion. "Pagan" is not a bad word, though uttered with discourteous intent. Plato, Pythagoras, Socrates, Zoroaster, the Buddha, the Manu, Confucius, Lao-tze, were all Pagans. They are a grand company, the Pagans. It is a word with a splendid connotation. Dr. Hooper also states that the College authorities forbade a married professor to visit the missionary Principal of a neighbouring College. That is not true, and Mrs. Besant has so written to the *Guardian*. Every professor is free to visit whom he will—naturally—and the College staff has very friendly relations with the missionary staff. In fact, Mrs. Besant herself, to say nothing of College officials, has twice attended the annual prize-givings at one of the missionary institutions.

* * *

THE Rev. Dr. Cobb, rector of S. Ethelburga's, City, is a very outspoken gentleman. In his parish magazine he delivers himself as follows:

Practical Atheism The Church papers are crying out that Canon Henson should be deprived and that Mr. Lilly has no business even to think of being present at a lecture by Mrs. Besant. Both of these eminent men may be right, for all that Church papers know, but the proposition that clergy should be put to perpetual silence where they do not adore the *vultus instantis tyranni*, or shout with the *civium ardor prava jubentium*, is Italian, not English. There was a time in the history of the English Church when the clergy were scholars and thinkers. Now, when one of them strays into those old paths, our atheistical Church papers invoke authority. They do so because they live on a materialised religiosity, and that is nothing but practical atheism.

Bold words, but sadly true. They may be put beside the rebuke of the Bishop of Ripon, quoted in our August issue. There is hope for the Church while some of her leaders see so clearly what she needs.

* * *

THE *Manchester Evening News*, commenting on the British Association Sermon, preached this year by Professor Bonney, remarks that:

Perilously near He is getting very near to the contention of Mrs.
Theosophy Besant, to which we referred when she spoke recently
in Manchester, that the old ecclesiastical supports of
Christianity will fail us, sooner or later, and that we shall have to fall back

on the universal experience of mankind. . . . Are we not, perhaps, looking on, nay, taking part in, the inevitable change and development which even the oldest and most cherished creeds must sooner or later undergo?

Those will be the wisest helpers of Christianity who recognise the need of a new interpretation and a new method, and who work intelligently with the spirit of the time instead of being dragged unwillingly at the wheels of its chariot.

* * *

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* prints a curious story from the *Rendiconti* of the Accademia dei Lincei. It runs as follows:

A Strange Story In Milan in the year 1271 there appeared a woman of mature age whose family name is still unknown, but who seems to have been called Guglielma, or Guillelma.

No one knows whence she came, and in the process of the Inquisition she is called a Bohemian, though contemporary records declare she was last from England. She had with her a son who was still a child, and supported herself in very modest fashion, at first by manual labour, and afterwards on the contributions of the friends she made for herself. She was gentle and pious in her life, and entirely free from any suggestion of religious imposture. Yet it soon began to be whispered in Milan that she was a new incarnation of Christ in female form, and that she possessed the *stigmata*, or Five Wounds, exhibited by St. Francis d'Assisi and other mystics. She seems to have asserted this herself, although she shrank from any idea of personal worship, repeatedly telling her would-be devotees that she was born, like them, "of a man and a woman," and was "only a poor creature and a contemptible worm of earth." Before long she found herself at the head of a sect by which she was adored, and when she died and was buried with much pomp in the Cistercian [? Carthusian] church of Chiaravalle, near Milan, miracles came to be wrought at her tomb.

* * *

Science Siftings gives a report of an interview with Dr. Stenson Hooker, of Gloucester Place, London, W., in which Dr. Hooker tells something of his knowledge of auras. He is able to see auras for himself, and has made many observations:

Another Witness The doctor has a volume of tabulated cases. In this work he has described the colours of the auras—which he obtains from feeling the letters of all sorts and conditions of men, and it is certainly interesting to learn how lunatics, as a class, emanate one colour, men of genius another, evil-minded persons another, philanthropists their special hue, and so on; and the wonderful unanimity which pervades all the evidence seems to place the

matter quite out of the range of mere coincidence, while such care has been taken in these experiments that guessing the auras is out of the question.

It would appear from what Dr. Hooker tells us that thoughts have both form and colour, though these are invisible to most people, and, further, that they are of such a subtle nature that they inter-penetrate anything which is touched or handled. Hence, a written letter is filled with the thought-world of the writer, and this thought-world is mirrored on to the psychic plane of others, and perceived subjectively by those who are sufficiently receptive to its influence.

Reverting for a moment to the colour of auras, Dr. Hooker assured us that any temporary condition, physical or mental, would, for the time being, change the colour of the emanation. A person of erratic disposition will give out hues as changeable as those of the chameleon; he knows one friend whose aura is scarcely ever the same tint. On the other hand he has tried the aura of another person a dozen times or more at different intervals of time; this man is endeavouring to live a resolute, steady, and philanthropic life, and his aura is invariably the same, *viz.*, a beautiful pink, though, on one or two occasions when some little anxiety was present, sure enough it was indicated by a touch of grey in the pink.

Dr. Hooker, however, added a well-advised warning :

Dr. Hooker was emphatic in his opinion that a certain class of people, neurotics and others, had much better leave the studies of these psychic matters severely alone; only well-balanced minds and those of strong nerves should take them up, and not even then unless the motive was a worthy and sufficient one.

* * *

A VALUED French correspondent writes :

“The interesting experiments of M. Jean Becquerel have shown that the anæsthesia produced by chloroform stops the emission of the ‘N’ rays. An animal, at the moment of death, emitted a strong flow of ‘N’ rays from the spinal column and medulla oblongata, suddenly illuminating a fluorescent screen. Is it not the quitting of the dense body by the etheric which is accompanied by this sudden emission? M. Becquerel has also shown that metals which are transparent for the ‘N’ rays become opaque to them when chloroform or ether is exhibited to them. This recalls the experiments of Prof. Jagadish Chandra Bose on the response of metals to electric stimulus.”

The “N” rays appear to be caused by the vibrations of the etheric double, and we may look for interesting developments.

AN association—to which only members of the Church of England are admissible—is being formed to “revive the teaching and practice of the early centuries concerning Faith Healing divine healing.” So says the *Daily News*. And it goes on :

A number of meetings have recently been held, and, as a result, a number of clergymen of all schools of thought, including Evangelicals like the Rector of Brompton and the Vicar of Potter's Bar, and those more closely connected with the High Church Party, such as the Revs. Percy Dearmer and Conrad Noel, have become sympathetic helpers. The Rev. B. S. Lombard, of All Hallows, North St. Pancras, is acting for the time as Secretary of the movement.

Mr. Noel thus defines the objects of the association :

We have two principal objects : First, to study sympathetically and critically the movements of mental and spiritual healing, and to examine alleged cures ; and, secondly, to develope and extend the knowledge of Scripture and Church tradition on the subject.

Asked if it were intended to revive any of the older customs of the Church, Mr. Noel replied :

We have issued a small paper containing the various prayers, etc., formerly used. We hope to have revived the old practice of unction or anointing.

The Christian Scientists may congratulate themselves on this movement, though it does not entirely accept their principles.

* * *

THE following significant passage occurs in an essay on Jacob Böhme, by the late Primate of the Danish Church, the Right Rev. Dr. Martensen ; it shows a wise and liberal spirit, and contrasts very favourably with the position taken up by some English Bishops :

Theosophy and
Christianity

Rev. Dr. Martensen ; it shows a wise and liberal spirit, and contrasts very favourably with the position taken up by some English

After having finished this sketch, the nature of which is indeed more tentative than conclusive, . . . there seems to be a need for making a series of investigations into the relation of theosophy to theology and philosophy, to defend theosophy against its antagonists, whether theological or philosophical, and to enter into discussion with them. However, I do not intend to do this. I shall confine myself to a few short words. In regard to theology I will only remark in general that, according to my conviction, which has been considerably strengthened by these researches, the theology of the Church does not act wisely in assuming a hostile attitude

towards theosophy, or in excluding it entirely. It does not act wisely in doing so, because thereby it deprives itself of a very important leaven, a source of revival and rejuvenescence, which it so much needs; as it will easily run the risk of becoming stagnant in a sterile and dry scholasticism and a fruitless empty criticism.

Regarding the accusation that theosophy is non-scriptural, that is to say, opposed to the common exegesis, nobody insists that theosophy is infallible; but one thing must be evident to any theologian who has some deeper knowledge of theosophy: that it has put forward and drawn attention to a number of scriptural ideas, of which theology has taken no notice, or to which it has only paid very little attention, for the reason that it does not possess the categories necessary for understanding them. The history of the Church also proves that you can scarcely find any dogmatic work of consequence whose effects have extended beyond the narrow limits of the school, that has not contained a vitalising element either of mysticism or theosophy, or of both together.

Concerning philosophers and other reasoners who in the name of modern science attack, not only theosophy, but theology, nay, even Christianity itself, I will only mention one sentence taken from one of Böhme's writings: "No Spirit can see deeper than into its own mother, in which it has its origin and being; for it is not possible for any Spirit by its own natural powers to gaze into another principium unless it is born into it."

NIRVÂṆA

THERE is, O Bhikkhus, that Abode where there is truly no earth, no water, no fire, no air, no etheric world, no world of ideation, no world of the non-being, no world of what is neither cognition nor non-cognition; no this world nor that world, and both the sun and the moon. That I call, O Bhikkhus, neither coming nor going, nor yet standing, neither falling nor arising. Without foundation, unchanged and without support surely is that. That alone is the end of suffering.

There is, O Bhikkhus, That which is unborn, which has not become, is uncreate, and unevolved. Unless, O Bhikkhus, there were That which is unborn, which has not become, is uncreate and unevolved, there could not be cognised here the springing out of what is born, has become, is created and evolved. And surely because, O Bhikkhus, there is That which is unborn, has not become, is uncreate and unevolved, therefore is cognised the outspringing of what is born, has become, is created and evolved.

Udānam, viii. 1 and 3.

CORRESPONDENCE

H. P. B. AND "THE COMMA"

DEAR SIR,

In a footnote to your very interesting article "Concerning H. P. B.," you express your surprise at H. P. B.'s knowing so little of mathematics as to confuse the decimal point with a comma. But did she? In France the comma is (or was) more frequently used than the point in decimals, and I should think it quite likely that H. P. B. was taught to use the comma. I quote from a French arithmetic book before me: "Et d'abord, pour ne pas confondre les entiers avec les décimales, on a placé ces dernières à la droite des entiers, dont on les sépare par un point ou *plus ordinairement* par une virgule" (*Arithmétique Commerciale et Pratique*, par Edmond Degranges; 1867). The following chapter is entitled "De la Virgule," and the comma is used in all the examples. It is a rather confusing laxness, for though 1,006 is called on the page quoted "un entier, six millièmes," 2,070 on the preceding page is called "deux mille, soixante-dix"!

It is a small matter to write to you about, but I thought from your remark you *might* not know that the above was the case.

Yours faithfully,

A. G. ELPHICK.

With Dr. Johnson I can only reply: "Ignorance, Sir, sheer ignorance." I did *not* know the fact brought forward by Mr. Elphick. But even so, H. P. B. still remains for me, as far as her normal consciousness was concerned, an utter dunce in mathematics. She invariably and laboriously counted a whole MS. right through, and on her fingers, to get at its number of words, and would never be persuaded that any more rapid method of arriving at the result could have any virtue. Indeed in mathematics she was grotesquely archaic, and yet *The Secret Doctrine* deals, and deals most skilfully, with high mathematical problems! If H. P. B. did not mistake the point for a comma, and actually saw (psychically) a comma, then it is of interest to some of us, for it would indicate that H. P. B.'s informant had learned *his* mathematics in France—if, of course (and I again have to plead my ignorance), the comma is, or was, not used elsewhere on the continent to represent the decimal point.—G. R. S. M.

THE PERFECT SERMON, OR THE ASCLEPIUS

A SERMON OF THRICE-GREATEST HERMES TO ASCLEPIUS*

I.

[I. M.†] [TRISMEGISTUS.] God, O Asclepius, hath brought thee unto us that thou mayest hear a godly sermon,‡ a sermon such as well may seem of all the previous ones we've [either] uttered, or with which we've been inspired by the divine, more godly than the piety of [ordinary] faith.

If thou with eye of intellect§ shalt see this word|| thou shalt in thy whole mind be filled quite full of all things good.

If that, indeed, the "many" be the "good," and not the "one," in which are "all." Indeed the difference between the

* The Greek original is lost, and only a Latin version remains to us. I use the critical text of Hildebrand (G. F.), *L. Apuleii Opera Omnia ex Fide Optimorum Codicum* (Leipzig; 1842), Pars II., pp. 279-334; but have very occasionally preferred the text in Patrizzii's *Nova de Universis Philosophia* (Venice; 1593), or of the Bipontine edition of Appuleius, *Lucii Apuleji Madaurensis Platonici Philosophi Opera* (Biponti; 1788), pp. 285-325.

The titles in the MSS. vary. The heading preferred by H. is "Asclepius or a Dialogue of Thrice-greatest Hermes"; while in B. the title stands: "Thrice-greatest Hermes Concerning the Nature of the Gods; [A Sermon] addressed to Asclepius." Ménard, the French translator, prefers: "A Sermon of Initiation or Asclepius."

The treatise begins with a transparent gloss, the marginal note of some scribe, or student, which has improperly crept into the text. It runs: "This 'Asclepius' is my sun-god"; that is to say, apparently: "This sermon 'Asclepius' has illumined me"; from which it is probable that the title lying before the scribe was "Asclepius" simply. On the other hand the Church Father Lactantius, writing at the beginning of the fourth century, and quoting from the Greek original of our treatise, says twice (*Div. Institt.*, iv. 6 and vii. 18): "*Hermes in eo libro qui λόγος τέλειος inscribitur*"; that is "Hermes in the book entitled 'The Perfect Sermon,'" or "'The Sermon of Initiation'"; and once (*ibid.*, vi. 25) in Latin version from the Greek he says: "*in illo Sermone Perfecto*"; and this title I have accordingly preferred.

† Ménard has divided the treatise into fifteen parts which I have thus distinguished; the numbering of the chapters are those usually found.

‡ Or, a sermon about the gods.

§ *Intelligens*.

|| Reason or sermon.

two is found in their agreement,—“all” is of “one”^{*} or “one” is “all.” So closely bound is each to other, that neither can be parted from its mate.

But this with diligent attention shalt thou learn from out the sermon that shall follow [this].

But do thou, O Asclepius, go forth a moment and call in the one who is to hear.[†]

And when he had come in, Asclepius proposed that Ammon too should be allowed to come. Thereon Thrice-greatest said :

[TRISMEGISTUS.] There is no cause why Ammon should be kept away from us. For we remember how we have ourselves set down in writing many things to his address,[‡] as though unto a son most dear and most beloved, [both] from the “Physics” many things and from the “Ethics” very many.

It is, however, with *thy* name I will inscribe this treatise.§

But call, I prithee, no one else but Ammon, lest a most pious sermon on a so great theme be spoilt by the admission of the multitude.

For 't is the mark of an unpius mind to publish to the knowledge of the crowd a tractate brimming o'er with the full grandeur of divinity.

When Ammon too had come within the holy place, and when the sacred group of four was now complete with piety and with God's goodly presence—to them, sunk in fit silence reverently, their souls and minds pendent on Hermes' lips, thus Love|| divine began to speak.

II.

TRISMEGISTUS. The soul of every man, O [my] Asclepius, is deathless ; yet not all in like fashion, but some in one way or [one] time, some in another.

* But Chap. ii., referring again to this idea, has the reading “ ‘all’ is ‘one.’ ”

† This, as we shall see later on, is Tat. See Chap. xxxii. below.

‡ Lit., to his name.

§ I have therefore taken this, “The Asclepius,” as the second title.

|| *Cupido*; without doubt Erōs in the lost original.

ASCLEPIUS. Is not, then, O Thrice-greatest one, each soul of one [and the same] quality?

TRISMEGISTUS. How quickly hast thou fallen, O Asclepius, from reason's true sobriety!

Did not I say that "all" is "one," and "one" is "all,"* in as much as all things have been in the creator before they were created. Nor is He called unfitly "all," in that His members are the "all."

Therefore, in all this argument, see that thou keep in mind Him who is "one"—"all," or who Himself is maker of the "all."

All things descend from heaven to earth, to water and to air.

'Tis fire alone, in that it is borne upwards, that gives life; that which [is carried] downwards [is] subservient to fire.

Further, whatever doth descend from the above, begetteth; what floweth upwards, nourisheth.

'Tis earth alone, in that it resteth on itself, that is receiver of all things, and [also] the restorer of all genera that it receives.

This whole,† therefore, as thou rememberest,‡ in that it is of all,—in other words, all things, embraced by nature under "soul" and "world,"§ are in [perpetual] flux, so varied by the multiform equality of all their forms, that countless kinds of well-distinguished qualities may be discerned, yet with this bond of union, that all should seem as one, and from "one" "all."||

III.

That, then, from which the whole cosmos is formed, consisteth of four elements—fire, water, earth, and air; cosmos [itself is] one, [its] soul [is] one, and God is one.

Now lend to me the whole of thee,—all that thou can'st in mind, all that thou skill'st in penetration.

* This, as we have already noted, is a variant of the reading in Chap. i., where we find "*omnia unius esse*" ("all" is of "one") and not "*omnia unum esse*" ("all" is "one").

† *Sci.*, the cosmos.

‡ Presumably from some previous sermon.

§ That is, cosmos.

|| The Latin of this paragraph is very obscure.

For that the reason* of divinity may not be known except by an intention of the senses like to it.†

'Tis‡ likest to the torrent's flood, down-dashing headlong from above with all-devouring tide; so that it comes about, that by the swiftness of its speed it is too quick for our attention, not only for the hearers, but also for the very teachers.§

[II. M.] Heaven, then, God sensible, is the director of all bodies; bodies' increasings and decreasings are ruled by sun and moon.

But He who is the ruler of the heaven, and of its soul as well, and of all things within the cosmos,—He is God, who is the maker of all things.

For from all those that have been said above,|| o'er which the same God rules, there floweth forth a flood of all things streaming 'through the cosmos, and the soul, of every class and kind, throughout the nature of [all] things.

The cosmos hath, moreover, been prepared by God as the receptacle of forms of every kind.¶

Forth-thinking nature by these kinds of things, He hath extended cosmos unto heaven by means of the four elements,—all to give pleasure to the eye of God.

IV.

And all dependent from above** are subdivided into species in the fashion†† which I am to tell.

* *Ratio*, that is *logos*.

† Lit., divine; that is, by a concentration like to the singleness of the godhead.

‡ That is, "this reason is."

§ "*Quo efficitur ut intentionem nostram . . . celeri velocitate praetereat.*" Compare with this the description of the instruction of the Therapeuts in Philo's famous tractate *De Vita Contemplativa*, 901 P., 483 M.—Conybeare's text, p. 117 (Oxford; 1895): "For when in giving an interpretation, one continues to speak rapidly without pausing for breath, the mind of the hearers is left behind, unable to keep up the pace"—ὁ τῶν ἀκρωμένων νοῦς συνομαρτεῖν ἀδυντῶν ὑστερίζει.

|| This seems to refer to heaven, sun and moon.

¶ *Omniformium specierum*.

** *Omnia autem desuper pendentia*. Compare with this the famous psalm of Valentinus "All things depending from Spirit I see"—πάντα κρεμάμενα πνεύματι βλέπω—Hippolytus, *Philos.*, vi. 37. For revised text see Hilgenfeld's (A.) *Ketzergeschichte*, p. 304 (Leipzig; 1884), and for a translation my *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, p. 307 (London; 1900). See also end of Chap. xix. below and "Definitions of Asclepius," i.

†† *Generi*.

The genera of all things company with their own species ; so that the genus is a class in its entirety, the species is part of a genus.

The genus of the gods will, therefore, make the species of the gods out of itself.

In like way, too, the genus of the dæmons, and of men, likewise of birds, and of all [animals] the cosmos doth contain within itself, brings into being species like itself.

There is besides a genus other than the animal,—a genus, or indeed a soul, in that it's not without sensation,—in consequence of which it both finds happiness in suitable conditions, and pines and spoils in adverse ones—I mean [the class] of all things on the earth which owe their life to the sound state of roots and shoots, of which the various kinds are scattered through the length and breadth of earth.

The heaven itself is full of God. The genera we have just mentioned, therefore, occupy up to the spaces of all things whose species are immortal.

For that a species is part of a genus,—as man, for instance, of mankind,—and that a part must follow its own class's quality.

From which it comes to pass that though all genera are deathless, all species are not so.

The genus of divinity is in itself and in its species* [also] deathless.

As for the genera of other things,—as to their genus, they [too] are everlasting ; [for] though [the genus] perish in its species, yet it persists through its fecundity in being born. And for this cause its species are beneath the sway of death ; so that man mortal is, mankind immortal.

V.

And yet the species of all genera are interblended with all genera ; some† which have previously been made, some which are made from these.

The latter, then, which are being made,—either by gods, or dæmons, or by men,—are species all most closely like to their own several genera.

* That is, the gods.

† *Sci.*, species.

For that it is impossible that bodies should be formed without the will of God ; or species be configured without the help of dæmons ; or animals be taught and trained without the help of men.

Whoever of the dæmons, then, transcending their own genus, are, by chance, united with a species,* by reason of the neighbourhood of any species of the godlike class,—these are considered like to gods.†

Whereas those species of the dæmons which continue in the quality of their own class,—these love men's rational nature [and occupy themselves with men], and are called dæmons proper.

Likewise, is it the case with men, or more so even. Diverse and multiform, the species of mankind. And coming in itself from the association spoken of above, it of necessity doth bring about a multitude of combinations of all other species and almost of all things.

Wherefore doth man draw nigh unto the gods, if he have joined himself unto the gods with godlike piety by reason of his mind, whereby he is joined to the gods ; and [nigh] unto the dæmons, in that he is joined unto them [as well].

Whereas those men who are contented with the mediocrity of their own class, and the remaining species of mankind, will be like those unto the species of whose class they've joined themselves.‡

VI.

[III. M.] It is for reasons such as these, Asclepius, man is a mighty wonder,—an animal meet for our worship and for our respect.

For he doth pass into God's nature, as though himself were God. This genus [also] knows the genus of the dæmons, as though man knew he had a [common] origin with them. He thinketh little of the part of human nature in him, from confidence in the divineness of [his] other part.

* That is one of the immortal species, or a god.

† That is, they become gods.

‡ A suggestion of man's attraction to the various species of the animal nature.

How much more happy is the blend of human nature [than of all the rest] ! Joined to the gods by his cognate divinity, a man looks down upon the part of him by means of which he's common with the earth.

The rest of things to which he knows he's kin, by [reason of] the heavenly order [in him], he binds unto himself with bonds of love ; and thus he turns his gaze to heaven.

So, then, [man] hath his place in the more blessed station of the midst ; so that he loves [all] those below himself, and in his turn is loved by those above.

He tills the earth. He mingles with the elements by reason of the swiftness of his mind. He plunges into the sea's depths by means of its* profundity. He puts his values on all things.

Heaven does not seem too high for him ; for it is measured by the wisdom of his mind as though it were quite near.

No darkness of the air obstructs the penetration of his mind. No density of earth impedes his work. No depth of water blunts his sight.

[Though still] the same [yet] is he all, and everywhere is he the same.

Of all these genera, those [species] which are animal, have [many] roots, which stretch from the above below,† whereas those which are stationary‡—these from [one] living root send forth a wood of branching greenery up from below into the upper parts.

Moreover, some of them are nourished with a two-fold form of food, while others with a single form.

Twain are the forms of food—for soul and body, of which [all] animals consist. Their soul is nourished by the ever-restless

* *Sci.*, the mind's.

† Compare with this the symbolism of the "fire-tree" and the "rootage" of the æons, in the "Simonian" system of the Gnōsis, taken by Hippolytus from the document entitled *The Great Announcement* (Hipp., *Philos.*, vi. 9 and 18). Also the common figure of the Ashvattha tree of Indo-Aryan mythology ; for instance, in the *Kaṭhopanishad*, II. vi. 1 : "The old, old tree that sees no morrow's dawn, [stands] roots up, branches down" (see Mead and Chattopādhyāya's *Upanishads*, i. 74—London ; 1896). *Ashvatthaḥ* = *a-shvaḥ-tha*, that is, "which stands not till to-morrow." The idea is that the world-tree (*saṃsāravṛkṣha*) never lasts till to-morrow, for all things are perpetually changing.

‡ Lit., non-animal.

motion of the world ;* their bodies have their growth from foods [drawn] from the water and the earth of the inferior world.

Spirit,† with which they‡ all are filled, being interblended with the rest,§ doth make them live ; sense being added, and also reason in the case of man—which hath been given to man alone as a fifth part out of the ether.||

Of all the living things¶ [God] doth adorn, extend, exalt, the sense of man alone unto the understanding of the reason of divinity.**

But since I am impressed to speak concerning sense, I will a little further on set forth for you the sermon†† on this [point] ; for that it‡‡ is most holy, and [most] mighty, not less than in the reason of divinity itself.

VII.

But now I'll finish for you what I have begun. For I was speaking at the start of union with the gods, by which men only§§ consciously enjoy||| the gods' regard,—I mean whatever men have won such rapture that they have obtained a share of that divine sense of intelligence which is the most¶¶ divine of senses, found in God and in man's reason.

ASCLEPIUS. Are not the senses of all men, Thrice-greatest one, the same ?

TRISMEGISTUS. No, [my] Asclepius, all have not won true

* Or cosmos.

† Or breath (of life).

‡ That is, animal bodies.

§ Presumably the rest of the elements.

|| It thus appears that the composition of the "animal" is thought of as follows : (a) [earth + (b) water] (body) + (c) fire (soul) + (d) air (spirit-sense) + (e) ether (mind).

¶ Lit., animals.

** Lit., the divine reason, *ratio*, or *logos*.

†† *Ratio* ; evidently again *logos* in the original.

‡‡ *Ratio*, reason, or discourse, in the Latin ; but in the Greek it may have referred to "sense," that is, the higher sense.

§§ *Sci.*, of the animals.

||| *Per-fruuntur*.

¶¶ Lit., more.

reason; but wildly rushing in pursuit of [reason's] counterfeit,* they never see the thing itself, and are deceived. And this breeds evil in their minds, and [thus] transforms the best of animals into the nature of a beast and manners of the brutes.

But as to sense and all things similar, I will set forth the whole discourse when [I explain] concerning spirit.

For man is the sole animal that is twofold. One part of him is simple: the [man] "essential,"† as say the Greeks, but which we call the "form of the divine similitude."

He also is fourfold: that which the Greeks call "hylic,"‡ [but] which we call "cosmic"; of which is made the corporal part, in which is vested what we just have said is the divine in man,—in which the godhead of the mind alone, together with its kin, that is the pure mind's senses, findeth home and rest, its self with its own self, as though shut in the body's walls.

G. R. S. MEAD.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* Lit., image.

† The Greek term *οὐσιώδης* is here retained.

‡ The Greek *ὑλικόν* being retained in the Latin.

LIFE is a comedy to those who *think*, a tragedy to those who *feel*.

HORACE WALPOLE.

CAN it be possible that genius, like the pearl in the oyster, is only a splendid disease?—HEINE.

No man becomes a saint in his sleep.—CARLYLE.

WISDOM is oftentimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.

WORDSWORTH.

IN THE VALE OF HEALING

HE . . . shall behold a Being *marvellously* fair ; for whose sake . . . the previous labours have been undergone.

WHEN I told the story of Rufus Thorn, who felt the darkness of the hidden places, I said that in the Garner House of Dreams was the record of the night wherein he found counsel and peace by the Devon sea.

This is that record—the tale of the day and night which followed the hour when John Maxse left the broken and storm-wrecked but now fruitful vale of healing, and left behind him Rufus Thorn, lying upon the thyme-clothed summer earth, below a jagged rock wreathed with bryony and ivy tendrils, near a great cup-like rent in the ground, filled full with elder bushes, rooted in the sides of the hollow, so that in blossoming time the storm-rent cup foamed milk-white to the brim, like a goblet filled for a giant's drinking.

Rufus Thorn lay on his face, sick at heart, shivering with the return of long-dulled sensation. The numbness was gone, whereby he had been so wearily walled around ; the agony of the places of darkness was gone ; gone the sense of the inflowing of a greater life, which seemed to sweep aside the boundaries of separate experience. He returned to the limits of the "narrow individual soul," and it smarted with a horrible sense of purely personal humiliation, because he had unfolded to a stranger a tale which that stranger would probably consider to be the diseased ravings of a neurotic maniac. His face burned with shame, his eyes smarted. He remembered a trifling humiliation of his boyhood under which he writhed as he writhed now. He had been able to think of it without any shame or discomfort ; it was so far away, so unrelated to the "I" of the present ; but now he seemed to be closely linked to that foolish humiliation of the past ; and he was humbled alike for the sixteen-year-old boy, and

for the man who had, as he said bitterly to himself, "made a fool of himself, and unpacked his soul for the inspection of a chance wayfarer."

His mood, though it was painful, was a relief. It was normal, it was unlike the stress and strain of the past months. He let the waves of shame and anger at his own action sweep over him. Suddenly it struck him with a shock of surprise that their tumult had ceased. The poignant sense of humiliation and amazement at his own action was gone. The shadow of the dark places was not present with him; the numbed inability to feel had not returned; the wide ecstasy, the feeling of a new heaven and a new earth, did not wrap him round; a rare and exquisite mood, but once experienced, never forgotten, never to be analysed nor described, which stilled his soul into a very anguish of silent pause and knowledge, this returned not to him. His soul was quiet—not indifferent; not wrapped in pain or bliss, but content. He lay on his back, looked at the sky, and waited to see what would happen next. Nothing happened; save that a robin perched on a wild guelder-rose bush, and piped a thin sweet song; and a gull wheeled milk-white between him and the sky, and laughed, while his fellows reproved his mirth by a deep note condemnatory of sardonic laughter flung forth between sky and sea.

Rufus Thorn rose, and climbed a steep slope of turf, whence the torn rock-strewn ground fell chasm-wise towards the sea. The sea was silver-blue, darkened by violet and brown-orange shadows, and lighted by the shining white streaks of the currents; here and there the water was stained pink at the cliff-foot with red Devon earth. Golden Cap shimmered grey in the distance. Below, in the chasm, was a tangled wilderness of growth, green touched with warm purple, gentian blue, yellow, violet, crimson, and the faint pink of wild rose wreaths. There was a little stream tinkling shorewards to make a rush-grown marsh just above the golden and grey sands; it leaped down a great moss-grown boulder in a tiny torrent, shaded by hart's-tongue and lady fern.

Rufus Thorn could hear its rush; a note distinct from the sleepy hiss of the waves, and the whisper of the wind-waved

rushes. He watched the sun sink lower, and the shadows grow long. He listened to a thrush singing his sunset song on the top of a wild cherry tree. He watched the jackdaws and the gulls fly home. The sun set; the stars came out, the sea and land grew dim, wrapped in a purple mist-like veil. The smells of the night, the sweetness of dry dew-touched earth and grass, blended with the salt perfume of the sea, rose to his nostrils. Still deep content—quiet—unreasoning—lay on him. He needed neither food nor drink; sleep came not near him. He began to make his way shorewards; when he reached the little torrent he sat beside it, with a great delight in it. He sat and watched it, and listened to its voice. It did not seem strange to hear words, faint, delicate, a mist-like breath of sound, welling up within the rush of the stream. It was the voice, he thought, of the soul of this vale of healing; he sang it too, not with his lips but with his life. Nothing in the place sang these words; but the place, and he also, became not the singers but the song:

Mother of anguish, Mother of storm,
 Mother of tears, and Mother of night,
 Mother of evil, Mother of wrong,
 Thy children hymn thee, Mother of Light.

Mother of bliss, and Mother of song,
 Mother of beauty, Mother of might,
 Mother of wisdom, Mother of love,
 Thy children hymn thee, Mother of Light.

Mother of laughter, Mother of mirth,
 Mother of age, and Mother of youth,
 Mother of death, and Mother of birth,
 Thy children praise thee, Mother of Truth.

When the song ceased he rose, and walked down the stream, and past the marsh. There, on the shore, he found a great bare rock, whereon he lay. The land wind brought to him the almond-sweet scent of new-mown hay. It was low tide, and far away he heard the sleepy beat and rush of the waves on the rocks.

The rock on which he lay was a great boulder flung down from the rending cliffs; about its foot seaweed clung, and on its summit were silver and orange lichens of the land. He saw we

thread-like clouds sweep between him and the blue-violet of the night sky. It was dark now; but the heart of the darkness was full of subtle dusky colour, and flashes of white fire. There was no moon. Far away on the land a clock struck; there was a little pause, then the slow, mechanical beat of a carillon began. It played a dirge-like hymn :

As—the—tree—falls—
So—must—it—lie—
As—the—man—lives—
So—must—he—die—
As—the—man—dies—
So—must—he—be—
All—through—the—days—
Of—e—ter—ni—ty.

Rufus Thorn listened. When the last note died, his laugh was solemn and tender. Contentment was with him yet. He lay so still he could hear the rabbits nibbling and leaping on the thyme-grown turf which sloped to the shore, and ended in a baby cliff a few feet high.

He lay there hour by hour, not sleeping, but hardly waking; he did not think at all. He heard the splash of the returning waters at the rock foot. It was dark still; no bird stirred. There was the great hush and silence that precedes dawn; yet he had a sense of conscious life very near him—a life hidden in the dark, recalling a memory of past daybreaks. The sky grew grey-white; the morning star shone from its pallor; in the thicket of wind-bent sloes by the shore a thrush sent forth the song of dawn.

Rufus Thorn looked; the great sea, grey-green and amber, was pulsing at the base of his boulder, and breaking in milk-white foam over the lesser rocks which were strewn around. He drew himself to the edge and looked down at the waters. The sea itself lived; as he looked it seemed to him that a form, human yet unhuman, was half hidden, half revealed by the heaving, restless depths. Eyes—green-white and amber—looked into his; he traced a form, now greenish-blue, now amber-brown and white, swaying in the waves. He did not feel surprise; it was natural—natural that the life in him should see and greet the life of the sea. He spoke to the waters as he leaned from the land:

“Who are you that I see there in the depths?”

Not in his ears but in his heart answered a whispering voice with the sob of waters and the hiss of spray therein :

“I am a wave.”

“Are you the soul of the wave?”

“You must not part my body from my soul. They are one. I am a wave. I speak and live in the name and power of my mother.”

“Who is your mother—the sea?”

“So sometimes is she called. Sometimes they name her Star of the Sea; sometimes the Flower of the Waters, rising from the depths; and sometimes the Mother of all Tales. Her mystery may be known; it is revealed by becoming. The mystery of her Lord is hidden. It is not revealed; it doth not become. It—unchanged and unchangeable—eternally is.”

“Does not the Mother of all Tales know it?”

“Who shall say? Not we, who are her children. But I—a wave—think that she knows it not; seeing that she herself is inseparate therefrom. But she knows the mystery of her son; the mystery of the word in her heart; wherefore she, from whom is the opposer, is sinless from the beginning of Time, and the outspreading of Space; seeing that from the beginning she knows herself as one, not many; and knows her office, which is to reveal the hidden things of the Light, and the secrets of the Resurrection unto Life.”

“May you and I learn the secret of the Mother of all Tales?” said he.

“Upon the rock on which thou liest, brother of waves,” answered the voice of the waters, “there sat twain who were very learned in mysteries; they reasoned of this matter. One said the Mother of all Tales was not; and her children were not; there remained only the Unchanging Mystery which no tongue may utter. And the other denied all this with many words. Then they questioned concerning the mystery and secret of the Mother of all Tales (if indeed peradventure she were at all), and concerning the secret of her Lord. And one said her secret was Power; and the secret of her Lord was Peace; then they wrangled as to which of these secrets was the mightier. I, sweep-

ing milk-white to their feet, cried to them, saying : ' These secrets are not twain, but one. Neither are the Mother and her Lord, twain, but one. Peace made visible is uttermost Power ; and Power unseen and unseeable is uttermost Peace.' I think they heard me not. And now, which of these secrets is better to seek thou knowest not, nor I. But thou, and I also, have chosen to follow after the secret of the Mother of all Tales, who carries in her stainless heart the dark places which make possible the unveiling of her mystery. The power of thy inner choice lies on thy outward life, and sustains thee to the end ; but it also compels thee into the depths, and urges thee to the heights. Now in the secret of the Unseen, they say, is neither depth nor height, nor change ; nor is aught ever added thereto, or taken therefrom. There be few who seek this secret ; whether they ever find it, I know not, nor what is its nature ; for my path is other than theirs, and they return not to speak of it ; or, if they return, speech is denied them ; or, it may be, memory. Nevertheless—say they—the mystery of all mysteries enfolds within itself their path, and thine and mine ; the beginning and the ending of all things, and that which hath neither end nor beginning."

A yellow gleam of light struck the waters. Rufus Thorn stood up, and on a sudden he knew why he was content. Not by reason of the voice of the wave, but with a knowledge born of his own soul, and untranslatable even to himself. Now the " narrow road " slipped from him ; and now again it closed him round ; now it drew his life into limits more straitly bounded than human life may know ; therein was now bliss, and now pain, and now a strangeness of mystery and terror past the speech of man ; but withal he felt content. Content—not as we sometimes use the word, meaning submission or acquiescence, or the grateful possession of a moderate sufficiency of external things, but springing from realisation of the meaning of that cry which John Maxse did not understand :

" It is as if you suddenly had the sense of all nature, and exclaimed : Yes . . . it is true. . . You do not forgive anything, for there is nothing to forgive."

The sun rose and glowed on the face of the cliffs ; Rufus Thorn swam through the grey swinging waters, while gulls and

jackdaws clanged and clamoured with the rapture of new day. When the carillon chimed: "New every morning is the love," he was kneeling on the turf, building a little gipsy fire in the shelter of a rock. As he knelt he chanted under his breath, words that did not express the meaning that lay hidden in his heart, but strove to voice that which he knew—and knew not.

Thrushes, blackbirds, and larks were singing the secrets of the unseen with that perfection which flows forth when the singer does not know the meaning of the song he makes; Rufus Thorn was driven to sing too, in his imperfect human fashion. The words he chanted were these:

Mother of sons of darkness and of light,
 In thy eternal stainlessness thou bear'st
 The anguish'd throbbings of the life of hell,
 The birth-throes of thy children.
 Mother of those who are nor man nor beast,
 Who worship thee by living; for to thee,
 Thou one Revealer of thy hidden Lord,
 True worship is expression;
 Crying in tender or in jangled tones
 The word undying rooted in thy Heart,
 In many notes and subtle cadences
 Of manifold creation.
 Supreme Creatress art thou! and thro' thee
 Streams forth the fire of life in saint or sage:
 The fire of those who make and those who mar
 —Alike thy children, tho' they groan in hell,
 Or sing in choirs of harmony divine—
 For they in thee, and thou in these art one,
 Fair Tree of Beauty and of Mystery.
 O Body of the Lord! Thou art unstain'd
 From the beginning to the end of Time;
 Thy fiercest striving serves but to reveal
 The hidden Beauty of the Heart of Life.

MICHAEL WOOD.

THE Bible without the spirit is a sundial by moonlight.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

EMOTION *VERSUS* REASON

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 74)

It is no matter for wonder that automatic constructs (*i.e.*, objects) dominate the world. They are the product of the mind perceiving them, and once projected are inevitably viewed materialistically. The mind is self-limited by its own conceptions, of which the little world of the savage, or the universe of the scientist, are typical instances. Man is much like an irresponsible painter who forgets the picture he once laboriously constructed; like the author who forgets the book he wrote in an early age; like the musician whose symphony is reproduced for him in a phonograph and who does not remember constructing and composing it; quite lost and abstracted in the conscious contemplation of the whole as it appears, and quite unconscious of the personal evolution at the back of it. "Never. I am quite certain I never made the world. I, nor any other man, can never have made this world we are conscious of living in, and of which we are a part." The materialist will say something of this sort, and will probably think much more than he says about the very stern reality of things, as they seem to him. First we will make the reply that an eastern Sage would give to this conventional and materialistic outlook; he would say: "All things are nothing but mind."* "The mind is the origin of all that is." "All that we are, is the result of what *we* have thought and what *others* have thought; and there is nothing that is not in and of the mind."†

View-points alter values. This would enable us to take the liberating leap, and afterwards to reconstruct physically our world out of the apparitional materials with which it was apparently built up. Also, it is possible that those who are more advanced

* *Outlines of the Mahāyāna as taught by Buddha.* P. 19.

† *Dhammapāda.* P. 75, trans. by S. Beal.

will give us some light that will be of service on this abstruse problem of *subjectivity* if we make the initial efforts to free ourselves from the obsession of this grossly materialistic illusion.

Secondly, from the outlook on appearances it would quite naturally seem that on ceasing to appear you cease to be. The object or the bodily form with which the mind is customarily associated, disappears, and consequently that manifestation of mind is no more observable by other minds in a similar state. Now what has really happened seems to be rather this : that an *image*, an *appearance*, an *idea*, known as the object, skull or body, the mere *form* of which, the *project* as such, the *construct* as built up, ceases to manifest. It has passed into another state, or lack of it. In a word, the extension, projection, or objectification of thought outward, ceases to appear in manifestation. Is it credible that because the form and colour—the pure products of the mind—have ceased to appear, that the mind or Ego producing them has ceased to be? *It*, whatever *it* be, may have ceased to manifest in association with any particular form it has evolved. That project of itself—which is visible to others (curiously it seems) in and of the mind, which the mind itself creates—suddenly at the moment of transformation, is not ; to the other dwellers in the world of form it is non-existent. But it hardly seems a sane conclusion to assume that its *essence* is dependent on form, or that it is a mere appendage of matter. This seems an inevitable conclusion unless we query the conception of essence altogether. Then Reality, Substance, or whatever the fundamental be called—together with the very idea of things-in-themselves, or of anything really at the back at all—go overboard and we are adrift on the illusions of fantasy. This is irrefutable ; but the irresistible conviction that it is very much otherwise does not affect this *apparent* impossibility—nay, nothing is impossible, not even this. Again we ask : What has become of this essence, this mind ? it can no longer be identified with this or that, it has ceased to manifest to other minds (so they tell us), or, shall we say, aspects of itself. It has become invisible. But there is no shadow of evidence that mind has done anything but cease to manifest to other so-called minds, and what this should be supposed to show it would be difficult to say. Of

course if phenomenal disappearance and absolute dissolution—whatever this last may mean—are taken to be synonymous conceptions, all is said.

Now, as far as we understand at present, all objects or constructs are both in and of the mind, and as the mind is not inside the head, but the head and any particular world inside the mind conceiving it, it is easily seen that the problem is very different, as here re-stated, to the ancient puzzle of the mind inside its own phenomenon—its own construct—the brain-box. Mind is just whatever it happens to be, and it can be attached at will to any or all of its constructs or projects—its ideals or concepts. Mind, as it appears, is usually assumed to manifest as a function of the brain, and has commonly been taken to be inseparable from its apparitional constructs. Even the admission of this irrational conception is no more than saying that it remains what it always has been, an invisible psychic creator, the producer of form and colour, the thing-in-itself. Once more, if there is nothing, all is said.

It seems, indeed, absurd to suppose that mere conceptual ideals, or the still more transitory apparitional things (*i.e.*, appearances or forms as such), should exist or persist apart from the mind or minds producing them. This unrefuted idealistic position has often been stated, and we need do no more than mention the Vedânta, the Sâṅkhya and Buddhistic systems in the East, and many western thinkers since the coming of Berkeley. We find all modern Philosophy and pure Science (as distinguished from emotional cosmism) permeated with the true spirit of Idealism. One has but to mention the *Grammar of Science*, by Prof. Karl Pearson, of scientific fame, not to mention other works, supported by what he calls “a sound idealism.” It is not his business to go any further; that is for adventurers like myself, who are not satisfied that the science of phenomena constitutes the whole of attainable wisdom. It would be difficult to be too serious in pointing to the necessity for clearly seeing the problem of life in—as it appears to me—its two fundamental aspects.

First, the natural, traditional, and common-sense view-point of man as he takes himself to be: Man, as he *sees* himself, clothed in his body of form and colour, from which he naturally

views all other things as non-self, *i.e.*, as the world of men and things external to himself. This outlook on life leads directly to the notion of viewing all things as they appear—constructed by the mind—from the surface outward, from within out. This conventional objectivism, in the course of time, is seen in many ways. Things are viewed as animate and as inanimate; as *all* animate, as *all* inanimate and purely mechanical; as gods and devils both singular and plural. *Things* are worshipped and they are disregarded; but ultimately they are seen to be appearances and *not* material realities, and then they are treated as manifestations of *something* that is, or at least can be, known; then, as something that is unknown; and lastly as something that is unknowable. This is the final stage of materialistic dualism. This Objectivism inevitably passes into Idealism. For it is seen that this unimaginable something—this inconceivable and quite “Unknowable Power”—can only be postulated as impersonal and absolute.

“The contemplation of a universe which is without conceivable beginning or end and without intelligible purpose yields no satisfaction,” says Herbert Spencer; also: “There is no pleasure in the consciousness of being an infinitesimal bubble on a globe, that is itself infinitesimal compared with the totality of things.” This is magnificent Objectivism, and one feels the intense vitality of the sage who flung himself outward vibrant into his universe of appearances, with the result at the last that he returns upon himself, and, becoming a complete individualist, passes from our sight as a royal type of the great Spirit who faces his fateful vision in the ghostly and magnificent aloofness of his unconquered and unconquerable destiny. Herbert Spencer seems to me a type of the Puruṣha of the Sâṅkhya philosopher, who, while recognising Prakṛiti, seeks to overcome her by discrimination and fails.

It will thus be seen in this *résumé* of what may be called the exoteric view-point—from the surface outward, from within out—that nothing further can be said to show the utter futility of gazing upon the sea and expecting to see the bottom. Still this Objectivism will absorb all the lesser, cruder view-points outward as the light of a sun eclipsing the stars in the vault of subject

tivity. It has nearly accomplished its work—and the evolution theory is now seen to be but an aspect of the infinite curve of things; that there is, as it were, a back to the canvas, even if it looks quite blank in comparison with the gorgeous forms and colours of the surface view; and that there is still another invisible profundity, on which, and in which, the whole of the outward presentation is ultimately dependent.

In a word, it is the esoteric view-point: from without in. "Mysticism," will be muttered by those who are under the dominion of the world or things as they appear. But those who stand at the parting of the ways will know it to be some idealistic aspect of the path *impersonal*, and as such perhaps worth study by those who, like the writer, are not as yet emancipated from the trammels of Avidyâ. "To aim at supreme *wisdom* and give up *ignorance* is hard," says the Buddha. It is indeed exquisitely difficult, but the only course is to steer for that "Nirvâṇa" "by the middle way—as narrow as a razor's edge and yet as broad as the universe."*

There is yet another point that occurs to me in this connection, relating to the conventional outlook on things; and that is, that it appears to correspond with the Path of Action and Devotion—action that may tend, amongst other possible *nuances*, towards materialism, and the inevitably resulting fatalism that follows logically, if it be persisted in without a halt to its conclusion.

Devotion then may be purely sensuous and passionate in its adoration of personality and its perpetuation of form. It is indeed said that it may become a sublimed aspiration tending towards some pure ideal, merely compassionating all things immersed in or born—as it appears—of form and colour. But usually it seems that this fateful materialistic outlook works out as absolutely paralysing to those who do not dive below the surface, and who only see whirlwind above and the whirlpool underneath, who view themselves as bubbles in an infinite universe of evolutionary struggle. Grand and illimitable appears the "external universe" to those who surrender themselves to the fascination of impossible external infinities and

* *Vâhan*, G.R.S.M. January, 1904. P. 47.

other pseudo-abstractions. Whenever they become tired of following the trail of delusive correspondences, of apparitional relationings, they become completely hypnotised and victims of an unintellectual and emotional vertigo that precipitates their fall into the sea of credulity. Awestruck and over-poweringly impressed with all these unutterable infinities and eternities on which they imagine themselves to be gazing—they seem in their confused imagination to be swallowed up in these external magnitudes, these profound abysses, *that* unknowable absolute with its illimitable finite infinitesimals, until the strongest mind reels stunned, and easily surrenders its power of judgment and so, it finally believes, “because it is impossible.” Reason abdicates, judgment is suspended, and cosmic emotion reigns supreme.

Thus, by this most subtle and abstruse form of mental intoxication known as cosmic emotion, is produced the intellectual inertia that in all ages has culminated in a blind belief in gods and devils, in heavens and hells, in infinites and finites, and other *unintelligible* and *ungeometrical* abstractions. This popular form of increasing delusion is much insisted upon by many professors of knowledge, whom one might suppose to have some real insight into the intimate simplicity of the arcanum. But no; this cannot be thought, and if questioned, it will be found that they are quite sincere, being obsessed and immersed in the delusions they so emotionally proclaim.

I venture to say that whether it be Herbert Spencer picturing the knowable manifestations of the “Unknowable Power” he proclaims, or Professor Haeckel summing up in one—it is said—“irresistible *résumé*” the conclusions of modern thought, we shall find them, with their followers one and all, insisting on the complete adequacy of the phenomenal evolutionary view-point, *sans* idealism. It may be described as a belief in the external reality of apparitional constructs, which appear when viewed from the surface outward, from within out, and this as the “be all” and “end all” of man the microcosm, immersed it is said in the whirlpool of the macrocosm.

It is for this and other reasons that I venture to raise a protest against this phenomenal obsession, and to point to at least one scientific thinker, who has come under my notice, who

very plainly sees and re-states the real problem at issue, and this with profound scientific insight into an aspect of this extraordinary fallacy, that at this later moment still dominates the modern world. The *Grammar of Science*, by Professor Karl Pearson, has now been with us for a decade, and possibly some time in the next millennium it will have the attention it deserves. It has the supreme merit of clearly re-stating the fundamental position, stripped of materialistic pre-conceptions, long crystallised as scientific axioms.

It is founded on a "sound idealism" that is both liberating and suggestive, and which must eventually be seen—so it seems to me—to be a brilliant insight into the fog of "muddy speculation" that cumbers the pathway of scientific knowledge. It will perhaps not be too much to say that it will form a basis, or at least clear a way, on which there will unfold a new conception of the subjective ideal to be sought, and the method of seeking it. And this with the sole object of describing adequately "the routine of perception."

In this direction I am, however, in no sense competent to give any special opinion, other than the general conviction expressed above. My point here is to lay stress on what I conceive to be the irrational neglect of the fundamentals, overshot, as it were, in the overwhelming advance of scientific knowledge by means of inadequate description. It is for this reason that I here draw attention to the above work.

It does not seem to strike the majority of those who are emancipated from the thralldom of Authority (spelt with a capital A), theological or scientific, that—as this able thinker shows—anything in the nature of an "*explanation*" of things as they appear is simply impossible from the view-point of reason; and that it would be quite irrational to look for anything further than a sufficiently accurate "description" of our unfolding states of continuous becoming. Thus far the Professor. But we are free from the materialism of the fatalistic outlook due to cosmic emotion.

We have a "sound idealism" to hand, with which we "metaphysically-minded ones" may seek another pathway leading to liberation and perfection. Therefore our grateful thanks are due to this clear thinker.

Admitting the complete defeat and inevitable absorption of the traditional and conventional theologic and materialistic interpretations of the external universe, and without going into particular instances, I would dare to insist on the following broad generalisations: That it will be impossible *to rest* until we have assured ourselves that there is no "*via media*," by which the individual pioneers of humanity may not have already broken through the circle of necessity, and thus enabled man to take his stand in the unassailable realm of the transcendental self. This, if he will but be "a lamp unto himself and a refuge unto himself" in that Buddhistic way. Moreover—returning to the immediate danger—it seems highly probable that this advance of scientific glaciation, of "disciplined imagination," and idealistic aspiration, will, like the conceptual ice-period of the geological Tertiaries, be at first destructive of the ancient outlook—but ultimately beneficial in assisting the production of a higher being, just as the Paleolithic passed conceptually *viâ* the Glacial Period into the Neolithic. The coming individual "beyond man" will perhaps, like his Neolithic forbears, follow the retreat of the scientific glaciation into a new and purified sphere, embraced in the undisturbed calm of the immemorial vault of heaven, that stars the kingdom of the mind within; of which the mystic Paul has told us.

Indeed one might feel inclined to welcome the so-called irresistible advance of the scientific ice-period, which it seems will relentlessly grind such of us as cannot manage to "ride on the centre of the advancing glaciers" to conceptual indistinguishably imponderable electrons! This purification is a preliminary to the mental anarchy that will follow on the oversetting of the emotional and materialistic aspirations that the race—let us hope—has now largely outgrown. Still the forces of re-action—backed by the credulous and ignorant masses—will attempt to withstand the fateful and inevitable advance of icy and irresistible reason, to their ultimate at least phenomenal destruction.

One may safely predict that the rational Reign of Ice is at hand. As said, it is from one side not altogether to be regarded as an evil. Philosophically there is no evil in the matter, it is simply due to ignorance, which is only another name for limita-

tion. In any case regret is useless and retrospect is futile. The clear and icy logic born of the costly process of disillusionment is slowly, but very surely, piercing to the heart of emotional humanity. *There is no hope.* The inevitable fates foreshadow nothing but annihilation. So it is that the coming of age of Reason in the western world is threatening to upset some of the most passionately cherished ideals of emotional humanity—such as a personal immortality and a compassionate God! This is easily seen by anyone who dispassionately studies a popular work like the *Riddle of the Universe*, by Professor Haeckel, avowedly written to reach the great middle classes of the world. He will there meet a *résumé* of modern scientific conclusions—albeit materialistic—that will be far-reaching in their effects. As a *biologist* the work of the Professor, it is said, is doubtless great, but as a philosopher his doctrine appears to be a burlesque of Spinoza's without his insight. Figuratively put: The cold, clear icy barriers of relentless reason are slowly and successfully opposing and overwhelming the ancient emotional and futile aspirations of mankind. Already the summits and all the high-lying strata of thought are coated in ice, due to the fall of temperature occasioned by the approach of the rationalistic glaciation to the valleys and lower levels of humanity. Successful opposition *there is none*; and it seems impossible. Nothing short of a coincident subsidence of irrational aspirations and an approach to the tranquil levels of idealistic seas, that constitute the fundamental mean, can prevent overwhelming disaster, and result in a purified re-action to somewhat less icy conditions.

It means that at last our emotional aspirations, based on traditional and barbaric ideals, are at this moment confronted with the untrammelled and relentlessly iconoclastic acumen of critical reason. For the first time in the history of the world, the unfettered logic of the intellect has penetrated beneath the surface, and is reaching the people of the world. The extraordinary advance of knowledge has rendered this possible, by means of the great progress in the mechanical arts, so that the best thoughts of the greatest thinkers can now be obtained for the asking.

Returning to the simile, it is useless to oppose a glacier, still

more so a continental ice-period; it appears as a necessity, born of the conditions which produced it, and as such, it cannot be resisted. It is fate, or idealistically, the collective karma or character of man. Nothing human may withstand this pitiless kârmic destiny of mankind that is collectively produced. As objectively seen it appears as ultimately useless opposing art to nature and, as Huxley said long ago, "nature wins." This cosmic karma is irresistible. "Nature" or "Tao" or "Prakṛiti," however personified, as has been well said, "is conquered by obedience," and from this view-point it would seem that for time-periods, "Asaṁkhyeyakalpas," as Ashvaghoṣa views it, man, by the ubiquitous evolution of his emotional faculties, is destined to follow the path of devotion and action. I am not here concerned with the pure, or the so-called impure, ideals of emotional devotion; both, from the philosophic side, are seen to be relative approximations to more or less comprehensive conditions of intellectual existence, which, without attaching any precise meaning to the idealistic phrase, we may speak of as the Wisdom of Perfection.

To aim at this appears as an intellectual necessity. Indeed it is often said we must have ideals and dream of illimitable progress towards our purified conceptions. No doubt this is essential on the path of action and devotion, and in consequence will bring its inevitable fruit of self-delusion—that delectable nectar and ambrosia that is the comfort and stay of the mortal personal gods of humanity—that will in turn again produce re-action; but that is another tale, which will not quench the hunger and desire of the multitudes who seek immortality for their ephemeral personalities. So the question of the purity or the impurity of the ideal is here seen to be a purely relative matter—a subjectivity, that will, we may assume, be ultimately transcended. Just as many of us have to-day sloughed off those "inferior passions" of "jealousy, anger and revenge," and have ceased in consequence to attribute them to a personal Deity or Īshvara, or even in any way to condition the cosmic energy, *assumed* to underlie phenomena, so by analogy we may fairly grant that man may at last be brought to see the futility of any further search amidst the phenomenal apparitions of subjectivity for anything in the nature

of That which is faintly adumbrated in the much-abused term, "the real Reality." So perhaps, ultimately, man may be led to see that it is not alone by Action and Devotion that he will attain to Liberation, but by means of the intellectual insight. Born on that path he will be able to perceive the complementary way that leads towards Cessation, Resignation, and Renunciation, pointing by means of self-control and meditation to that beatific and stateless transcendental calm—known as the "Samâdhi of Oneness" or Nirvâṇa.

Thus it seems that even the present wane of materialistic objectivism will culminate in unthinkable and impossible paradoxes and conceptual inanities, and these will constitute a *plenum* of apparitional delusions taking shape as phenomenal *objectivism*, *i.e.*, from the surface outward, from within out: and this will prelude the final dissolution of the phenomenal world—viewed as an external universe—itself producing both the "things which *are* and things which are not." Indeed it now requires no metaphysical Copernicus to see that the natural quality of our delusion is developed and constructed during the evolution of our mentality, and expressed, of necessity, in relations. We seem actually to perceive instructive emotions passing, by a subtle process of development, through the indifference point, into the self-conscious stage, and so unfolding without a break into the formation of concepts and ordered reasoning. We seem to see emotion becoming thought, and it is fair to assume that reason will be in turn transcended and Wisdom realised by all.

H. KNIGHT-EATON.

WE should not preach so much to people; we should give them an interest in life, something to love, something to live for; we should, if possible, make them happy, or put them on the way to happiness—then they would unquestionably become good.—F. BREMER.

THE PERMANENT ATOM

[In preparing for the press the articles on "The Evolution of Consciousness" which appeared in this REVIEW some time ago, a fuller treatment of the Permanent Atom than was accorded to it in those articles became necessary. It appeared to me that many readers of those articles—who may not see the book—might be interested in these additional notes, and I therefore print them here, necessarily reprinting the few pages which have already appeared, and which open up the subject. The matter, as it here stands, forms Chapter IV. in the forthcoming book, which will be published during the present month under the title: *A Study in Consciousness; A Contribution to the Science of Consciousness.*—ANNIE BESANT.]

LET us consider the spiritual Triad, the tri-atomic Âtmâ-Buddhi-Manas, the Jîvâtmâ, the seed of Consciousness, within which the warmth of the stream of Logic life, which surrounds it, is causing faint thrillings of responsive life. These are internal thrillings, preparatory to external activities. After long preparation, a tiny thread, like a minute rootlet, appears, proceeding from the tri-atomic molecule ensheathing Consciousness, a golden-coloured thread of life sheathed in buddhic matter; countless such threads appear from the countless Jîvâtmâs, waving vaguely at first in the seven great streams of life, and then becoming anchored—if the expression may be permitted—by attachment to a single molecule or unit, on the fourth mental sub-plane. This anchoring—like the previous one to the three higher atoms, and like the later ones to the astral and physical atoms—is brought about by the action of the Shining Ones. Round this attached unit gather temporary aggregations of elemental essence of the Second Kingdom, scattering and regathering, over and over again, ever with the attached unit as centre. This stable centre, serving for an endless succession of changing complex forms, is gradually awakened by the vibrations of these forms into faint responses, these again thrilling feebly upwards to the seed of Consciousness, and producing therein vaguest internal movements. It cannot be said that each

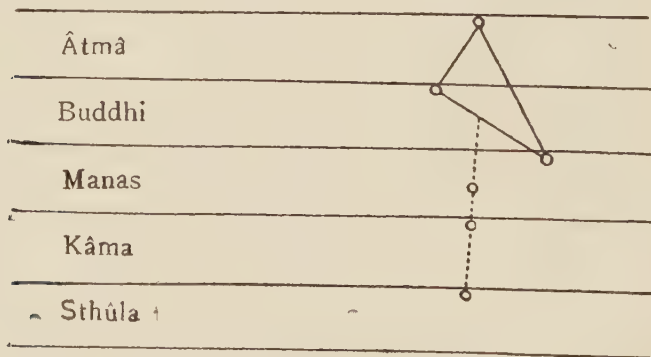
centre has always round it a form of its own; for one aggregation of elemental essence may have several, or very many, of these centres within it, or, again, may have only one, or none. Thus, with inconceivable slowness, these attached units become possessors of certain qualities, that is, acquire the power of vibrating in certain ways, which are connected with thinking and will hereafter make thoughts possible. The Shining Ones of the Second Elemental Kingdom work upon them, also directing upon them the vibrations to which they gradually begin to respond, and surrounding them with the elemental essence thrown off from their own bodies. Moreover, each of the seven typical groups is separated from the others by a delicate wall of Monadic Essence, (atomic matter ensouled by the life of the Second Logos), the beginning of the wall of the future Group-Soul.

This whole process is repeated, when the Third Elemental Kingdom has been formed. The tiny thread of buddhic ensheathed life, with its attached mental unit, now pushes outwards to the desire-plane, and attaches itself to a single astral atom, adding this to itself, as its stable centre on the desire-plane. Round this now gather temporary aggregations of elemental essence of the Third Kingdom, scattering and regathering as before. Similar results follow, as the countless succession of forms ensheath this stable centre, awaking it to similarly faint responses, which in their turn thrill feebly upwards to the seed of Consciousness, producing therein, once more, vaguest internal movements. Thus, again, these attached atoms become slowly possessed of certain qualities, that is, acquire the power of vibrating in certain ways, which are connected with sensation, and will hereafter make sensations possible. Here also the Shining Ones of the Third Elemental Kingdom co-operate in the work, using their more highly developed powers of vibration to produce sympathetically in these undeveloped atoms the power of response, and, as before, giving them of their own substance. The separating wall of each of the seven groups acquires a second layer, formed of the monadic essence of the desire-plane, thus approaching a stage nearer to the wall of the future Group-Soul.

Once more is the process repeated, when the great wave has

travelled onwards into the physical plane. The tiny thread of buddhic-ensheathed life, with its attached mental and desire units, pushes outwards once more, and annexes a physical atom, adding this to itself as its stable centre on the physical plane. Round this gather ethereal molecules, but the heavier physical matter is more coherent than the subtler matter of the higher planes, and a much longer term of life may be observed. Then—as are formed the ethereal types of the proto-metals, and later proto-metals, metals, non-metallic elements, and minerals—the Shining Ones of the Ethereal Physical Kingdom submerge these attached atoms in their sheaths of ether into the one of the seven ethereal types to which they respectively belong, and they begin their long physical evolution. Before we can follow this further we must consider Group-Souls, which on the atomic sub-plane receive their third enveloping layer. But it will be well to pause for awhile on the nature and the function of these permanent atoms, the tri-units, or triads, which are as a reflexion on the lower planes of the spiritual Triads on the higher, and each of which is attached to a spiritual Triad, its Jīvâtma. Each triad consists of a physical atom, an astral atom, and a mental unit, permanently attached by a thread of buddhic matter to a spiritual Triad. That thread has sometimes been called the Sûtrâtma, the Thread-Self, because the permanent particles are threaded on it as “beads on a string.”*

We may resort to a diagram, showing the relation.



* This term is used to denote various things, but always in the same sense, as the thread connecting separate particles. It is applied to the re-incarnating Ego, as the thread on which many separate lives are strung; to the Second Logos, as the Thread on which the beings in His universe are strung; and so on. It denotes a function, rather than a special entity or class of entities.

THE WEB OF LIFE

It has been said that the connection with the spiritual Triad is through buddhic matter, and this is indicated in the diagram by the dotted line which connects the atoms coming down from the line in the buddhic plane, and not from the mânasic atom. It is of buddhic matter that is spun the marvellous web of life which supports and vivifies all our bodies. If the bodies be looked at with buddhic vision, they all disappear, and in their places is seen a shimmering golden web of inconceivable fineness and delicate beauty, a tracery of all their parts, in a network with minute meshes. This is formed of buddhic matter, and within these meshes the coarser atoms are built together. Closer inspection shews that the whole network is formed of a single thread, which is a prolongation of the Sûtrâtmâ. During the antenatal life of the babe, this thread grows out from the permanent physical atom and branches out in every direction, this growth continuing until the physical body is full grown; during physical life the prâṇa, the life-breath, plays ever along it, following all its branches and meshes; at death it is withdrawn, leaving the particles of the body to scatter; it may be watched, slowly disentangling itself from the dense physical matter, the life-breath accompanying it, and drawing itself together in the heart round the permanent atom; as it withdraws, the deserted limbs grow cold—its absence makes the “death-chill”; the golden-violet flame of the life-breath is seen shining around it in the heart, and the flame, and the golden life-web, and the permanent atom rise along the secondary Suṣhumṇa-nâḍī* to the head, into the third ventricle of the brain; the eyes glaze, as the life-web draws itself away, and the whole of it is collected round the permanent atom in the third ventricle; then the whole rises slowly to the point of junction of the parietal and occipital sutures, and leaves the physical body—dead. It thus surrounds the permanent atom like a golden shell—recalling the closely woven cocoon of the silk-worm—to remain enshrouding it till the building of a new physical body again demands its un-

* There is no English name for this passage; it is a vessel, or canal, running from the heart to the third ventricle, and will be familiar under the above name to all students of yoga. The primary Suṣhumṇa is the spinal canal.

folding. The same procedure is followed with the astral and mental particles, so that when these bodies have disintegrated, the lower triad may be seen as a brilliantly scintillating nucleus within the causal body, an appearance which had been noted long ere closer observation revealed its significance.

THE CHOOSING OF THE PERMANENT ATOMS

Let us return to the original appropriation by the Monad of the permanent atoms of the three higher planes, and seek to understand something of their use, of the object of their appropriation; the same principles apply to the permanent atoms of each plane.

In the first place, it will be remembered that the matter of each plane shows out seven main types, varying according to the dominance of one or other of the three great attributes of matter: inertia, mobility and rhythm. Hence the permanent atoms may be chosen out of any one of these types, but it appears that, by a single Monad, they are all chosen out of the same type. It appears, further, that while the actual attachment of the permanent atoms to the life-thread on the three higher planes is the work of the Creative Hierarchies, the choice which directs the appropriation is made by the Monad himself. He himself belongs to one or other of the seven groups of Life already spoken of; at the head of each of these groups stands a Planetary Logos, who "colours" the whole, and the Monads are grouped by these colourings, each "being coloured by his 'Father-Star.' "* This is the first great determining characteristic of each of us, our fundamental "colour," or "key-note," or "temperament." The Monad may choose to use his new pilgrimage for the strengthening and increasing of this special characteristic; if so, the Hierarchies will attach to his life-thread atoms belonging to the group in matter corresponding to his life-group. This choice would result in the secondary "colour," or "key-note," or "temperament," emphasising and strengthening the first, and, in the later evolution, the powers and the weaknesses of that doubled temperament would show themselves with great force. Or, the Monad may choose to use his new pilgrimage for the unfolding of

* See *The Pedigree of Man*, p. 24.

another aspect of his nature ; then the Hierarchies will attach to his life-thread atoms belonging to the material group corresponding to another life-group, that in which the aspect he wills to develop is predominant. This choice would result in the secondary "colour," or "key-note," or "temperament," modifying the first, with corresponding results in the later evolution. This latter choice is obviously by far the more frequent, and it tends to a greater complexity of character, especially in the final stages of human evolution, when the influence of the Monad makes itself felt more strongly.

As said above, it appears that all the permanent atoms are taken from the same material group, so that those of the lower triad correspond with those of the higher ; but on the lower planes the influence of these atoms in determining the type of materials used in the bodies of which they are the generating centres—the question to which we must now turn our attention—is very much limited and interfered with by other causes. On the higher planes the bodies are relatively permanent, when once found, and reproduce definitely the keynote of their permanent atoms, however enriched that note may be by overtones, ever increasing in subtlety of harmony. But on the lower planes, while the keynote of the permanent atoms will be the same, various other causes come in to determine the choice of materials for the bodies, as will be better seen presently.

THE USE OF THE PERMANENT ATOMS

To put this use into a phrase : The use of the permanent atoms is to preserve within themselves, as vibratory powers, the results of all the experiences through which they have passed. It will perhaps be best to take the physical atom as an illustration, since this is susceptible of easier explanation than those on higher planes.

A physical impact of any kind will cause vibrations corresponding to its own in the physical body it contacts ; these may be local or general, according to the nature and force of the impact. But whether local or general, they will reach the permanent physical atom, transmitted by the web of life in all cases, and in violent impacts by mere concussion also. This

vibration, forced on the atom from outside, becomes a vibratory power in the atom—a tendency therein to repeat the vibration. Through the whole life of the body, innumerable impacts strike it; not one but leaves its mark on the permanent atom; not one but leaves it with a new possibility of vibration. All the results of physical experiences remain stored up in this permanent atom, as powers of vibrating. At the end of a physical life, this permanent atom has thus stored up innumerable vibratory powers, that is, has learned to respond in countless ways to the external world, to reproduce in itself the vibrations imposed upon it by surrounding objects. The physical body disintegrates at death; its particles scatter, all carrying with them the result of the experiences through which they have passed—as indeed all particles of our bodies are ever doing day by day, in their ceaseless dyings out of one body and ceaseless birthings into another. But the physical permanent atom remains; it is the only atom that has passed through all the experiences of the ever-changing conglomerations we call our body, and it has acquired all the results of all those experiences. Wrapped in its golden cocoon, it sleeps through the long years during which the Jīvâtma that owns it is living through other experiences in other worlds. By these it remains unaffected, being incapable of responding to them, and it sleeps through its long night in undisturbed repose.

When the time for reincarnation comes, and the presence of the permanent atom renders possible the fertilisation of the ovum from which the new body is to grow, its keynote sounds out, and is one of the forces which guide the ethereal builder, the elemental charged with the building of the physical body, to choose the materials suitable for his work, for he can use none that cannot be to some extent attuned to the permanent atom. But it is only *one* of the forces; the karma of past lives, mental, emotional, and in relation to others, demands materials capable of the most varied expressions; out of that karma, the Lords of Karma have chosen such as is congruous, *i.e.*, such as can be expressed through a body of a particular material group; this congruous mass of karma determines the material group, over-riding the permanent atom, and out of that group are chosen by the elemental such materials as can vibrate in harmony with the permanent atom,

or in discords not disruptive in their violence. Hence, as said, the permanent atom is only one of the forces in determining the third "colour," or "keynote," or "temperament," which characterises each of us. According to this temperament will be the time of the birth of the body; it *must* be born into the world at a time when the physical planetary influences are suitable to its third temperament, and it thus is born "under its" astrological "Star." Needless to say, it is not the Star that imposes the temperament, but the temperament that fixes the epoch of birth under that Star. But herein lies the explanation of the correspondences between Stars—Star-angels, that is to say—and characters, and the usefulness for educational purposes of a skilfully and carefully drawn horoscope as a guide to the personal temperament of a child.

That such complicated results, capable of impressing their peculiarities on surrounding matter, can exist in such minute space as an atom may indeed appear inconceivable—yet so it is. And it is worth notice that ordinary science countenances a similar idea, since the infinitesimal biophors in the germinal cell of Weissmann are supposed thus to carry on to the offspring the characteristics of his line of progenitors. While the one brings to the body its physical peculiarities from its ancestors, the other supplies those which have been acquired by the evolving man during his own evolution. H. P. Blavatsky has put this very clearly :

The German embryologist-philosopher—stepping over the heads of the Greek Hippocrates and Aristotle, right back into the teachings of the old Âryans—shows one infinitesimal cell, out of millions of others at work in the formation of an organism, alone and unaided, determining, by means of constant segmentation and multiplication, the correct image of the future man, or animal, in its physical, mental, and psychic characteristics. . . . Complete the physical plasm, mentioned above, the "germinal cell" of man with all its material potentialities, with the "spiritual plasm" so to say, or the fluid that contains the five lower principles of the six-principled Dhyâni—and you have the secret, if you are spiritual enough to understand it.*

A little study of physical heredity in the light of Weissmann's teachings will be sufficient to convince the student of the possibilities of such a body as the permanent atom. A man repro-

* *Secret Doctrine*, i. 243, 244.

duces the features of a long-past ancestor, shews out a physical peculiarity that characterised a forbear several centuries ago. We can trace the Stuart nose through a long series of portraits, and innumerable cases of such resemblances can be found. Why then should there be anything extraordinary in the idea that an atom should gather within itself not biophors, as in the germinal cell, but tendencies to repeat innumerable vibrations already practised? No spatial difficulty arises, any more than in the case of a string, from which numerous notes can be drawn by bowing it at different points, each note containing numerous overtones. We must not think of the minute space of an atom as crowded with innumerable vibrating bodies, but of a limited number of bodies, each capable of setting up innumerable vibrations.

Truly, however, even the spatial difficulty is illusory, for there are no limits to the minute any more than to the great. Modern science now sees in the atom a system of revolving worlds, each world in its own orbit, the whole resembling a solar system. The master of illusion, Space, like his brother master, Time, cannot here daunt us. There is no limit of the possibilities of sub-division in thought, and hence none in the thought-expression we call matter.

The normal number of spirillæ at work in the permanent atoms in this Round is four, as in the ordinary unattached atoms of matter in general at this stage of evolution. But let us take the permanent atom in the body of a very highly evolved man, a man far in advance of his fellows. In such a case we may find the permanent atom showing five spirillæ at work, and may seek to learn the bearing of this fact on the general materials of his body. In ante-natal life, the presence of this five-spirillæ-permanent-atom would have caused the building elemental to select among his materials any similar atoms that were available. For the most part, he would be reduced to the use of any he could find, which had been in temporary connection with any body the centre of which was a five-spirillæ-permanent-atom. Its presence would have tended to arouse in them a corresponding activity, especially—perhaps only—if they had formed part of the brain or nerves of the highly developed tenant of the body. The

fifth spirilla would have become more or less active in them, and although it would have dropped back into inactivity after leaving such a body, its temporary activity would have predisposed it to respond more readily in the future to the current of monadic life. Such atoms, then, would be secured by the elemental for his work, as far as possible. He would also, should opportunity serve, appropriate from the paternal or maternal bodies, if they were of a high order, any such atoms as he could secure, and build them into his charge. After birth, and throughout life, such a body would attract to itself any similar atoms which came within its magnetic field. Such a body, in the company of highly evolved persons, would profit to an exceptional degree by the propinquity, appropriating any five-spirillæ-atoms which were present in the shower of particles flung off from their bodies, and thus gaining physically, as well as mentally and morally, from their company.

The permanent astral atom bears exactly the same relation to the astral body as that borne by the physical permanent atom to the physical body. At the end of the life in *kâmaloka*—purgatory—the golden life-web withdraws from the astral body, leaving it to disintegrate, as its physical comrade had previously done, and enwraps the astral permanent atom for its long sleep. A similar relation is borne to the mental body by the permanent mental particle during physical, astral and mental life; during the early stages of human evolution little improvement is made in the mental permanent unit by the brief devachanic lives, not only on account of their brevity, but because the feeble thought-forms produced by the undeveloped intelligence affect very slightly the permanent unit. But when thought-power is more highly evolved, the devachanic life is a time of great improvement, and innumerable vibratory energies are stored up, and show their value when the time arrives for the building of a new mental body for the next cycle of reincarnation. At the close of the mental life in *Devachan*, the golden web withdraws from the mental body, leaving it also to disintegrate, while it enwraps the mental particle, and the lower triad of permanent atoms alone remains as the representative of the three lower bodies. These are stored up, as before said, as a radiant nucleus-like particle within the

causal body. They are thus all that remains to the Ego of his bodies in the lower worlds, when that cycle of experience is completed, as they were his means of communication with the lower planes during the life of those bodies.

When comes the period for re-birth, a thrill of life from the Ego arouses the mental unit; the life-web begins to unfold again, and the vibrating unit acts as a magnet drawing towards itself materials with vibratory powers resembling, or accordant with, its own. The Shining Ones of the Second Elemental Kingdom bring such materials within its reach; in the earlier stages of evolution they shape the matter into a loose cloud around the permanent unit, but as evolution goes on the Ego exercises over the shaping an ever-increasing influence. When the mental body is partially formed, the life-thrill awakens the astral atom, and the same procedure is followed. Finally the life-touch reaches the physical atom, and it acts in the way already described under "The Use of the Permanent Atom."

A questioner sometimes asks: How can these permanent atoms be stored up within the causal body, without losing their physical, astral and mental natures, since the causal body exists on a higher plane, where the physical, as physical, cannot be? Such a querent is forgetting, for a moment, that all the planes are interpenetrating, and that it is no more difficult for the causal body to encircle the triad of the lower planes, than for it to encircle the hundreds of millions of atoms that form the mental, astral and physical bodies belonging to it during a period of earth-life. The triad forms a minute particle within the causal body; each part of it belongs to its own plane, but, as the planes have meeting points everywhere, no difficulty arises in the necessary juxtaposition. We are all on all planes at all times.

MONADIC ACTION ON THE PERMANENT ATOMS

We may here enquire: Is there anything that can be properly termed Monadic Action—the action of the Monad on the Anupâdaka plane—on the permanent atom? Of direct action there is none, nor can there be until the germinal spiritual Triad has reached a high stage of evolution; indirect action, that is action on the spiritual Triad, which in turn acts on the lower, there is

continually. But for all practical purposes we may consider it as the action of the spiritual Triad, which is the Monad veiled in matter denser than that of his native plane.

The spiritual Triad is drawing most of his energy, and all the directive capacity of that energy, from the Second Logos, bathed as he is in that stream of Life. What may be called his own special activity does not concern itself with all the shaping and building activity of the Second Life-Wave, but is directed to the evolution of the atom itself, in association with the Third Logos. This energy from the spiritual Triad confines itself to the atomic sub-planes, and, until the fourth Round, appears to spend itself chiefly on the permanent atoms. It is directed first to the shaping and then to the vivifying of the spirillæ which form the wall of the atom. The vortex, which is the atom, is the life of the Third Logos; but the wall of the spirillæ is gradually formed on the external surface of this vortex during the descent of the Second Logos, not vivified by him but faintly traced out over the surface of this revolving vortex of life. They remain—so far as the Second Logos is concerned—merely as these filmy unused channels, but presently, as the life of the Monad flows down, it plays into the first of these channels, vivifying that channel and turning it into a working part of the atom. This goes on through the successive Rounds, and by the time we reach the fourth Round we have four distinct streams of life from each Monad, circulating through four sets of spirillæ in his own permanent atoms. Now as the Monad works in the permanent atom and it is put forward as the nucleus of a body, he begins to work similarly in the atoms that are drawn round that permanent atom, and vivifies in turn their spirillæ; but that is temporary vivification, and not continuous as in the case of the permanent atom. He thus brings into activity these faint shadowy films, formed by the Second Life-Wave, and, when the life of the body is broken up, the atoms thus stimulated return to the great mass of atomic matter, improved and worked upon by the life which, during their connection with the permanent atom, has been vivifying them. The channels being thus developed, are more capable of easily receiving another such life-stream, as they enter another body and therein come into relation with a permanent atom belonging to some other

Monad. Thus this work continually goes on, on the physical and astral planes, and in the particle of mental matter on the mental plane, improving the materials with which the Monads are permanently or temporarily connected, and this evolution of atoms is constantly going on under the influence of the Monads. The permanent atoms evolve more rapidly, because of their continuity of connection with the Monad, while the others profit by their repeated temporary association with the permanent atoms.

During the first Round of the terrene Chain, the first set of spirillæ of the physical plane atoms becomes thus vivified by the life of the Monad flowing through the spiritual Triad. This is the set of spirillæ used by the prânic, or life-breath, currents affecting the dense part of the physical body. Similarly in the second Round the second set of spirillæ becomes active, and herein play the prânic currents connected with the etheric double. During these two Rounds nothing can be found, in connection with any form, that can be called sensations of pleasure and pain. During the third Round, the third set of spirillæ becomes vivified, and here first appears what is called sensibility; for, through these spirillæ, kâmic or desire energy can affect the physical body, the kâmic prâṇa can play in them, and thus bring the physical into direct communication with the astral. During the fourth Round, the fourth set of spirillæ becomes vivified, and the kâma-mânasic prâṇa plays in them, and makes them fit to be used for the building of a brain which is to act as the instrument for thought.

When a person passes out of the normal, and takes up the abnormal human evolution involved in preparing for and entering the Path which lies beyond normal evolution, he has then, in connection with his permanent atoms, a task of exceeding difficulty. He must vivify more sets of spirillæ than are vivified in the humanity of his time. Four sets are already at his service, as a fourth Round man. He begins to vivify a fifth, and thus to bring into manifestation the fifth Round atom while still working in a fourth Round body. It is to this that allusion is made in some early theosophical books, in which "Fifth Rounders" and "Sixth Rounders" are spoken of as appearing in our present humanity. Those thus designated have evolved the fifth and sixth set of spirillæ in their permanent atoms, thus obtaining a better instru-

ment for the use of their highly developed consciousness. The change is brought about by certain yoga practices in the use of which great caution is required, lest injury should be inflicted on the brain in which this work is being carried on, and further progress along that particular line stopped during the present incarnation.

ANNIE BESANT.

KANTELETAR*

(THE SONGS OF FINLAND)

"A FINNISH woman skilled in magic." Words such as these we meet with often enough in reading of the deeds of olden times, in Northland, or even in Russia. And not only the women of Finnish race were famous for "magic skill"; men there were also who "knew" the "words," and chief among such men were the bards who chanted incantations to the sad tunes of the "kantele," the Finnish lyre.

'Tis said, alas! of the "kantele" that it was not the hand of the wise Wäinämöinen, the Magician Ruler, that formed it, but that:

Sorrow joined its parts;
Pain gave it form;
Evil Destiny strung the strings.

And so, as the race grew up, it used to tell its tale of tears to the green woods "that knew how to be silent." Nor could anyone knowing aught of Nature in Finland dream of a more fitting setting for these mournful, magic songs—a setting not out of keeping even with the softer strains of the "Suomis Sång," Finland's national hymn.

And this Nature? In spring and summer, deep, deep forests of pine; in their heart, lakes of deep blue, veiled by the pale ethereal green of young birches; a jagged coast-line of sharp, grey rocks—soil hard enough to struggle with, surely, even in

* As regards most of the details see the paper by J. E. von Grotthuss, *Nordische Rundschau*, Sept., 1884.

the months of May and June, under the smiles of the midnight sun.

In autumn, the red soil glaring between dark pines, and a few violets perfuming the dreamy air so soon to be changed into the ice-cold clearness of winter.

And then winter—the depths of winter at sunset, and behold a white fairyland, outlines of birch trees, branches and crown glittering with purest snow all aglow in a pink glory against the pale sky, while all below has disappeared into the darkness, so that for miles and miles around, the enchanted, luminously rosy forest seems to be suspended in the air.

When Nature smiles on the bard of this land it is with unearthly smiles; his heart has to turn to that “*Lys högt*,” the Light from on High, whence alone come magic words and songs.

And so most of these “Songs of the Kantele” are known as incantations, “runes.” They are told in the so-called “runameter” verse. Some teach how a heart may be forced into unwilling love; some, how a hated life may be taken—with the power of “words.”

For the bard lived in constant communion with the spirit-world, with spirits, alas! of darkness as well as of light—and with those of darkness mostly, it must be feared, the farther north one goes. There, for eight months of the year, under cover of blackest night, the deadly cold moonlight showing in one lurid ray on the desolate mountain tops, lived the mysterious mages of Lapland. There they lived and there they revelled in all-night revels with gnomes and trolls over gold-mines and—death.

One of these old songs has an immediate interest for us in our studies. It is the Legend of the “Birth of Fire” as told in the Finnish runes.

In the highest Heavens, beyond the stars, the Spirit of the Air was once drawing forth his sword of fire when a spark flew upwards. It did not escape, for the Spirit of the Air caught it, and, concealing it in a box adorned with gold, entrusted it to the Queen of the Air. The Queen, thereupon, sat on the ether-waves rocking the Fire’s golden cradle suspended on a thread of silver. The “sound of gold” vibrated far and wide over the heavens, so that the clouds “moved” and “gave forth sound” in rhythm.

The Virgin Queen then put out her hand to take the spark. But it escaped her and, glowing like a red drop, sped downwards through seven heavens and through "the roof of stars and of clouds." It touched a house of earth and the house, with its inmates, a woman and her babe, was burnt. Then it flew over moor and plain and disappeared into the waves of the sea. At this the waves rose high, mighty trees along the coast were uprooted and fish was cast up on to the land. The fire raged through the country, consuming everything on its way, until at last it stopped at the province Karebu. Here, "repentant," it hid itself under a great tree. Later on, under this same magic tree, the spark was found and thence brought into a house to kindle, for the first time, the hearth of man.

It was thus that the rune-tellers sang, sitting two together and opposite each other, holding hands. One began the tale and the other repeated, and he who repeated was, as a rule, the younger of the two, the pupil, so to say, of the chief bard.

The highest expression in rune-song was expected from the poet who called himself a child of Lapland, or from one "taught in this Lapland far North." For Lapland—Lapony—was the seat of the great magicians of the North, and only on the head that held the wisdom of *their* race was set the crown of achievement in runes.

These runes, say the songs, can turn stones into gold, they can calm the sea, stay the north wind and "warm the hearts of the gods." And, as the Aurora Borealis flushes with pink lights the sky and the white silence of night, it would seem that the gods *still* smile on Finland's songs.

A RUSSIAN.

WISDOM is a fox who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out. Wisdom is a hen whose cackling we must value and consider because it is attended with an egg; but then, lastly, it is a nut, which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth and pay you with nothing but a worm.—SWIFT.

LOVE'S CHAPLET

By the Author of "Light on the Path"

LOVE'S Chaplet is the crown of the immortal spirit when it has become entirely purified and deathless, and has cast off all those parts of itself which are vestures. The laying down of these vestures constitutes the change known as death, and while the spirit is liable to such changes it is uncrowned. But during the period in which the process of change is taking place the chaplet is being formed and prepared; for the spirit cannot enter among the company of the immortals uncrowned, nor pass into the deathless state until the flowers have grown and bloomed that are to form the crown. These flowers are each the developed shape of a perfected and completed friendship. The perfecting involves purification, and extreme suffering is often a part of the process. From that which men call love, and which is the seed from which the flower springs, thousands of seedlings spring in the course of the incarnations. From among these seedlings the force called fate selects some which are strong enough to rise triumphantly above the rest and to continue to grow after these others have long since succumbed and withered away. But they do not attain to the state of flowering until the spirit has become deathless; which means that it is no longer subject to space or time or embodiment in flesh, but is encased in its own spiritual sheath and shape which is to serve it for an eternity of energy and power. This is the wedding garment; for the two have become one. The two only become one when all is accomplished, when all is finished, that necessitates pilgrimage in the dusty, weary ways of earth. Flowers spring by the way and birds sing overhead, and flutter from tree to tree; rivulets burst forth from the rock and lakes appear in the dry land. These things make the pilgrimage endurable and very often are so

delightful that the joy in them blots out the pain of the incessant movement; but nothing alters the character of the movement—it is that of pilgrimage. There is no standing still, and even to pause is dangerous, for then it is possible to slip back unconsciously. The soul is seeking itself, seeking the permanent contact which constitutes real life; and if that were attainable during the incarnations then the progress of the race from the abyss in which it was born to the daylight of infinite consciousness would be arrested. Therefore it is that even the most advanced souls only encounter those other souls which are the counterpart of themselves for a brief space during an incarnation—for just long enough to awaken them to the fact that a great future depends upon continual effort and progress without pause.

As soon as the awakening comes the parting comes. Foreknowing this, fear falls upon great souls with the advent of great love, for the pain which is God's sword-thrust must follow. That which is God's sword can work nothing but good; and men's lives and souls cannot be tampered with by any less power than by the God of the æon who guides men to the Gateway. Therefore it is that men who are wise welcome sorrow as well as joy, knowing it to be a touch of the guider, pointing out the way. Each soul that has suffered and attained to the deathless state brings to the marriage feast its flowers for the crown and its own material for the wedding garment. Wherefore it is that the perfect friend of friends and the sublime love born of meeting with that friend, stand apart in every life. That friendship does not grow into a flower for the chaplet. The perfected and deathless being who is crowned and clothed in the wedding garment, becomes one of a far more glorious and stupendous circlet, drawn into shape by sublime sympathy as the stars in space are drawn into their places by attraction. Thus it is that eventually all the immortals arrive upon the scene where they are to enact the great drama which is the goal and object of the pilgrimage, and each one takes his appointed position. Love has drawn them hither, and nothing else can do it. It is the highest power with which the highest part of man has contact. That there are higher powers we know because love itself is ruled and directed, although to man in his normal state it appears as

though it were the ruler and director. Man has not the power to guide or order it, he is to it as the wire to the electric current, and if it enters into him he becomes imbued and overwhelmed by it. Those who have attained psychic sight know that there are beings who have the power to direct the current and to use the wire. It means a new birth to the man so used, and the end is thus partly accomplished, and partly also by the awakening of that other towards whom the current of his being sets.

The mystery of the action of love is to a certain extent explained by this fact. It is only occasionally called into being by the loveableness of the object; that is only one cause among many, and it is one that only exists where the object belongs to a higher sphere than the one who loves. By such a love as this the lover is drawn upward, and so guided on his path. In most cases the cause and the reason are quite independent of the character of the one loved, except that the lack of virtue and strength, or the positive evil in that character, may make human love absolutely essential for its progress and advantage; and then the powers which guide and lead mankind direct the current upon him, as a gardener would give sunshine to a sickly plant. Love is the electricity which not merely gives growth but gives life; and to the barren soil of a darkened heart it comes as the sun comes upon dry earth; seedlings appear at once. The spiritual life of man corresponds with his physical life while he is embodied, and moisture is needed by the seedling in his nature as well as by the seedling in the earth on which he stands. This moisture is a greater and more marvellous gift than the sun-ray or the current of love, because it arises from the complex nature of the being of man and his atmosphere, as it arises from the complex nature of the substance of the earth and its atmosphere. It is from the well-spring of man's own heart that the necessary moisture comes for his growth, and it is by pain, and grief, and loss, and deprivation, and jealousy, and disappointment, that the heart is made to yield the moisture and the being of man is softened and made plastic and capable of growth. The flower of friendship is a vital part of this growth and demands the moisture.

WOODBOY

MOTHER of this unfathomable world
 I have loved
 Thee ever, and thee only.

SHELLEY'S *Alastor*.

I KNOW the heart of a secret wood whose ways are so closely set about with undergrowth that not many find it. It is a wood within a wood, a silence in the midst of silences. The way thither runs through long aisles of pine trees; tall, so tall that their breath stirs heaven while their feet grip the good earth. Ever between their pillars drift the long violet shadows, fit dwellers in the courts where twilight reigns. Thence passing under the mighty doors one gains the inner shrine.

There, in spring-season as I saw it first, the air was full of melody though never a bird sang. Around, the tall larch spears flickered as though a sun-ray caught their steel, and through their ranks gleamed the thorn—a drift of white mist-like sweet souls who wander prayerfully on slumbrous wings. To me the scene broke suddenly as one that has been followed in dreams, seen faintly in a moment's ecstasy, but never realised.

One heard the sun-shafts strike the denser leaves, and at the summons their doors lifted up their heads for the king of glory to come in. And I thought his blessing fell on the holy ground like sunlight through green leaves.

There were pools of silver light on the white sand among the darker background of the pines, such pools as the gods may bathe in, sun-fire in the shade. There were soft couches of star-moss and green-leaved whortleberry, the ling glowed as a rippling fire may glow as it runs across the heath. But never a bird song or the snap of a twig or swaying of a wind-bent bough to break the music of the silences.

And as I watched, the thorn-mist drifted out in white-winged

whorls, shaping among the larch stems to mighty forms of god-head. And from out them came a boy. A boy as brown and shapely as the young faun who leans from out the age-old box trees, with his hand to his lips; a boy as light and lithe-limbed as a young goat-footed Pan, the Pan who neither sought for Syrinx nor lost her, before the question of eternity wailed through the music of his pipes. For the boy's lips of berry red were smiling and his young limbs danced in the mystic glory of the shadowed sunlight, the veiled blessings that whispered round his head.

A young deer walked beside him, and the young rabbits ran fearlessly about his naked feet. In his hand he carried a larch bough with the red-tipped tassels wet with dew and the emerald tufts shining against the silver of the stem. His great eyes sought mine fearlessly, I felt they saw beyond my soul.

"Welcome to the woodlands, stranger," ran his greeting, and he waved his branch so that a shower of dew-diamonds fell to earth—a very royal prince, scattering his gems as he went. He drew nearer, and I saw that where he trod he set the imprint of his feet in greener grass on whiter sand. His feet moved like fire, bronze fire among the whortleberries. A great wonder took hold of me, for it seemed that between me and the boy moved a flickering flame of fire, sun-fire, that danced between us like a living screen. I made bold to ask his name.

"I bear many names," he said, and laughed. His laughter ran like the trickle of a merry brook released from winter's hands; it leapt from note to note like clear water with tuneful sound.

"May I know one by which to call you?"

He laughed again: "You may call me Woodboy if it please you." His naked feet shone among the wood violets and prim-roses, among the silver sand. He stooped and caressed the flowers lightly. The sun-fire of the sunlight seemed to follow him, even as the wonderful flame wavered before his face. "I am Woodboy to you, for have you not found me in these forests?"

"I know these woods well, yet have I never met with you before."

"And I have watched you often, and marked each step you

took. One day I saw you lift a little dove from the ground and set it again in its empty nest; one day you sat watching a squirrel so quietly that it drew near and fed of the beech-nuts in your hand; once you let loose a hare from the teeth of a steel trap; many times have you replanted the primroses rooted up by careless childish hands, and left to wither on the path; . . . each step you took drew you nearer the heart of the wood, nearer the temple where I serve."

His words recalled the thought I had brought with me, that the vast woods stretching miles on either hand were but the outer courts to this secret shrine, to this temple where no winds blow.

He lay on the sand, resting his back against the dappled deer, the rabbits sat among the whortleberries nibbling at the tender leaves. He laid his branch down and took up his pipes and began to play. I heard him spell-bound with a mighty spell. For his pipes played the first gleam of sunshine over a wintry earth, and as the music broke in rippling melody, articulate tiny silver notes like fountain drops of sound, I felt the throb in the earth's brown breast as she woke to greet the sun. He played the colours of the dancing sunshine, the ripple of the brook, the birth of spring flowers, the thought in the heart of the bird ere it finds voice in song; he played the sun and shade that steal between the tree-trunks playing hide and seek with each other in the springtime; he played the deers' leap and the merry scamper of the rabbits, and all the young awakening thoughts that lie sleeping through the winter in his secret shrine. And the pipes played only the melody in single notes, so true, so sweet, so perfect that the heart could never crave for harmonies. And the rippling tune ran on in the simple-hearted joy of springtime. It seemed to me that as he played I could hear the grass grow and the budding leaves open to the sound. And when he ceased it seemed that all the earth echoed his song, all the world rang true to the beauty of that music.

He laid his cheek to the bark of a tree. "I hear the souls of the leaves rushing upwards," he said, and bade me listen so I heard them too. And through the rough doorway I heard the fountain of life playing within the tree-trunk, flinging up invisibly the living water. He held a spotted egg to me and

bade me lay it to my ear. And listening, I heard within once more the song of life, and that song seemed to draw earth and heaven to each other by its sound. For the song seemed the thread of a mighty melody, whereof chords sounded from afar, making harmonies like an echo of a future chorus ; so welded, so modulated that the melody was never lost but only built up by the greater chords. He bade me lean my ear to the earth and listen yet again. And I heard again the melody that told of birth, the painless birth of all created things. For the world seemed newborn, that spring morning.

And wrapped in this new hearing it seemed to me that I read all the secrets of the big book of Nature written in that sound ; read, and partly understood.

Yet when I woke from my dreaming all I saw was the drift of thorn mist, the green of the budding larch trees, the scamper of the rabbits through the whortleberries. High up in a tree a bird's voice broke the silence. And his song was "Life."

It was midsummer when my feet again found the path to the secret wood. The sweet honeysuckle looped its trails beside my way, overhead the trees met in shadowed green, under foot the earth shone with a thousand flower jewels, the air danced in the sunlight.

Once again Woodboy met me, but his form was changed. The young frame had filled, the young eyes taken to themselves other, deeper looks. He danced no longer among the blossoms, yet his naked feet were bound about with flaming wings so that he sped more swiftly under the summer sunshine. And all around him shone the flame that shone around him first.

"Greeting, stranger," he cried across the rosy heather.

"Greeting, Woodboy," said I.

The deer no longer ran beside him, the rabbits were busy elsewhere, the face of things seemed changed. He waved a branch of wild roses in the air, their scent drifted through the fiery screen. He listened with leaned head, his hand curved to his ear. I heard nothing.

"O Woodboy," I said, "why is it that the deer no longer runs at your side, nor the rabbits play about your feet, that you listen instead of playing on your pipe?"

He threw back his head so that the bronze of his young throat shone in the surrounding firelight.

"The deer has found him a mate, the rabbits have gone to their burrows, and I . . . I listen for a voice, that I may answer it upon my pipes"; and again he leaned his head and curved his hand.

And surely from the pine-clad distance sounded a long, sweet call. Just as when among the Alps the guide will blow a horn so that the mighty hills catch, caress, and echo the sound in a thousand subtle replicas of the one note, echo beyond echo, tone beyond tone, the soul of the sound in the breath of the reply, so sounded on my ears the magic call. One long, sweet note that shook itself in other notes, sun-motes of sound; each note so true, so sweet, so infinitely complete in itself that the ear held it without desiring more. Yet the next note made perfection more perfect, adding a fuller joy. And I saw the sound-born joy reflected in his face.

He took his pipes and played the answer.

The sound was thrown from each to each in a hundred gradations and variations of tone; a tiny scale, where one note of ours is split into seven tones, and each tone holds another seven, yet each tone sounds as full and rich and true as one most mighty chord. He leaped among the whortleberries, between the sun-smitten pine trunks, and so was gone. And his song and the echo sang "Love."

Autumn drew me once again to the heart of the wood and showed me Woodboy. He had reached manhood's prime, and his eyes were lit with greater fires than those of life and love. There was strength in him as he rived the earth asunder and drew forth her hidden treasure, strength as he bowed the pine trees and bade them answer and obey. To me it seemed that his heart and hands were full of riper fruits, that his fire-shod feet rushed ever faster down the widening circle of the year. And he seemed more woodland king than the boy who gave me welcome, more one who reigned than one who served.

The leaves were ruby and gold, the pale autumn sky shone through the rafters of the forest trees, the sun-fire leaped in the shade. And again he gave me greeting and bade me welcome,

waving a branch whereon the berries glowed scarlet in the sun.

"O Woodboy," I said, "if indeed my eyes see Woodboy, once again am I led to your temple. Teach me, I pray you, the meaning of this change?"

And he, leaning in glory against the pine-bole, made reply :

"Doubter, look at me."

And I lifted my eyes to his, and in them saw I not only the life of spring and the love of summer, but the promise of a greater gift to come.

"I gather now that I may sow," he said. And once again drew out his magic pipes. And in the fullness of the melody I heard the song of life, the song of love and song of strength, a mighty chord of praise. And in his fuller manhood Woodboy told me that all these things are one, bound together with something which he knew not yet. Nor I, for to mine ears the harmony was complete.

"Men gather not to sow again but to reap the fruits of their labours," I said, when his song was done.

"I reap to sow. That much know I, though knowing nothing more. In spring I reaped the birth of Life, in summer the birth of Love. I reap now the harvest of their wedded strength. Yet I know one comes after me who is greater than I."

"Greater than the king of the year?"

Woodboy smiled, and the fire of his feet flickered among the browning fern. "Greater, even as silence is greater than sound."

I saw the jewelled leaves fall at his feet, and in the rush of their wings methought I heard a whispered voice.

"O Woodboy," I said, "my heart is filled with fear. Is Life but the path to Death as summer leads to winter? Are we bound to the wheel of the year for no greater purpose than this?"

And he: "What is Death?"

And I: "The grip of pale fingers at the throat, the touch of sodden earth on the heart's fire, the fog that enwraps the brain, even as winter chill enwraps the world."

Then Woodboy spoke: "Nay, who has seen Death, and spoken with him?"

I answered : " No one living."

Then said he : " Life's purpose know I, Love's purpose can I understand ; but for the rest, I know no more than you. I only wait." And the fire of his feet vanished amid the darkening pines.

Silence lay on the winter woods, each hoary pine stood wrapped in his winding sheet of snow. Across the spotless, blind white ways I went, a wall of whitened undergrowth on either hand ; above, the pallor of the winter sky, below my feet the whitened leaves lay under the snowdrift. A frost-bound silence clung to the frozen air, even as the frozen dewdrops hung on the withered fern.

The larch trees stood like spears around, with the cold light flickering down their naked stems. The temple was deserted save by silence ; silent, save for the footsteps of the fear that was in mine heart. And I stood while the silence wrapped me in its mist of dread, while my heart beat feebly and the chill of winter struck my brain.

And while I watched, wild-eyed with fear, the figure of a man crossed the shrine ; and I sprang to him in thankfulness for his presence, catching at his robe. And he drew me into its snowflake folds in the darkness and the silence.

Fear fell from me, awe held me by the hand and stilled the beating of my heart.

Within his mantle it seemed I stood in the womb of all things, in a heart of fire. And as the mighty sphere enfolded me, I saw as gods see, not as men.

And the song of life and love and strength rang through the deeps of the earth, and I beheld all the pain and woe and cruelty that had gone to its making transfused in that fire, so that which seemed evil harmonised with that which was good, and death became the doorway to a fuller life. And while I grasped the knowledge from the flaming fire, drawing the flames to me, laving myself in their force, the fiery sphere sundered, the snow-dark mantle parted, and I came forth.

And the eyes of the man held me. " Read my name," he said.

And all the lights of heaven blazed in his eyes, and I read " Life."

"Look once again!"

And I read "Love."

"Again!"

And the name was blazoned, "Death."

"Yet once again!"

And the flames leaped to his face, so that the fires within shone through the snow-pure silence of his body. And written in stars across his forehead ran the one word, "Wisdom." For Life and Love and Death are subject unto Wisdom.

And I knew what Woodboy meant when he said he reaped to sow for a fuller harvest. For the works of man for himself are nothing worth, the harvest nothing save for the sowing again. For I had seen into the cause of things. How man's strength fed Wisdom's fire, man's love, and life, his hopes, his fears, his prayers, all of himself were but of use in so far as they fed the sacred flame. And that fire in turn is fed but to nourish other fires, so that the flame in the heart of man may rise responsive to the heart of all.

So Woodboy taught me in the name of life and death. And I saw in the eyes of the stately figure the eyes of the man and the eyes of the laughing boy. For Wisdom holds the small as well as the great things in his keeping, in his everlasting treasure house.

I bowed my head as the figure went from me, and the snow-flakes fell like angel's thoughts out of the evening sky. A great awe rested on the place, for he who passed through the shrine was Wisdom's self, and in his heart burned everlastingly the heart of all.

Yet I know if spring calls me once more among the larch trees, Woodboy will come to me as a boy again.

M. U. GREEN.

THE souls of the Sons of God are greater than their business; and they are thrown out into life, not to do a certain work, but to be a certain thing: to have some sacred lineaments, to show some divine tint of the Parent Mind from which they came.—MARTINEAU.

THEOSOPHIC LIGHT ON BIBLE SHADOWS

IF we are convinced, as I believe many of us are convinced, that Christianity is the form of religion for the Western World to-day; if we believe, as I think many of us do believe, that the mould, the crucible, into which truth is poured and the divine fire burns, is to-day and for us Christianity—a religion the basis of which is sweetness and light, whatever its detractors say, and in spite of the degeneration into which it has fallen in modern times;—if we believe this,—it is surely not without interest to many of us, and to those even outside the rank of students, to make an endeavour to examine Christianity and Judaism in the light of Theosophy instead of by the mediæval lantern of prejudice on the one hand, or the equally imperfect flashlight of modern scepticism on the other; and to see whether by the help of this light, which shines, however dimly, on the path of every earnest seeker after truth, we cannot sense the real inner unity beneath and beyond the apparent manifest diversities.

The greatest endeavour of my life has ever been, and I trust will ever be, to seek for truth, by symbol, by thought, by action, and to search always for *unity*; to search for that which draws men together rather than for that which separates them; to break down walls of partition, never to build them up. I can only ask for the patient indulgence of my readers while I try to put before them tentatively some of the clues which run through the warp and woof of Judaism and Christianity, like gold and silver threads through cloth stuff. Or, to return to my original metaphor, I would endeavour to show them what seems to me to irradiate the shadows of Judaism and Christianity with true beams of theosophic light.

To begin with, Madame Blavatsky says in *Isis Unveiled*, that the Bible was ever an esoteric book. It was this remark of hers that set me thinking how infinite was that “spirit” which giveth

life, compared to the dead letter of the Mosaic Law, or even the cut and dried morality into which S. Paul occasionally lapses, after giving us glimpses of glorious mystic truths which were revealed to him.

In the course of my lecture, then, I shall try to solve some of those difficulties up to which a professor of divinity has many a time invited his class to march boldly, look in the face and pass on; this "masterly policy of inaction" is usually adopted by commentators, and so the difficulties are left to perplex and bewilder many a reader who is not fond of chewing the bitter cud of paradox along with the sweet grass of ethics and textual morality. "Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should issue thence?" True, but it is by *resolving discords* that harmony is attained, not by insisting upon them.

The Old Testament was originally written in Old Hebrew or Phœnician characters, such as are still preserved in the Samaritan Pentateuch. After the return of the Jews from the Babylonian Captivity they transliterated their Scriptures into the present square characters, which are Assyrian, and from this performance arose many mistakes. It was not until the sixth century A.D. that the vowel points were added to the text to perpetuate the pronunciation; this also increased the errors in the text. The oldest extant MS. of the Old Testament is not of earlier date than the ninth century A.D., and we know not how many errors may have crept into even that earliest MS.

It is a fact worthy of notice that difficulties of readings show a curious tendency towards simplification in proportion to the age of the document; and it has now become a canon of criticism that the more difficult reading is nearer the original.

With regard to the New Testament it is very probable that parts of the gospels were translated into Greek from an original Aramaic document; in this process the meaning of the original writer may have been frequently obscured and sometimes lost altogether; this partly accounts for the difficulty found in any attempt to harmonise the gospels.

Before, however, dealing with the texts in which I wish to show a possible theosophic interpretation, I would draw attention to a verse in the first chapter of Genesis, seldom remem-

bered by any readers, indicating the natural food for an *ideal* world—a counsel of perfection you will say. It is this: “God said, Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat. And to *every beast of the earth*, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life (or a living soul), I have given every green herb for meat.” Even after the “Fall” or descent into matter we read the same injunction: “And thou shalt eat the herb of the field” (Genesis iii. 18). For special instances of regulations for diet which excluded animal food we need only turn to such well-known characters as Daniel and John the Baptist.

Now let us take the theosophic torch in our hand. The theory of androgynous bi-sexual man (male-female) is not without witness in the Christian Scriptures, for in Genesis i. 27, instead of the reading: “God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he *him*, male and female created he *them*,” which is manifestly absurd, for according to the Bible account woman was not yet created, we should read “male and female created he him.” (אִתּוֹ for אִתָּם) This is certainly an instance of the alteration of, or rather addition of, a letter in order to make the text fit the copyist’s belief; perhaps he objected to or had never heard of the bi-sexual man; we might say it looks like a copyist of the dark ages putting Moses right.

In Genesis v. 1, 2, we have the same kind of alteration in order to obliterate the idea of the bi-sexual man; in this passage the LXX. supports my contention because it has escaped the emending hand of the copyist. Here is the passage: “This is the book of the generations of Adam. In the day that God created man, in the likeness of God made he *him*; male and female created he *them*; and blessed them and called their (LXX. αἰρώ, his) name Adam.”

Although the so-called Athanasian Creed forbids us to say there be three Gods or three Lords, yet the plurality of gods of varying rank is distinctly taught in the Bible; their names are many, but I cannot undertake to identify them.

The redactors of the Scriptures seem to have been puzzled

by the variety of names of the different gods, therefore we find that they very often regarded them as names of one God and so made them synonymous in their redactions. Some of the names used in the Old Testament are these: Jehovah or Yahwè, Elohim, Adonai, El and combinations of El, *e.g.*, El-shaddai.

Yahwè I take to represent the supreme deity.

Elohim are the creators of the world and man. "The Elohim created the heavens and the earth." "The Elohim said, Let *us* make man in *our* image after *our* likeness, so the Elohim created *the man*." Perhaps they are that high order of celestial beings who surround the throne of God and do His behests, who are elsewhere called "the morning stars" that sang together at the Creation, and "the Sons of God" that shouted for joy.

Elohim, as is well known, is plural; the explanation we were always given was that it is a plural of majesty and rank; this explanation is clinched by reference to the formal documents put forth by our Sovereign, wherein he speaks of himself in the plural; surely this explanation of a difficulty is sufficiently absurd, and yet the up-to-date *Encyclopædia Biblica* favours this view.

When the redactor did his work of compilation of the different accounts of the Old Testament writings, he left traces of evidence that he amalgamated the names of deity and made them one. Thus, Yahwè and Elohim are frequently found together and are translated in the Authorised and Revised Versions by "The Lord God"; *e.g.*, in Genesis iii. 22, we read "Yahwè Elohim said" translated "The Lord God said, Behold the man has become as one of us, to know good and evil." I am inclined to think in this case, if both names stand, that it is the Elohim who address Yahwè, and I should render in this way: "The Elohim said, O Yahwè, behold the man has become as one of us, to know good and evil." This very desirable result is the outcome of the so-called "Fall" or sin. It used certainly to sound strange in my orthodox ears. It must, indeed, be a very uncomfortable dilemma for tradition to learn from the Holy Scriptures that according to its own interpretation man by sinning became as God.

The plurality of Gods is also taught in the Psalms. In the 138th Psalm, David, or whoever the author was, says: "I will praise Thee (Yahwè) with my whole heart; before the gods

(Elohim) will I sing praise unto Thee; I will worship toward Thy holy Temple." In this passage Elohim is translated gods with a small g, by which I imagine the translators imply that the gods are so-called "heathen" gods; but would that not be equivalent to charging David with idolatry and Yahwè with countenancing it? The LXX. here warily translate the word אֱלֹהִים by ἀγγέλων; in other places, as, for instance, in the first chapter of Genesis, verse 1, they translate the same word by θεός, God, in the singular. Perhaps this arises from the emendations of the Christian copyist. By this kind of—I hardly like to say double-dealing with, but certainly veiling of, the truth, probably not intentionally, the translators of the Scriptures have misled the readers of the English versions.

In the 82nd Psalm, which seems to be addressed, at any rate, to the whole of the Jewish nation, if it had not even a wider application in the writer's mind, we read: "I have said, ye are gods, and all of you are children of the most High."

If we turn to the New Testament we find S. Paul acknowledging this plurality of the gods; in 1 Corinthians viii. he says: "For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth (as there be gods many and lords many). But to us is one God, the Father, of Whom are all things, and we in Him." It is seen, therefore, that S. Paul teaches that there is one absolute source of all, the unapproachable God, but he acknowledges that there are other gods, and these I suppose may be equivalent to the Elohim, but in the Greek New Testament one word only (θεός) is used throughout for God or gods of any kind, and so the distinction cannot be maintained as in the Hebrew Old Testament, in which we have several names for God and gods. But unfortunately in the Old Testament the force and meaning of these different names is considerably lost, because the redactors often made them synonymous. Let me give a few instances.

In Genesis xvi. 13 Hagar is made to identify the מַלְאֲכַי of Yahwè with the שֵׁם of Yahwè, and both these with the God אֱלֹהִים.

In Genesis xvii. 1 God speaking of Himself is made to use the three names, Yahwè, Elohim, and El, as interchangeable.

Genesis xxi. 33 makes אֱלֹהִים and יְהוָה synonymous.

Genesis xxxi. 13. God אל speaking to Jacob is made by the redactor to identify himself with the messenger of Elohim מלאך ה'אלהים .

Genesis xxxv. 7. Jacob identifies El with Elohim.

These are merely samples of what are constantly recurring throughout the Old Testament, especially in the earlier books. It very plainly shows the hand of the redactor, who had evidently lost the distinctive meaning of these different names; to restore these needs the help of one who possesses esoteric knowledge as well as a considerable acquaintance with Hebrew and the cognate languages.

Gesenius, the great Hebrew lexicographer, has fallen into the redactor's trap when he says that El is a general term for God, and therefore is used of Yahwè as well as of the gods of other nations. The term אל is used more than any other in combination with other words; e.g. :

אל עליון	The most High God.
אל-שדי	Almighty God.
אל חי	Living God.
אל יר and אל אחר	Strange God.
בני אלים	Sons of God, i.e., Angels, etc.

From these I shall select one only for comment, and that is :

אל-שדי Almighty God.

In Genesis xxviii. 3 Isaac used this title when he invoked the blessing of God on his son Jacob at the time he sent him away from home that he might escape the wrath of his brother Esau whom he had defrauded.

Even the *Encyclopædia Biblica* seems to despair of ever finding a satisfactory explanation of this title אל-שדי , but I think the theosophic torch throws some light upon it, for I find that the latter half of the title שדי may be derived from the word שד which means "a mother's breast," and therefore the title אל-שדי might be rendered by a term well known to members of the Theosophical Society, namely "Father-Mother."

There, is, however, another possible explanation which may be considered even better than this.

𐤆𐤍 is said to mean the god Mithra, the Sun, the Preserver-Saviour-Restorer.

(Sir W. Drummond, *Ædipus Judaicus*, p. 250.) 𐤆𐤍 = Sol, not Deus.

The writer in the *Encyclopædia Biblica* gives me the other clue to the second half of the title, viz., 𐤌𐤕. After dismissing the English rendering "Almighty," he goes on to say that 𐤌𐤕 judged by its form could only be a derivative of the form 𐤌𐤕𐤕 with the suffix. But this root, he says, means only "to lay waste, destroy," and it is surely inconceivable, he goes on, that 𐤌𐤕-𐤆𐤍 designates God as the devastator or destroyer. But this combination of titles is one we know so well: God the Destroyer, God the Preserver.

MATHĒTĒS.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A FRAGMENT

OUT of the silence—out of the deep watches of the night—came this voice to me; and I believe it the voice of my soul, or of some influence sent to help me; for in the silence the soul speaks more clearly than amid the roar and turmoil of everyday concerns. Immortality! queried my soul. Immortality! how shall it be brought to the understanding of the simple, the timid materialist, who fain would believe in it, but, confounded by the plausible arguments of "science," cannot bring himself so to do. Straight out of the darkness comes the answer to my soul.

Immortality! of what? Of the body; the coarse material frame which eats, drinks, loves and dies, pursuing its daily course of physical existence? Nay; the physical body dies, so they say, or rather, its material elements disintegrate, remain and are reconstructed elsewhere.

But the soul, the consciousness, with which thou knowest and discussest these and other matters, does it die, does it disintegrate? What is its nature? Is it not an intangible something by means of which thou dost order and direct thy physical proceedings? Call it spirit if thou wilt, and then define what thou

meanest by spirit. Call it matter, and then explain the difference between spirit and matter. Say where one ends and the other begins. Think of it as the scientist does; as the result of the action of matter, and explain when and why the action begins. Or think of it as something which inhabits thy body, directing and controlling it, without being of it. Even then, art thou sure that its nature is not of physical matter in some highly developed condition which is invisible to thy physical eyes?

Matter dies, says the scientist, and with it the soul, which gave it birth. What knowest thou, O man of matter, of its nature; whence it comes and whither it goes? Canst thou destroy it? Matter; coarse, refined, attenuated, etherealised, disappearing; is it gone because thou canst not see it? What carries it away with its changing condition? What is integral to it? Believe, if thou wilt, that soul is dependent upon matter. If thou canst destroy that matter thou mayest perchance be able to destroy the soul with it; but canst thou destroy anything? Where wilt thou place it when destroyed? Is not thy soul of the nature of that invisible matter with which thou canst only come into contact by thy impression of things? Will it not subsist, impregnated with thy individual impressions, so long as any particle of matter can exist, as the expression of that great indescribable power which brought it into being? Will it even then have ceased to be? can it be destroyed? Even if reduced to the ultimate spiritual atom (when thou canst find that), will it not still exist, though it may have lost its individual characteristics?

Ponder, O friend, in the silence; seek the company of thine own soul; meditate and ask of it this and other problems which distress thee; and if thou art in earnest, the answer will come to thee in no uncertain voice, though it may not be audible to thy physical ears.

A. K.

PHILOSOPHY does not look into pedigrees; she did not adopt Plato as noble but she made him such.—SENECA.

AN IMPRISONED SOUL

LONG, long had my soul slept. Now it awakened. What was the first mental consciousness of its awakening?

Did love and light breathe soft radiance from some hidden fount of bliss? Did joy sing through the new-born individuality, with vital chant of youth and life, with pæan of eternal hope? No.

The first thing of which the newly-awakened spirit was conscious was the fact that it was chained and fast bound in misery and iron. It neither strove nor cried. It suffered passively, and passivity has no voice that can be heard by earthly ears.

The soul dwelt in hell. It knew there was heaven; but it hardly so much as desired to leave the place of pain in which it now for the first time saw the light—if light it can be called. It was rather a greyness, where once all was black.

So the chained spirit looked at its fetters, more out of a dull curiosity than anything else. Heavy-laden it was with these iron companions of its solitude. Bitter was the aching, red was the rust, in the heart of the soul and in the fetters.

One day the spirit desired freedom. And the passive pain became the keen gnawing of active hunger.

“Outside my cell, with its narrow barred window, there is light. Beyond the dim portals of my prison, surely stretch the green pastures and flower-filled woodlands of my dreams.

“Somewhere, beyond this silence, there is surely song. My voice is fain of music. Why is my soul dumb?”

“Dumb,”—echoed the heavy emptiness of the dwelling of the imprisoned soul, and the shapes of despair and darkness laughed and thronged round it with hideous leering satyr-forms and leaped upon it, grinning fearfully.

The spirit shuddered, and began to strive against these foul

powers, under whose sway it had long lain in heavy lethargy. Now it was awake, and the battle began.

How may pen of mine tell what that sufferer endured? How shall men tell of the struggle, the mysterious conflict in the soul of man, between the God and the animal? Those only know who are still fighting, but have not yet prevailed.

The soul, so fain of music, had no voice. Those only who have felt the fiery stabs of this unappeased craving will know what this meant to the soul. Neither through voice nor hand could it sing the music that it heard and yearned to express.

It was under the dominion of art, but a slave, when it should have been a priest. It dreamt visions of utmost beauty, but how should the trembling hand, the uncertain aim, which no training could make obedient, transfer what it saw and felt to any medium whereby men should see and share with it the beauty which it saw and ached to translate for, and share with, others, with a pain that only weakness knows? The chains were on it, and it was powerless. How could it realise its birthright, its heritage, with this iron burden of past lives upon it?

In visions this spirit stood with the great poets of antique times. It bathed in the light of the beatific vision. It heard the choral rejoicing of many a strong seraph, as it laid its oblation of love, its sacrifice of song before some Divine Master, who smiled and approved His child's offering of praise.

But when the soul came back to the darkness of earth and the heaviness of fetters, it only remembered that it had heard heavenly voices in symphony of song. Not one strain could it reproduce; and I cannot tell you how weary it grew of earth life.

It sought earthly masters of art as companions. But they, being of earth, could not see that it was a great soul imprisoned. They only saw the weakness, the incoherence, they heard only the jarring discord in the song, if it ever strove to sing. They saw only the faults when the hand attempted to show what the heart conceived. And they would none of this spirit as their companion. So they turned themselves from him, and the soul went lonely on its way, with heavy, clanking fetters, and eyes dim and aching with unshed tears. In its breast it carried always a small cold child, whose name was—Despair.

Now was the time when it began to know fear of itself, for a voice hissed daily in its ear :

“ Why live ? Death is easy and swift. Life is difficult, and brain, heart and limbs are weary of this unequal strife with Titan hours—why not end it all ? ”

Yet it knew this was not the way, but it trembled with fear lest it might yield to the temptation.

One day the soul felt the utmost pain could inflict had been wreaked upon it. For it loved, and the beloved turned from the passion of the soul (who had power of loving such as few possess) not merely with indifference, but with mocking disdain.

Long had it served silently at the shrine of its idol, and even now it had asked nothing nearer, no bond closer than that which may exist between a ruler and a devoted server. But the ruler had cast the soul away from his service, and the soul's cup of bitterness brimmed over.

“ Surely now I will live no longer,” it said. “ What is life that I should desire it ? No man cares for my life. If I take that which no one desires and of which I am myself full weary, who shall reckon it, and what harm shall come of it ? ”

And the soul drew near to the deed that should sever it from the body.

But a voice cried and said : “ Do not this deed.” Thrice it spoke those words.

“ Why should I pause in going from one place of darkness and misery,” answered the soul, full of bitterness. “ Life is hard ; death may perchance be easier. I am so full of weariness of the troubles that I know, that I desire to fly to the unknown ; there I may find refuge for that which is sick unto death, with the burden of human life where there is no voice to help, no hand to soothe, no heart whereon I may know a moment's joy that should outweigh æons of pain. Speak not, for I am determined to tread the way of death. Perchance in the darkness and desolation of that black vale I may find oblivion, welcome anodyne to soul such as mine.”

And so it went forth to death. But in death there was no rest for that soul. For at the body's departure the spirit stood naked, shivering on a pinnacle of loneliness, looking far down into

the depths of a black abyss. Still the eternal hunger, the unappeased craving for it knew not what. So that in a short space it prayed : " Let me live on earth again, for this void is more hard to be endured than the other."

So the lords of that soul's fate prepared another dwelling, and therein it entered.

Now this time, the spirit remembered how in the last life it had destroyed its body, and that thereafter had followed no good, but rather greater misery. Again the world was empty and cheerless. Once again the ebb-tide of loneliness went down, leaving the soul there on its cold salt shore. Yet this turn of the wheel of birth and death, though it had brought no trace of what men call happiness, yet one gift it brought, by virtue of which the soul found strength to lift up its bowed head and bear the burden of human life and solitude.

For now it saw the star of hope. Faint and dim at first gleamed its light on the dark retreating tide ; but ever stronger, brighter, it waxed and burned.

So that the day came when the soul took heart of grace, it began to realise the immutability of law. That where there is shadow, there will be, there has been, light. That it came forth from God, and to God it must return. It began to recognise itself as a divine fragment. Though it was in this re-birth bound still with heavy chains, from which there seemed no human possibility of escape, yet, it knew that every soul had power to loosen links of that chain, or to make new ones.

Courage woke in the man, so that he went forth into the fight with new life. Truly, his strength even now was weakness. Often still, despair threatened to renew its old sway, but its spells had lost much of their ancient sovereignty.

And when the end of that life came it found the man calm and strong.

And so he passed away out of the ken of the one who can write no more here of the pilgrimage of that imprisoned soul.

L. NIGHTINGALE DUDDINGTON.

FROM A STUDENT'S EASY CHAIR

THE Irish poet, A. E., in the little volume he has gathered of *New Songs* by eight Irish poets, tells us that this poetry reveals "a new mood in Irish verse," and that his purpose in making the collection is to show "some of the new ways the wind of poetry listeth to blow in Ireland to-day."

A new mood ; new ways. The claim is a daring one ; but we have only to open the little anthology of *New Songs*, or A. E.'s own most recent volume of poetry, *The Divine Vision*, to feel that it is just. We are in a new and strange world, and it is part of the strangeness that our souls should there meet with high intimacies. We are in a little local corner of the West, where are caged "the thrones of the gods, and their halls and their chariots, purples and splendours." Voices are about us, sublime yet familiar ; presences, intangible yet poignant. Here is haunted ground ; songs hurry by in the wind, and fall one over the other in the brooks ; here is holy ground, the place where Mysteries walk, and "immortal mild proud shadows." All this we can feel—but to tell the exact means by which the heart in us is stirred—to discover the new ways of the wind—that is beyond our power—it

Cannot be said, nor holden in the thought,
'Tis such a new and gracious miracle.

We question in vain to find the secret of the lilt, the magic of the metre ; we are in an enchanted atmosphere, and there is glamour over every word. The new mood eludes analysis—enough that we may learn from A. E. of its *Divine Vision* :

This mood hath known all beauty, for it sees
O'erwhelmed majesties
In these pale forms, and kingly crowns of gold
On brows no longer bold,
And through the shadowy terrors of their hell

The love for which they fell
 Oh, pity, only seer, who looking through
 A heart melted like dew,
 Sees the long perished in the present, thus
 For ever dwell in us

The Divine Vision indeed,—coming to lofty souls in all ages and all climes, but shining here with a mistier radiance, dimming the glory to the outer eye that the inner eye may drink of it more fully. Fine as are Walt Whitman's lines on the Divine Vision, they read aggressively definite beside A. E.'s :

I paint myriads of heads, but paint no head without its nimbus of gold-coloured light,
 From my hand, from the brain of every man and woman it streams, effulgently flowing for ever.

Walt Whitman is superbly triumphant, but it is through innumerable aspirations and failures that the Celt wins to the goal.

Always in A. E.'s poems, and in the little band of poems he has gathered, there is to be found loving preoccupation with the twilight and with the stars and with the veils of night. There are enough reasons for this ; as already suggested, the grosser physical sensations of daylight are apt to blunt the finer susceptibilities. Thus A. E. writes in an interesting little love poem called "The Morning Star" :

Through the faint and tender airs of twilight star on star may gaze,
 But the eyes of light are blinded in the white flame of the days. . . .

Twilight, too, is the time of stillness—"the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still," writes Eva Gore-Booth in her own haunting poem "The Waves of Breffny" ; it is the time of Silence and of Quiet, and of Shadows, all of which words pass with a new loveliness through these volumes of verse. And there is a Voice of the Silence, which was lost to us when our ears were filled with the bustle of life ; the Holy Word is abroad, walking among the ancient trees, which William Blake heard calling the lapsed soul. There are voices on the winds and the waters, captured in a poem by Lionel Johnson, which now wander and cry for ever in the places of memory. Sometimes the voices, like the voices in Mr. W. B. Yeats's "Man who dreamed of Faeryland," torture with their tale of unattainable

beauty and impossible achievement. So Seumas O'Sullivan writes :

Twilight people, why will you still be calling,
Crying and calling to me out of the trees ?

He is old, he says, and their calling only sets the old dead dreams a-fluttering like forest leaves. "The Army of the Voice," jubilant and strong, assails Susan Mitchell in the low valley, and its tireless song is an agony to her tired spirit. So she seeks the silences—

To the great silences in dreams I go
Where my own mountains brood eternally,
World-old the heart I lean my heart unto. . . .

A. E.'s "Dana," who is the tender voice calling "Away," chooses evening for the weaving of her spells.

Folding with dim caress,
Aerial arms and twilight dropping hair,
The lonely wanderer by wood or shore. . . .

By some enchantment, the faery voices themselves seem to echo out of these poems, and the soul hears them "as a bird the fowler's pipe, and follows in the snare." The English poets say that faery voices and faery strains have reached them also ; but with greater pomp and effort of language they rarely succeed in convincing us. William Watson, for instance, writes of

Elusive notes in wandering wafture borne,
From undiscoverable lips that blow
An immaterial horn. . . .

This is pretty ; but instead of being rapt into faeryland, we find ourselves counting up the adjectives and examining the phrasing. The absence of rhetoric is in fact a remarkable feature in most of these Irish poems ; the most perfect songs are characterised by a simplicity at once austere and wild, like their own twilight over tumbling seas. Many of the poems in *New Songs* do deal directly with the winds and the waves and the earth, touched with the Celtic glow of omen or of ecstasy ; to other poems Irish names and Celtic symbols lend a very sweet remoteness.

The most notable symbolic poem in *New Songs* is Miss Mitchell's "Living Chalice," which is wrought more curiously

and coloured more elaborately than any other in the volume. The Cup has always been one of the chief symbols of Celtic lore and of Catholic mysticism, and here the symbol is invested with a new and striking significance. The poem in richness of imagery and concentrated fervour has kinship with the work of Christina Rossetti. But excess of every kind is notably absent—indeed in both these volumes there is memorable only one supremely fantastic image; “the peacock twilight,” says A. E., “rays aloft its plumes and blooms of shadowy fire.” We meet with a more subdued and very lovely twilight-metaphor in A. E.’s poem, “The Gates of Dreamland,” which tells how a sleeper lies dreaming by the lake at Carrowmore, and

Though the moth-wings of the twilight in their purples are unfurled,
Yet his sleep is filled with music by the master of the world.

And surely the love-note struck in A. E.’s *Divine Vision* and in other Irish poems is new to our literature. The Celtic love for the Beloved passes imperceptibly into love for Love. It was A. E., we remember, who made the lover say to his beloved: “A vast desire wakes and grows into forgetfulness of thee.” And in *The Divine Vision* we read: “They give less than love who give all, giving what wanes,”—a marvellous saying, and a theme used by Fiona Macleod in one of her most unforgettable stories. Then separation from the beloved is no barrier to high intercourse.

I would not have you near, for eyes and lips might mar
The silence where we meet and star is lost in star.

As we read, the ponderable earth becomes the shadow of a shade; and closing the books, we step out from the strange realities of Celtic twilight into “the dim unreal land of day.”

D. N. D.

A BEAUTIFUL vision of the Master had appeared to a monk, and in silent bliss he was gazing upon it. The hour arrived at which it was his duty to feed the poor of the convent. He lingered not in his cell to enjoy the vision, but left it to perform his humble duty. When he returned he found the blessed vision still waiting for him and greeting him with the words: “Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled.”

FROM MANY LANDS

SCANDINAVIA

THE Scandinavian Section has during the last years grown considerably in inner strength as well as in number of members. Seven new centres have been formed, one of which, the "Karmel" Branch, is situated beyond the Polar Circle. Last autumn, Mrs. Helen Sjöstedt, of Gothenburg, visited the northern part of Sweden, lectured at several places and initiated the formation of branches wherever she found or aroused interest in Theosophy. In southern Sweden and in Copenhagen also new Branches have been formed, and the public in general show a steadily increasing interest in Theosophical ideas, which are also beginning to attract the attention of the younger clergy.

The Section is enjoying the presence of Mrs. Besant, who has already visited Copenhagen, Gothenburg and Christiania, and is now on her way to Stockholm and Lund. The lectures she gave in Copenhagen and Gothenburg were highly appreciated; one lecture especially, on the "New Psychology," delivered at the Students' Association in Copenhagen, was received with great enthusiasm, and has doubtless sown fertile seeds for future development in the minds of those who listened with deepest interest to the illuminating thoughts Mrs. Besant set forth with such great eloquence. In Gothenburg Mrs. Besant gave two public lectures. Both made a strong impression on the audience and were extensively reported in the press.

Among English theosophical publications that have been translated lately may be mentioned: *Esoteric Christianity* and *In the Outer Court*, into Danish; *An Outline of Theosophy*, into Swedish.

M. W.

CONSIDER how much more you suffer from your anger and grief than from those very things for which you are angry and grieved.—MARCUS ANTONINUS.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

A LAND THAT WAS

The Lost Lemuria ; with two Maps showing the Distribution of Land Areas at Different Periods. By W. Scott-Elliot. (London : Theosophical Publishing Society ; 1904. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

IT has always been a matter of surprise to us that whereas men of science have found little, if any, difficulty in accepting the hypothesis of a once existent land-area embracing portions of S. Africa, S. India, the Malay Archipelago, Australia, and New Zealand, they should, except in a few rare instances, oppose such a dogged resistance to any acceptance of the equally reasonable and illuminative theory of a lost Atlantic continent. But so it is, and whereas the declaration of a belief in the lost Lemuria is classed among serious and sober scientific speculation, the avowal of one's belief in a one-time Atlantic continent is still regarded by the writers of learned transactions as the simple reification of the dreams of ancient legend-weavers.

The interest of the Theosophical student in those two lost continents, however, is not confined to the purely objective evidence ; it goes beyond this into a region of constructive "speculation" (in the ancient contemplative sense of the word), and is continually kept alive by additional statements made by a small body of fellow students to whose inner consciousness Atlantis and Lemuria are still subjective facts which can be observed in detail. It is this which makes any new study of the subject of such interest to general students of Theosophy. For either there has been and still is in the Theosophical Society a conscious conspiracy of unprincipled story-tellers, or we have to face the fact that there is still existent "somewhere" in the earth memory, a detailed and inexhaustible record of what appears to be the life-history of those two long-lost continents, and that this is accessible to certain abnormal developments of consciousness—or, as a third choice, that the mind is a subjective picture-maker so marvellous and magical that it can make the most

accurately known objective history appear in comparison as the clumsiest and crudest attempts of embryonic elementalism.

For ourselves we have always been inclined to allow somewhat for a certain interblending of the two latter alternatives, the first, of course, being entirely eliminated to our certain knowledge, and only put forward as a plaything for the ignorance of that invincible prejudice which will believe anything rather than put an end to its envious existence.

The sketch under notice may be taken as a companion volume to our colleague's *Story of Atlantis*; two maps are appended, which, as in the case of the Atlantis study, have been obtained by clairvoyant means, but not directly from an observation of subjective world-pictures. On p. 13 Mr. Scott-Elliot writes:

"It was never professed that the maps of Atlantis were correct to a single degree of latitude or longitude, but, with the far greater difficulty of obtaining the information in the present case it must be stated that still less must these maps of Lemuria be taken as absolutely accurate. In the former case there was a globe, a good bas-relief in terra-cotta, and a well-preserved map on parchment, or skin of some sort, to copy from. In the present case there was only a broken terra-cotta model and a very badly preserved and crumpled map, so that the difficulty of carrying back the remembrance of all the details, and consequently of reproducing exact copies, has been far greater."

The first half of the book is devoted to the statement of "the evidence obtainable from geology and from the study of the relative distribution of living and extinct animals and plants, as well as from the observed processes of physical evolution in the lower kingdoms," confirmatory of "the facts stated in *The Secret Doctrine* and in other books with regard to these submerged lands." Mr. Scott-Elliot has not, however, by any means exhausted this side of the subject,—he probably had no intention of doing so,—and among other sources of information a search through our back numbers, especially the scattered notes in "On the Watch-Tower" would have supplied some additional *data*.

For the rest there is an interesting summary of the statements found in modern Theosophical literature about the great "third race" continent, and the *physical* origin of primitive man, who was born and passed through the first stages of his development upon it.

All this forms a most suggestive chapter in what is without

question the most colossal scheme of evolution which has ever been put forward by the human mind. Take the scheme as a whole and where can you find its equal? In the past there have been many systems of cosmogony and anthropogenesis, many daring attempts at "heaven-storming," but the scheme outlined in *The Secret Doctrine* dares more, and gives more, than any of them. If H. P. Blavatsky invented it she should be honoured with the highest honours throughout the length and breadth of the land; if it was given through her, she should be gladly forgiven her many imperfections for the great boon she was enabled to bestow on an age that had long ceased to believe in any knowledge outside the walls of a physical laboratory.

Some day, perhaps, some man of reputation outside the ranks of the Theosophical Society will recognise this fact, and dare to say so, and then the crowd will follow. Meantime we can work on in the calm assurance that all things come to him who waits.

The publishers should notice that the printer's imprint has been omitted.

G. R. S. M.

THE SYMBOL OF CHRISTENDOM

The Christian Creed; Its Origin and Signification. By C. W. Leadbeater. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. (London: Theosophical Publishing Society; 1904. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

WE have to congratulate Mr. Leadbeater on this greatly improved edition of a very useful book. The page and the type are considerably enlarged, and the book is brought out uniform with his *Man Visible and Invisible*. By division into chapters and sub-headings, with an index, the volume is made more easily intelligible, and the additions are such as to make it almost a new work. The most important of these are the reproduction of the diagrams of human development given in the last-named work, with full references to them wherever the exposition requires it. Our readers will probably like to read the paraphrase now for the first time given of the Creed in its original shape, it is said, as taught by the Christ Himself.

"We believe in God the Father, from whom comes the system—yea, our world and all things therein, whether seen or unseen;

"And in God the Son, most holy, alone-born from His Father before all the æons, not made but emanated, being of the very substance of the Father, true God from the true God, true Light from

the true Light, by whom all forms were made ; who for us men came down from heaven and entered the dense sea, yet riseth thence again in ever greater glory to a kingdom without end ;

“And in God the Holy Ghost, the Life-giver, emanating also from the Father, equal with Him and with the Son in glory ; who manifesteth through His Angels ;

“We recognise one brotherhood of holy men as leading to the Greater Brotherhood above, one initiation for emancipation from the fetters of sin, and for escape from the wheel of birth and death into eternal life.”

In its new shape this work takes its place alongside Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity* as one suited to be given to those Christians who are prepared to receive so serious modifications in their fundamental principles as it involves, but perhaps better *not* to be read by ordinary Christians who are not, “lest we cause the enemy to blaspheme.”

A. A. W.

HELLENISTIC THEOSOPHY IN ARAB DRESS

The Awakening of the Soul : A Philosophical Romance. Rendered from the Arabic with an Introduction by Dr. Paul Brönnle, F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S., M.R.A.S., etc. (London : The Orient Press ; 1904. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

THE editors of “The Wisdom of the East” series are to be congratulated on their choice of the charming philosophical romance of Ibn Tufail for introduction to a wider circle of readers. Ibn Tufail, who flourished in the twelfth century, was one of that brilliant company of Arabian philosophers who made Spain the centre of intellectual culture in a Europe that had long forgotten the philosophical treasures that Greece had bequeathed to it. Of his life we know next to nothing, and of his literary labours scarce anything remains to us but the story of Hayy Ibn Yokdhan, the Self-taught Philosopher, the most interesting parts of which are now given to us in a new and excellent translation by Dr. Paul Brönnle, who has had to omit part of the text owing to considerations of space.

Dr. Brönnle's version is naturally a great improvement on the Latin version of the younger Pococke which was published at Oxford in 1671, praiseworthy though that was in what was practically still the infancy of Arabic study in the West ; moreover, the translator has prefaced his version with a sensible and very sympathetic intro-

duction which contains all that is necessary for the understanding of the text by the thoughtful reader.

The Romance of Ibn Tufail, it goes without saying, deserves the attention of all students of Theosophy, and cannot fail to delight the lovers of the mystic way. To those who read it for edification only, it will assuredly edify them; while even the sceptic will be charmed with it as a most pleasant piece of literature.

But, as is always the case with a scripture, there is another side of the subject which to some of us is as instructive as the didactic content and edificatory form of the treatise. To this side we will devote a few minutes' consideration. The treatise ends with the following high claim of knowledge and authority and with excuse for the revealing of the sacred mysteries:

"In its setting down we have made such choice of words as are not found in any other book now accustomed to be heard in common and vulgar speech. And it is part of that hidden knowledge which no man receives but he who has the knowledge of God; nor is any man ignorant of it, but those that have not the right knowledge of God. We have indeed followed a method quite contrary to that of our good Forebears, as to their keeping secret those matters and their sparingness of divulging them. But the reason that readily persuaded us to divulge this secret, and to break through this veil, was, these evil opinions which have risen up in this our time, the corrupt notions which are being devised by some pretenders to philosophy in this world, so that they are dispersed and diffused in various regions, and the mischief and evil arising therefrom has grown epidemical. So that we are solicitous on behalf of the weak—who have rejected what they received by tradition from the Prophets of blessed memory and make choice of that which is delivered them by foolish men. . . .

"Therefore, it seemed good to us to give them a glimpse of this secret of secrets, whereby we may lead them into the way of truth and divert them from the wrong path.

"Nevertheless, we have not committed the secrets that are comprehended in these leaves as to leave them without a thin veil which will be easily unveiled by those who are capable of understanding them, but shall be so thick and gross to those who are unworthy to go further on and pass beyond it, that it will be impossible for him to pierce through it.

"And now, I crave pardon of those of my brethren as shall read this treatise, that they would excuse me with regard to those things

which I have so readily declared and so fully described. For I would not have done this, unless I had been carried and elevated to such heights as transcend the reach of human sight, which cannot attain thereto. I endeavoured to render my discourse easy to be understood, by fitly placing and ordering its parts so that I might stir up in men a keen desire to enter into the right way. But I crave of the Lord pardon and forgiveness, and that He will please to bring us to the true and certain knowledge thereof."

Here we are face to face with very high claims indeed; first-hand knowledge and the possession of a secret gnosis imparted by spiritual initiation, with excuses for its half revelation in a disguised form to the multitude who are being led away by false doctrine.

But when we come to a sober consideration of the content of the treatise by the light of the comparative science of religion and the history of the evolution of religions, what do we find?

We find a story, in the same style as many in the *Thousand and One Nights*, of a baby cast alone on a pleasant island, who growing up into manhood gradually overcomes the difficulties of his physical environment and reasons himself into the practice of the contemplative life, in which he finds the success of ecstasy.

Throughout, the main results he arrives at are capped with verses from the Korân, but there is no doubt that Ibn Tufail—that is to say the followers of the tradition of the contemplative life in his circle—regarded the Korân as meant for the people, and most excellent for them, but not as containing the "secret of secrets" which the true philosophers alone could comprehend.

What then was this secret of secrets? It is naturally union with God. But what is disappointing is that after all this claim of first-hand investigation, and of choosing a new dress, and making choice of words not found in any other book, we have a scheme of religio-philosophy which might have been taken *verbatim* from the Hermetic literature or the Later Platonic philosophy. Indeed, we could parallel every single phrase and every single idea—physics, ethics and metaphysics—in Hellenistic religio-philosophy. So much so, that strong impression is created that there was a *direct literary* tradition of this in the hands of Ibn Tufail and his brethren.

In any case the perusal of Ibn Tufail's charming romance from a critical standpoint cannot but confirm the judgment that it is somewhat rash to talk of Arabian philosophy, when the whole content of the speculations of Arab philosophers is but the repetition of

the thoughts of Greek thinkers, to which they added nothing (save texts from the Korân to avoid persecution), and which they brought to no higher development.

But all of this will not diminish the pleasure of the general Theosophical reader in the Story of Hayy Ibn Yokdhan, the Self-taught Philosopher, for there is no monopoly of ideas, least of all in mystical philosophy; and though Ibn Tufail does but repeat the main themes of Hellenistic mystic theology, and that, too, in language that might be a literal translation from the Greek, his book may be also referred to the "Wisdom of the East," in that in the East also the same ideas are found in other garbs.

G. R. S. M.

VEGETARIAN COOKERY

Vegetarian Savouries. By Mary Pope. (London: Theosophical Publishing Society. Price 1s.)

THOSE who know Miss Pope's previous book, *Novel Dishes for Vegetarian Houses*, will be prepared to welcome another little volume from her pen; and still more, those who have been fortunate enough to taste the contents, as prepared by the writer's skilful fingers instead of as described by her pen, will be sure to plunge into its mysteries, endowed with the faith that moves mountains, let alone mustard seeds. We have here seventy-nine pages devoted to the manufacture of savoury dishes, from "Gravy for Stock"—which sounds very "meaty" but is only made of the harmless lentil—to "Plasmon Butterflies." A wise little preface precedes the recipes, and the would-be vegetarian is recommended not to eat too much—a particularly necessary recommendation before using recipes from a cook of Miss Pope's ability. To the ambitious but untrained cook we would venture to add an additional ingredient to all Miss Pope's recipes—brains.

A. B.

THE MONKS OF OLD ENGLAND

The Antiquary's Books. No. 1. English Monastic Life. By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B. (London: Methuen & Co.; 1904. Price 7s. 6d.)

THIS is the first volume of a series which promises to be of great value; a kind of Encyclopædia of all the information we so often

require, and find it so hard to obtain, about the history and social life of the earlier centuries in our own country. For the land itself we are to have treatises on such subjects as *Remains of the Prehistorical Age in England*, *Village Geography*, *Manors and Manorial Records*, and the like. For the dwellers in the land—how they, our own Catholic ancestors, lived and laboured—the first volume has for its subject the domestic life of the English monks. It is in itself a sign of the vast change which has passed over England in the last sixty years that the publishers, as a matter of course, have placed this subject in the hands of a Catholic writer, a Benedictine monk of the present century. Archdeacon Sinclair, indeed, keeps up the ancient Protestant method, and preaches against Theosophy in St. Paul's Cathedral with no more knowledge of his subject than a reading of a violent attack upon us by an author who would have considered it a mortal sin to have opened one of our books; but this in the year 1904 is an anachronism which is confined to the clergy. The educated laity have in this (as in many other ways) grown beyond their religious teachers. If Messrs. Methuen had needed a book on Theosophy they would have asked one of our writers to undertake it, and not an Anglican clergyman who knew, and wished to know, nothing about us. Similarly, they presume that the best person to give his readers an account of the Pre-Reformation Benedictines is a modern Benedictine who himself lives by the same rule as they did. Prejudice apart, the matter is so obvious as to seem a mere truism; but those who can remember the ferocity of prejudice which filled the minds of everyone sixty years ago, or who know to their cost the fragments which still survive amongst the benighted Protestants of such places as Liverpool or Dublin, will feel how irresistible the great movements of the world are to have been able so far to overcome it.

It is, of course, true that Dom Gasquet has already made his position as a writer upon such subjects; that his claim to be heard has been fully recognised in the literary world; nevertheless, that the publishers are able to convince themselves that his authorship is likely rather to increase than to diminish the sale of their book is a most encouraging sign of the times—a sign that the denunciations of Bishops and Archdeacons are going the same way as those of Giant Pope in the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

The book is in itself one of much interest to students of human nature; giving the minute details of the arrangements by which the daily life of the monks was made a *possible*, and not too hard a life.

Those who have never known any hardship in their own life will doubtless be inclined to sneer at some of these details, but this is to misunderstand the case. The rule was not made for men of cast-iron frame and the self-forgetfulness of saints. The monk of the twelfth century was a Saxon country farmer's labourer, uneducated and of few or no ideas. Before he became a monk he had had to labour unremittingly for his feudal lord; all that could be done for him at that stage was to sanctify his toil by regular and frequent lifting of his heart to God. Incapable of study or of the elaborate mental labour of formal meditation, he was capable of *this*—the sum and substance of it all. His Abbot was his King, by divine right; and the trifling indulgences of holidays or extra dishes at the common table had all one object—that he should feel, as he never could in the outer world, an atmosphere of *love* about him. This it was which then made the charm of the religious life; not only (as in modern phalansteries) did the monk feel that he was labouring for the common good, but that his superiors loved him as a brother, for Christ's sake; that in death as in life, his family would care for him and love him to the end. Did he show capacity there was a career for him; the highest offices were open to the humblest peasant in whom his brethren recognised the power to rule. We of the twentieth century are educated and refined; we are capable of receiving—and giving—higher tokens of mutual love than the monks of old; but I have yet to hear of a modern Utopia that should answer *our* heart's needs as a Benedictine Abbey of old times did at once those of its meanest brethren and its most learned Fathers.

It is not to be expected, or to be wished, that Dom. Gasquet should in this work have traced out the gradual decline as centuries passed and the Abbeys grew rich. The position of Abbot became one sought for by men of merely secular ambition, or taken by force by the greedy landowners around the monastery. It was, perhaps, at the Reformation, time that these organisations should perish to make way for new forms to express the new life; but Henry VIII. and his rapacious nobles were not the men for reconstruction, and the last four hundred years in England have as yet found nothing to replace the monasteries but the workhouse and the gaol. In Italy we have seen the same thing in our own times; of the vast number of empty religious houses all over the land a few are schools, but the rest either barracks or prisons;—better they had been pulled down and their stones sold, as *we* did in England!

A. A. W.

AN INDIAN BARRISTER ON THE WORLD PROBLEM

The Problem of Existence: Its Mystery, Struggle, and Comfort in the Light of Aryan Wisdom. By Manmath C. Mallik, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. (London: T. Fisher Unwin; 1904. Price 10s. 6*d.*)

WE are always glad to welcome any thoughtful contribution to that exchange of views between East and West which is the necessary preliminary to a better mutual understanding, and we are especially glad to welcome it in books which indirectly add to the general theosophical literature of the day.

Mr. Mallik's book being generally, as he says, "the product of the ancient Aryan mind supported by the thoughts of Sages and Saints of later times, and adapted to current ideas of material existence," is naturally a work that will find the majority of its readers in the Theosophical Society or among that very considerable public which takes interest in general theosophical ideas.

Many books have already been written on the same lines, so that we are not led to look for anything very new; and in forming an opinion we have rather to consider the "how" than the "what."

In the first place, then, it is unnecessary to say that the publisher's name is sufficient guarantee of a decent and substantial material presentment of Mr. Mallik's industry and speculation. In these well-printed pages we have the familiar ground of Aryan (we prefer the more precise term Indo-Aryan) general religious thought and practice traversed in an intelligent fashion, and therewith a useful presentation of one of the most instructive lines of religious evolution which the world possesses, made accessible to a public which for the most part is marching along a very different line of development.

To those who are unfamiliar with Indian religio-philosophy and the moral polity of the Indo-Aryan communities, what Mr. Mallik writes should almost invariably prove of interest, but to students of Theosophy who are already familiar with the master-pieces of Indian literature, it must be confessed that our author is frequently trite in much that he has to say; the major part of the book is cast in a hortatory strain, didactic and edificatory—and *that* requires to be very

well done indeed to keep the reader from yawning in these days of libraries of such works in every civilised language.

It must not, however, be thought that Mr. Mallik is trite in his personal views; by no means, for after perusing chapters on law, education and national training, we come to a treatise on military life, in which we are told: "Every member of the community, female as well as male, should be provided with the opportunity of sound physical training and military discipline as well as of good education."

This recommendation of the return of the Amazonian age would be an astonishing sentence for even a Westerner to write; for a Hindu to pen it, it is astounding. But, indeed, Mr. Mallik throughout has put his finger on the weak spot in modern India—its want of virility, a state of affairs brought about by the decay of the Kshattriya spirit and the subordination of the whole Indo-Aryan nation to the tyranny of Brahmānical priestly ideas. Indeed we have seldom seen it put so strongly as by our author when he practically writes that over the gate of the "Aryan home" is placed the legend "Abandon manliness ye who enter here."

While congratulating Mr. Mallik on the fluency and general accuracy with which he writes English (we only wish we could write a foreign language as well ourselves) it is hardly necessary to add that, as with nearly every Indian writer in English, he has some difficulty with the definite article; moreover, the mature taste in language and quotation which shows a man's work worthy of consideration as "literature," cannot be said to have been reached. But what marks Mr. Mallik's book out from so much of the literature of a similar kind with which we are familiar, is that nowhere does he use Sanskrit technical terms. His book is, therefore, always readable, even when we feel that his adjectives have gone all wrong, as when he writes: "The mystery of existence lies within the shroud which veils from mortals the Unity and Universality of the omnipresent, omnipotent, omniparous, and omnivorous Essence or Ether, from which all spring."

"Omnipresent," "omnipotent," if you will, but "omniparous" and "omnivorous"—ye Gods! But how ever to explain *that* to one whose mother tongue is not English!

How then does Mr. Mallik succeed with his translation of the leading ideas of Indian theosophy from Sanskrit into English. We will let the reader judge for himself by citing a few examples.

In speaking of the three directions of the mind, or the three

temperaments (triguṇam), he calls them the ways of Virtue, Virility and Vacuity—our old friends Sattva, Rajas and Tamas of course.

Again we read: "To be awake is worldliness, dream is the result of egoism at work, sleep is conception at rest; and complete merger in consciousness is the supreme and blissful state"—all these referring to Jagrat, Svapna, Suṣhupti and Tûryia; but why "complete merger in consciousness"—it is not English, and means nothing.

Prâṇâyâma is rendered "coercion on the breath of life"—and we don't say "coercion *on*." Haṭha-yoga is given as "coercive asceticism"—a not unfitting synonym; while Râja-yoga is called the "royal road to asceticism," or the "asceticism of knowledge"—also a not misleading equivalent.

As to Mr. Mallik's political views he is evidently an adherent of the National Congress, as when he writes: "That State will in future dominate mankind which extends to all its subjects without distinction of class or creed, sex or complexion, birth or breeding, the principles that the latest reforming religions—Buddhism, Christianity and Islam—have applied in the social sphere: political brotherhood, and equality before the law." Mr. Mallik is also manifestly a member of the Brâhmo Samâj, and perhaps this accounts for the following sentence, which otherwise considerably puzzled us: "The seed which the Evil One poured into the mind of the first parent continues to thrive after millions of years, to this day, and will live to the end of creation." Surely this is Semitic and not good Aryan—a somewhat foreign substance to find in an Indo-Aryan collection of sentiments, as on p. 69.

So also we find (and we have, of course, nothing but praise for the signs of such true catholicity) many quotations from the New Testament scriptures, and also much from Shakespeare; but why, again, such a comic entrance among the quotes as "According to sage advice: 'All is fair in war'!"

One last word with regard to Mr. Mallik's exposition of the tradition of the "Sanâtana Dharma" of his people, and the science of their ancient Rîṣhis. When we read in the Purâṇas that the characteristic mark of Âkâṣha is sound, we feel somewhat inclined to take it as a symbolical expression rather than as a sober piece of information. The following paragraph of Mr. Mallik's, however, places the values somewhat more correctly, when he says:

"The atmospheric ether has the capacity only of conveying sound; air issuing from it possesses the attributes of sound and touch;

fire coming after air gains those of sound, touch and form; water succeeding fire gets those of fire with taste added; and the earth receives all the five attributes of sound, touch, form, taste and smell."

On the whole Bâbu Manmath C. Mallik has given us a serious and thoughtful work which may do some service.

G. R. S. M.

SOME TALK ABOUT DEVILS

Devils. By J. Charles Wall. (London: Methuen & Co.; 1904. Price 4s. 6d. net.)

It is somewhat difficult to see what useful purpose can be served by the publication of these 150 pages, interspersed with fifty illustrations. When we call to mind the inexhaustible materials which the fear and folly of mankind on the one hand, and gruesome subjective experiences on the other, have left on record for the inspection and analysis of the industrious student, when we remember the lengthy bibliography of existent demonological works, and especially recall the recent popular and yet scholarly book of Mr. Mew, we can only regard Mr. Wall's slight volume as having no place of its own to fill.

When a man writes on a subject of this compass and difficulty he should at least have something to say, some reason for bursting into print, some point of view to develope, some fresh materials to treat. If he would write for the learned, he should be learned; if for the many, he should be humorous, or edifying, or terrifying, or illuminative. Mr. Wall is, unfortunately, none of these things.

Still the majority of readers, who have been previously unacquainted with the subject, will doubtless find matters of interest and novelty in our author's casual selections, and some there may be who will without further thought regard his chapters as the most recent authority on the subject. Mr. Wall, indeed, for all we know, may have just hit the popular taste, for we admit that we are ourselves entirely unskilled in this art; but for the student he has nothing to say worth listening to.

G. R. S. M.

WHENEVER you commend, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants and admiration of fools.—STEELE.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

Theosophist, August. In this month's "Old Diary Leaves," Colonel Olcott is mainly occupied with his attempts to persuade the Pârsis of Bombay to organise a search for the lost treasures of their religious books. But the Pârsis for the most part know nothing but "business"; money for public buildings and statues in abundance—these are directly or indirectly profitable; but to hunt up old books! Are we unjust to them in suspecting, hidden away at the back of their minds, a faint idea that they have quite enough religious books already? J. D. Crawford concludes his "Criticism of the New Thought Movement" more favourably than we can quite follow. Disengaged from the crudities of its "Laws of Attraction," "Laws of Opulence," and the rest, and relieved from the load of superlatives, there does not seem much either new or true left. Mr. Sutcliffe's study of the Hindu Zodiac has much interest, even for the unscientific reader. Fio Hara concludes his "Secret Doctrine of Racial Development." Next we have Mr. Leadbeater's "Theosophy and Spiritualism," and C. R. Srinivasa Rangachary gives a thoughtful and outspoken paper on "Private Life and Public Weal." It is sad to read his indictment of temple public worship: "Now that the temples are the resorts of vice and villiany, except under special circumstances, worship at the temple is commanding less and less respect, and threatens to lose altogether every kind and degree of hold."

Theosophy in India, July and August. The interesting series "Theosophy in Creeds and Nations" seems to end with the conclusion of M. Bernard's "Theosophy in France"; but we hope some other writers may be found to continue it. The other articles are well up to the dignity of the organ of the largest Section of the Society. We may note in this connection that the French *Revue Théosophique* acknowledges heartily the editor's "*amende honorable*" to their nation noticed in a previous issue.

Central Hindu College Magazine, August, is also an admirable number, but not furnishing any matter for special remark.

Theosophic Gleaner, August, is a steadily improving magazine, which ought not to need the rather pathetic appeal of its editor for better support. Our sympathies are entirely with him when he says: "The editor has not drawn a single farthing since he has joined this journal; but what he wishes is that he should not be made to pay the printer's bills, over and above the sundry expenses, stationery, etc.,

which he often has to pay from his own purse." We fear that many of the editors of our magazines could say the same; but their self-denying work is a sacred one, and cannot fail of its full reward.

East and West, August. This is decidedly the best of our Anglo-Indian publications. All the articles are readable and, what is more, thoughtful. A thorough exposure of the Pasteur hydrophobia swindle, by Dr. J. H. Thornton, will have much interest for our readers. But the editor's history of his troubles in connection with the publication of newspapers in India is very disheartening. When we find in France that whatever the Government may do against Catholics, no Catholic voter will dare to vote against the Government candidate, we conclude that religion has there lost its hold on its nominal members; and when we find that the average Hindu will talk largely at National Congresses and the like, but does not think of giving a rupee to help the movement—not even to pay for the newspaper he has subscribed for and received—we cannot but feel a painful doubt of the reality of the whole movement.

Indian Review, August. The politics of this otherwise valuable Review are, like those of the lower-class Radical papers at home, simply to be, like the Irish-American of the story, "agin the Government." It is to be regretted, for there is no *future* in the mere negative attitude. *Both* parties mean to do their best for India, and the littlenesses of London party politics are out of place in Madras or Bombay. A very good criticism on Dr. Oman's book, *The Mystics, Ascetics and Saints of India*, brings out well the points where a little more understanding and sympathy would have improved the author's work, good as it is on the whole.

The Vahan, September. In this number the space for "Enquirer" is not so limited as it has been lately, and we have some interesting answers as to the Theosophical attitude towards music, the prayer "Lead us not into Temptation," the relative dignity of the Teutonic Race, and the phenomena of "multiplex personality."

Lotus Journal, September. The leading contents are the conclusion of Mrs. Besant's "Man the Master of his Destiny" and the notes of a lecture given by her at the Kensington Town Hall during her present visit to England, entitled "The New Psychology." From Mr. Leadbeater we have an account of his visit to the Mormon capital, Great Salt Lake City, with an illustration. We are glad to find that the "Golden Chain Circle" is proving a success.

Revue Théosophique, August, has done well to print the "Golden

Verses" ascribed to Pythagoras *without* Fabre d'Olivet's Commentary ; believing, as the editor says, that "to meditate upon them for ourselves is better than reading some one else's paraphrase." Dr. E. Lerede concludes his "Evolution of Consciousness," and Mrs. Besant and G. R. S. Mead furnish the rest.

Theosophia, August. The recent Conventions furnish abundant matter for the Watch Tower. C. J. Schuver's "The Social Problem" is the most important paper ; H. J. van Ginkel continues his interesting study of the Great Pyramid, and Dr. van Deventer his extracts from Plato's *Timæus*.

Théosophie, September, comes out in double size, eight quarto pages well filled ; amongst other useful matter, translating Mr. Mead's "Concerning H. P. B."

Der Vâhan, September. This number contains the continuation of R. Schwela's "Meditations on the Eightfold Path" ; Dr. A. Drews' "The Religious Relationship" ; "Old Diary Leaves" continued ; extracts from the *Theosophist*, and a translation of Dr. Currie's "Esoteric meaning of the Lord's Prayer" from our own pages ; "Questions and Answers" ; and C. W. Leadbeater's "Hidden Side of Things," from the *Lotus Journal*.

We have to acknowledge a parcel of *Lucifer Gnosis*, from February to the present date, from which we find that Dr. Steiner, the energetic General Secretary of the German Section, has made time amidst his many occupations to keep up the publication of the magazine. We hope that it is meeting with the success which, both for contents and get up, it well deserves.

Of the other magazines we have *Sophia*, August, a very good number, and original with the one exception of Mrs. Besant's "Spiritual Night" ; *Teosofisk Tidskrift* ; *South African Theosophist*, with a series of papers on the "Origin of Freemasonry," tracing it, as in so many genealogical tables, beautifully from below and above, but with an awkward gap in the middle where the two ends should join ; *Theosophy in Australasia*, whose Outlook gives a valuable warning against "The Psychic Advertising Quack" ; *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine* ; *Theosofisch Maandblad*.

Also : *Modern Astrology* ; *Mind* ; *Light* ; *Humanitarian* ; *Logos Magazine* ; *Destiny* ; *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal* ; *Round About* ; *La Nuova Parola*, September, which has had the courage to translate and insert the long and interesting article on H. P. Blavatsky which appeared in the *Paris Revue*.

We have also to notice the following :

Twenty Years of Psychological Research, by Edward T. Bennett, late Assist. Secretary to the Society for Psychical Research (R. Brimley Johnson, 1s.). This useful little book is a second volume to the work of the author previously noted, and is a very handy summary in short compass of what the Society has done ; most convenient for those who have not the seventeen volumes of its *Proceedings* and the ten volumes of its *Journal* within reach. It gives in the first place a historical synopsis of the main features of the first twenty years of its work, and then a brief but intelligible summary of what has, in the opinion of the members, been actually accomplished. Even as a mere index of the Society's publications it is indispensable to anyone who takes a serious interest in psychic matters.

Industrial India, by Glyn Barlow, M.A. (Madras : Natesan & Co., 3s.) An admirable little manual, according to the views of those who would like to see India do as Japan has done—boldly break with the unprofitable virtues of old times and shape herself consciously and with resolution for victory in the modern European “struggle for life.” The Japanese view is that modern trade *is* a struggle for life ; that the one necessary virtue at the present time is to be strong, energetic, remorseless, and that without *this* an Eastern nation must make up its mind to go to ruin. For those who agree (and there is much to be said for as well as against this doctrine) there cannot be a better guide than Mr. Barlow. But *religious* India will stand, shuddering, aloof !

Bethink Yourselves ! (Tolstoy on the present War) Free Age Press, 3d. We have not hitherto spoken very favourably of the fragments of Tolstoy brought out by this firm ; we are glad to make amends by exhorting every one of our readers to buy and read this little book. The pictures drawn by the great writer of the miseries of the present war as felt by the Russian peasant, and (far worse) the utter needlessness and uselessness of the suffering—the horror and outrage to humanity of the system of government whereby a handful of irresponsible Counsellors in St. Petersburg are able to inflict all this at their caprice, for no reason but their mere fancy, or for their selfish gain—all these cannot be too clearly stated or too deeply meditated.

W.

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE British Mission has returned from mysterious Lhasa, the Mecca of the Buddhist world, and for months the attention of the Western world has been turned to one of the most romantic episodes of modern times. To none has this event been of greater interest than to the members of the Theosophical Society; not, however, that they had any expectation of any immediate discoveries that might prove that there were somewhere hidden away in the mass of strange and fantastic beliefs of the ignorant, traditions of a nobler kind and documents of greater value than any which have so far come into the hands of Orientalists (for this seemed to be excluded by the wise policy which scrupulously respected the prejudices of the monks, and permitted the doors of the monasteries to remain closed to the officers as well as the men of the Mission), but rather because the way was being paved for a future when a better understanding might make accessible what has so far been so jealously reserved.

To be more precise; the stanzas and commentaries psychically dictated to H. P. B., in *The Secret Doctrine*, have they or

have they not parallels in the mystic literature of Tibet, Mongolia, China and Central Asia? This is a question which is of profound interest to the students of that most fascinating of all Theosophical books. The opening up of Tibet for trade purposes with India is the first step in the direction of making a practical answer to this question possible, and it is therefore for us an event of the greatest interest.

* * *

BUT it may be said that such an expectation is absurd, for all reports go to show that Tibet, as far as the Tibetans are concerned,

is a country of filth, of the densest ignorance, and

The Nechung
Monastery

grossest superstitions; no good thing can possibly come out of this squalid Nazareth. Quite

so; but how many monasteries have our able newspaper correspondents, whose reports have throughout been most graphic and intelligent, visited, even by invitation? Few we take it, and in Lhasa itself apparently only one. The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* was fortunate enough to receive an invitation to visit the Nechung Monastery, which he calls the monastery of the "Chief Oracle of Tibet," and in a letter dated August 10th writes: "The five hours spent there were the pleasantest and most surprising I have yet passed." Without all was filth, within all was "most beautifully clean." The frescoes, decoration, and colour-scheme of the pillars and doors of the court-yard and temple are spoken of as being in exquisite taste and admirably executed. The subjects of the frescoes in the courtyard were the gruesome torments of the wicked; there was, however, not enough light to distinguish the subjects of the frescoes on the walls of the interior.

The most sacred place in the temple itself was a shrine or inner temple, lit by the flare of a perpetual light burning on the altar. Behind the altar was the chair of the "Chief Astrologer"; by it was standing his sword and a large "silver disk, set in brass," which the visitor took for a breastplate, but which we should say may have been a mirror. Much else of interest also was seen on the ground floor, but as the reproduction of the text of the article is forbidden we must hasten on.

After tea the visitors were taken to the second and third stories of the building, which were also spotlessly clean, and where

one of the most interesting rooms contained a collection of some thousand statues of the Buddha. The colouring of the pillars and roofs of the upper stories was the same as that of the ground floor, while the main roof was admirably and solidly constructed of copper, gilded apparently with an amalgam of mercury and gold. The excellent frescoes in the upper verandah depicted the Buddha and saints, and their reincarnations.

* * *

WHAT, however, seems to have surprised the writer of this interesting narrative more than anything else was the house of the "Chief Astrologer" in an enclosed garden

The House of the "Chief Astrologer" at the back of the monastery. Guarding the gate in the wall was a splendid black Tibetan mastiff in his kennel; while inside was a small grass lawn surrounded by bamboo clumps and hollyhocks and nasturtiums all ablaze. The house itself was a small three-roomed stone cottage, with a door painted bright red, adorned with a brass knocker; its interior was spotlessly clean, and charming, gay with flowers in every window; the floor of one room was of beautifully polished inlaid wood, and the partitions between the rooms were of fretted woodwork. The whole was a perfect gem, said to be equal to anything found in Japan. But the owner of the house was not there; he had accompanied the Dalai Lama on his pilgrimage to Mongolia; so that, as the writer says, there was no opportunity "of judging of the character of the man himself, and comparing it with one's ideal of the possessor of such a house as this."

* * *

SURPRISING as it was to find this scrupulously clean monastery and dainty retreat in the midst of the general filth of Lhasa, even

more surprising was the piece of good fortune The Jo-Kang which enabled several members of the Mission, on the invitation of the Chinese Amban, to visit the world-famous Jo-Kang, and inspect its mysterious interior without let or hindrance. The Jo-Kang may fitly be termed the Holy of Holies of the Buddhist world, the most jealously guarded spot even in Lhasa itself. The great doors, across whose threshold no European had even stepped before,

were thrown open and immediately barred behind the Peling visitors, who gradually passed from the light into the ever deepening obscurity of the inner courts. Among these visitors was the Special Correspondent of the *Times*, who describes his experience and impressions in two and a half columns of intensely interesting notes in the issue of September 24th.

Omitting his description of the outer court surrounded with a forest of pillars, the frescoes on its walls absolutely hidden by their coating of the dirt and grease of centuries, and of the second court, its massive walls honeycombed with a number of small cells or chapels, each with its altar and images and its eternally burning butter-lamps, which cover everything with a thick deposit of grease and soot, and charge the air with rancid vapours, we pass on to the central court of the second court, "the sanctity of the temple obviously increasing" stage by stage as we pass from court to court.

* * *

THREE sides of this inner court of the first inner court are surrounded with statues of the Buddha, in tiers, the larger rising behind the smaller to the roof. But what strikes the eye and rivets the attention, are two statues apart, sitting, not standing, one of life size, the other of gigantic proportions.

The Statue of the
Lord Maitreya

Both of these present the same peculiarity—one that cannot fail to arrest the eye at once. Each is seated upon a throne in European fashion, and this identifies them at once. Of all the Bodisats, heroes or teachers which fill the calendars of Lamaism only the image of the Coming Buddha is thus represented. How this tradition arose the Lamas themselves are unable to explain, but it is of great antiquity, and it is to Europe that the eyes of Buddhism are turned for the appearance of the next reincarnation of the Great Master. . . . Crowned with a huge circlet set with innumerable turquoises, Maitreya sits here with one hand raised in benediction, the other resting upon his knee.

* * *

UNDER the eastern end of the temple the darkness deepened fast. In the gloom ancient chapel after chapel is passed. The archaic walls and worn pillars bear the burden of the warped rafters overhead; the stone slabs beneath are worn into a channel, and the grime of a thousand years has utterly hidden the frescoes on the walls.

The Holy of
Holies

At last, on turning to the right and passing beneath the uplifted statue of Tsong-kapa, the great fifteenth century Reformer of Central Asia (a contemporary likeness), the Jo itself comes into view.

The first sight of what is beyond question the most famous idol [statue?] in the world is uncannily impressive. In the darkness it is at first difficult to follow the lines of the shrine which holds the god [? Master]. One only realises a high pillared sanctuary in which the gloom is almost absolute, and therein, thrown into strange relief against the obscurity, the soft gleam of the golden idol which sits enthroned in the centre. Before him are rows and rows of great butter-lamps of solid gold, each shaped in curious resemblance to pre-Reformation chalices of the English Church. Lighted by the tender radiance of the twenty or thirty beads of light, the great glowing mass of the Buddha softly looms out, ghostlike and shadowless. . . .

* * *

It is not the magnificence of the statue that is first perceived, and certainly it is not that which makes the deepest and most lasting impression. For this is no ordinary representation of the Master. The "The Ancient of Eternity is a Boy" features are smooth and almost childish; beautiful they are not, but there is no need of beauty here. . . .

Here . . . is the quiet happiness and the quick capacity for pleasure of the boy who has never yet known either pain, or disease, or death. . . . This beautiful statue is the sum and climax of Tibet, and as one gazes one knows it and respects the jealousy of its guardians.

Whether or not the statue is that of Gautama as a young prince, or is to be more appropriately described by the archaic saying, "the Ancient of Eternity is a Boy," must be left to the reader who knows what that saying means.

According to tradition the statue is of very great age, and its making is the subject of legends. It is said to be not of pure gold, but of gold alloyed with the four other elemental metals, silver, copper, zinc and iron. The priceless jewels on the statue, the throne and canopy supported by two exquisitely designed dragon of silver-gilt, and the innumerable golden ornaments of the shrine, are all described. Of all this wealth "the crown is perhaps the most interesting jewel."

It is a deep coronet of gold set round and round with turquoise, and heightened by five conventional leaves, each enclosing a golden image of Buddha, and encrusted with precious stones. In the centre below the middle leaf is a flawless turquoise, 6in. long and 3in. wide, the largest in the world.

The eternal youth of the Master and the *taxis* of the Five are not without significance to students of *The Secret Doctrine*.

* * *

IMPRESSIVE and haunting as is the statue itself, its impressiveness is greatly enhanced by the background, which produces a feeling of immense antiquity and grandeur. It is not "The Atlantides" the calculated art but the grim simplicity of the thing that strikes the beholder.

Behind the throne are dimly seen in the darkness huge figures standing back against the wall of the shrine all round. Rough-hewn, barbarous, and unadorned they are, but nothing else could have so well supplied the background for this treasure of treasures as the Egyptian solemnity of those dark Atlantides, standing shoulder to shoulder on altar stones, where no lamps are ever lighted and no flowers are ever strewn. . . . Outside, the maroon-robed monks sat and droned their never-ending chant.

No European had ever entered the Jo-Kang before; no one knew that there were such figures behind the Buddha; and yet some of us have heard H. P. B. talk of them, even as of the eleven-faced statue of Shen-ne-zig which the *Times'* correspondent also saw. Whether or not we have, then, already here the first contribution to the justification of the publication of the marvellous stanzas and commentaries that form the inner text of *The Secret Doctrine*, students of that amazing book may perhaps answer. In any case it is a strange coincidence that the "Story of Atlantis" should be the tragical turning-point and most dramatic incident of its colossal anthropogenesis, the great struggle between the Giants and the Buddhas of the ancient earth, and that in the Jo-Kang, the Golden-faced Master should stand in front of the dim shadows of the earth-tyrants of the past.

* * *

PASSING by much else of interest, as for example the chapels on the first floor, maintained by the devotion of special races of the

The Statue of
Palden-Lhamo

Buddhist faith, the visitors ascended yet another storey, where they came upon the statue which, after the figure of the Master himself, is considered the most important that this mysterious Cathedral contains; it is the statue of the guardian goddess who, writes the *Times'* correspondent, without further comment, "as every

Tibetan knows—from the Dalai Lama to the peasant in the field—was reincarnated during the last century as Queen Victoria.”

In the south-eastern corner of this storey is the armoury, where the walls and pillars alike are loaded with ancient and grotesque instruments of war. From this room a low, narrow passage leads down half-a-dozen stone steps into a small dungeon, where the statue of the guardian goddess, Palden-Lhamo, is worshipped. This is a most amazing figure. The three-eyed goddess, crowned with skulls, grins affably with ‘mother-o’-pearl teeth from her altar; upon her head and breast are jewels which the Jo himself might condescend to wear. . . . Before her burn butter-lamps, and brown mice swarm fearlessly over walls and floor and altar, so tame that they did not resent being stroked in the lap of the goddess herself.

We wonder what Victoria of pious memory, the impersonation of so much that seems the very antipodes of such a portraiture, would have thought had she known of this persuasion of the piety of Tibet. In any case, whatever we may think of the matter, it is the highest compliment any Tibetan could pay her, and it is difficult to understand why the subjects of this Queen should have been hitherto so rigorously excluded from the land by a jealous policy which practically stultified the universal belief of Tibetan Lamaism.

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SUCH are some of the treasures which a brief visit revealed to a trained observer who was presumably not technically a Buddhist scholar, much less a student of the inner side of the highly complex tradition of Buddhism in Tibet, tradition of traditions which are outlined on a dim background of primitive myths, one stratum of which is apparently strongly reminiscent of archaic Babylonian lore. In the Jo-Kang there is for the Buddhist scholar :

The Treasures
that await
Exploration

An unexplored wealth which it may be many years before any second visitor will have the privilege of inspecting, or the knowledge to appreciate. The great eleven-faced Shen-ne-zig, the “precious” image of Tsong-kapa, the innumerable figures of divine teachers, each symbolically representing the spiritual powers with which he was endowed, the great series of the disciples of Buddha, the statue of the Guru Rimpoche, the usual “chamber of horrors,” and hundreds of other objects, each worthy of the great Pantheon of Lamaism—all these must remain for the moment unnoticed. But the longer one stays within these strange and sacred courts, the more amazing

does the contrast appear between the priceless riches and historic sanctity of their contents and the squalid exterior of the most sacred structure in all the vast domain of Buddhism. Yet the face of the Buddha remains the dominant impression of the whole.

* * *

IN *Nature* of May 26th there is reviewed by R. L. (R. Lydekker, the well-known zoologist) a work by Captain F. W. Hutton, entitled *Index Faunæ Novæ Zealandiæ*. The author has for many years devoted special attention to the origin and relationships of the fauna of this island, and, in the words of the reviewer, "his matured conclusions are of the highest value and importance."

Further Scientific
Evidence for
"Lemuria"

The New Zealand fauna may be divided into a small aboriginal element and larger Malay, Australian and Antarctic elements, as well as several smaller ones.

From the occurrence of the number of animals which it is impossible to believe could have crossed the sea the author is of opinion that New Zealand is not entitled to be regarded as an oceanic island, but that at an epoch relatively remote it formed part of a large continent.

The land-shells of the genus *Endodonta*, which range all through Polynesia, New Zealand, Eastern Australia, New Guinea, and the Philippines, with an outlier in Ceylon, afford the best evidence in favour of a Polynesian continent, the Cingalese outlier pointing to the conclusion that this group of molluscs originally came from the north. The molluscan evidence will not, however, explain the South American connection.

The best zoological evidence of the latter connection, by way of Antarctica, is afforded by the earthworms of the family *Acanthodrilidæ*, which are unknown north of the equator, although their occurrence in Madagascar may point to a northern origin.

Additional evidence of a connection with Patagonia is afforded by the occurrence in tertiary strata of South America and New Zealand of quite a number of shallow-water marine invertebrates, as, indeed, has been recently pointed out by Dr. von Ihering. Further, the occurrence of these forms in older strata in South America than in New Zealand points to the conclusion that the migration took place from the former to the latter area.

THE HEROES

By many a dream of God and man my thoughts in shining flocks
were led :

But as I went through Patrick Street the hopes and prophecies were
dead.

I could not think this murky flood had issued from the golden fount,
Or that the dark beneath the deep could go up to the holy mount.

The hopes and prophecies were dead : they could not blossom where
the feet

Walked amid rottenness, or where the brawling shouters stamped the
street.

Where was the beauty that the Lord gave man when first he towered
in pride ?

But one came by me at whose word the bitter condemnation died.

His brows were crowned with thorns of light : his eyes were bright as
one who sees

The starry palaces shine o'er the sparkle of the heavenly seas.

"Is it not beautiful ?" he cried. "Our Faery Land of Hearts' Desire
Is mingled through the mire and mist, yet stainless keeps its lovely
fire.

The pearly phantoms with blown hair are dancing where the
drunkards reel :

The cloud frail daffodils shine out where filth is splashing from the
heel.

O sweet, and sweet, and sweet to hear, the melodies in rivers run :

The rapture of the crowded notes is yet the myriad voice of One.

Those who are lost and fallen here, to-night in sleep shall pass the
gate,

And wear the purples of the King, and know them masters of their fate.

Each wrinkled hag shall reassume the plumes and hues of paradise :

Each brawler be enthroned in calm among the Children of the Wise.

Yet in the council with the gods no one will falter to pursue

His lofty purpose, but come forth the cyclic labours to renew ;

And take the burden of the world and dim his beauty in a shroud,

And wrestle with the chaos till the anarchy to the light be bowed.
 We cannot for forgetfulness forego the reverence due to them
 Who wear at times they do not guess the sceptre and the diadem.
 As bright a crown as this was theirs when first they from the Father
 sped ;
 Yet look with deeper eyes and still the ancient beauty is not dead."
 He mingled with the multitude. I saw their brows were crowned
 and bright,
 A light around the shadowy heads, a shadow round the head of light.

A. E.

A MASTER MYSTIC

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE TEACHING OF JACOB BOEHME

I.

IF we take together the words of wise natural philosophy, as expressed in the inscription over the entrance to the Delphian Oracle, "Know thyself," and the words of wise divine philosophy, as expressed by the Saviour of the world: "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Him whom Thou hast sent, even Jesus Christ," we get the two sides of an all-important truth. To know myself truly I must know God; to know God truly I must know myself; either knowledge is impossible alone. For "in Him we live and move and have our being"; and in us He dwells, and has His outward presentment and manifestation: perfectly, in Jesus Christ, in whom dwells the whole fulness of the Deity; but in us, only as in a glass darkly (as yet); but when we too are perfected, then shall we be "filled with all the fulness of God."

The errors into which the world has fallen have arisen from attempting to put asunder these two sides of truth which God has joined together. To study God alone, and neglect to know ourselves, leads to a theoretical, notional idea of righteousness as

a system arbitrarily imposed on us ; whereas it is really the very nature of our own true Being. To study ourselves alone is to rest in superficial knowledge ; for to know what a thing is on the outside, and not to know whence it came, nor what it is for, nor the whole fulness of its content, is certainly but the circumference of knowledge.

A telescope can show me what my eye alone cannot see ; but if I do not understand the instrument I look through, how can I feel confident that what I see through it is what is there, and not a deception of the glass ? And if I feel no interest in what is distant I shall never use the instrument at all. There are many who have never learned to "focus" the spiritual faculty in themselves, and so regard the distant as the unknowable ; for, looking, and seeing nothing but blurred images, they unwisely conclude that what is there is blur. Others, to whom they tell this, think it therefore waste of time to look through the glass at all.

So not to know myself in the full content of my being is, very possibly, to miss much knowledge that most closely and intimately concerns myself. Not to know God is to regard myself as a mere fact apart from its purpose ; which would be as useful as a knowledge of optics to a man who never wanted to make, or use, a telescope.

Thus God and man are inseparably linked together. God is the unseen Spirit and Power ; man, its seen manifestation and effect. These two are separable only to limited faculty ; the wiser a man grows the more clearly he recognises that the two are one.

Pope, in his *Essay on Man*, is gloriously illogical ; for he says :

Know then thyself ; presume not God to scan,
and yet could also say :

One truth is clear, whatever is is right.

But this assurance necessitates a knowledge of God ; for, apart from this, and judging from outer sight only, many things in the world of man seem to be hideously wrong.

By many it is asserted that man has no spiritual telescope, no faculty for discovering what his outer eye cannot see. Hence

the world has plunged enthusiastically into science to the neglect of mysticism.

Many reasons have led to this. Intellectual faculty lies on the surface ; it reveals itself spontaneously, and we have but to cultivate what we find ourselves already possessed of. Requiring only the head, it leaves the heart uninvolved. One must, indeed, be resolute, and resist inclination to laziness ; but there are many incentives to industry which can be recognised and appreciated immediately.

On the other hand, spiritual faculty lies deeper in the nature, and does not always reveal itself spontaneously. Instead of beginning the cultivation when the cotyledon leaves have already appeared, we may have to dig the ground and wait for the seed to begin to grow. Here, too, the heart is directly involved. The heart that is not set right, that does not strive to be kindly, meek, and self-sacrificing, will never discover anything in the pursuit of divine philosophy. Also the rewards to be won, though really far greater than those of science, are not so obvious at first sight, and are not such as the outward nature of us longs for and loves. Nay, on the contrary, we must be prepared to face much that is very distasteful to the outer nature. The world will scorn us ; worldly success, fame, recognition, rewards, will not fall to our lot. So that, with regard to this path, as seen by the outer eye, the inducements are at a minimum, and the difficulties at a maximum.

Yet, to such as can discern the realities, it lacks neither inducements nor encouragements. There is a joy in the smallest progress that he who experiences it cannot describe in words ; and help comes unexpectedly in difficulties, before which the difficulty vanishes. The student knows, too, that, though there may be much to be borne at first, yet in the end he will have conquered the three greatest foes of man's peace—fear, care, and death ; and be for ever everywhere at home, free of the universe.

In saying this, we do not expect to find it readily accepted ; or think, with little persuasion, to induce men of science to study mysticism. What we would fain succeed in is to induce them no longer to condemn mysticism. No true mystic despises

science. There is no knowledge of outer fact that does not throw light on inner truth. No one recognises this more clearly than the great master about to be introduced to the reader. Let men, if they will, investigate and explore the wonders of God in every department of knowledge. Would it hinder them in this to recognise that what they were investigating *was* the wonders of God? Every man has his gift; and some are fitted for the study of science, and some for the study of philosophy. Let neither despise the other.

The quarrel of the mystic is not with the *discoveries* of science but with its *negations*. When we hear men say, in effect: "We are sincerely convinced that the works we are investigating are nothing more than the works of an abstraction that we call 'nature,'" we cannot resist asking them to allow that this is but an opinion which never has been, and (from the nature of the case) never can be proved. The conclusion from ignorance is (to the holder) as strong as the conclusion from knowledge. We do not ask them to accept what *they* cannot see; but we may ask them not to expect *us* to say we do not see what we do, simply because they do not see it. Knowledge is yet too far from its perfection to justify any in being dogmatic as to what it does not contain; or in rejecting evidence of what he himself may not yet have observed. "Nothing I see, yet all there is I see," is a piece of dogmatism that no really scientific man would ever allow himself to utter.

And just as scientific facts throw light upon the truths of Spirit, so would the truths of Spirit illuminate, and give a higher significance to, the facts of science. The two are brethren, and should do no wrong the one to the other. For God is unknowable apart from His operation; and His operation is illogical apart from Him. There has never been known to human experience an operation without an operator; or an operation which had not some end and purpose beyond itself.

But it is not only among men of science that mysticism finds opponents. The Jew, as well as the Greek, says St. Paul, is out of sympathy with spiritual perceptions. What the latter regards as folly, the former regards as dangerous (a stumbling block). There is a science which is falsely so called; and there is a

philosophy which is vain deceit (*Col.*, ii. 8). The context of this passage shows that what was in St. Paul's mind was a hard and fast religious system, which opposed to the "mystery of God" a pragmatistical rule of "meat or drink, feast day, new moon, sabbath"; and all such things which are as the body without the Head. There is no harm in erecting a system for the conservation of a threatened truth; but when the truth is established the system should be let go, and a further truth sought. Instead of this, we too often find that the system is still maintained, and regarded as if, instead of being made for the truth, the truth was made for it.

The Mystic has no quarrel with systems as such; but he must ever protest against systems set up as a boundary beyond which none may advance. The Lord spoke of one flock, but never of one fold; indeed, He expressly says: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold"; nor did He ever give authority to any to attempt to divide the sheep from the goats, and label one as sheep and the other as goats.

All systems are broken lights; useful if recognised as such, but disastrous if regarded as full and perfect light. Most disastrous of all, when, under them, *success in the pursuit of truth becomes replaced by success in the system*. The rewards of truth are never things of this world; the rewards of the system only too commonly are; hence the temptation to pursue these rewards instead of truth itself.

But it seems to the present writer that many opponents of system make as much a system of their anti-system as those whom they oppose do of their system. We ought to remember that while there are the few who can do without the help of a system, the many require this help. It is not system as such, but the unprogressive system, against which the Mystic protests. To use an illustration: To a child who has not mastered the alphabet the teacher may well say: "Stick to your letters and do not attempt yet to dip into higher branches of knowledge." But yet the teacher does all he can to prepare the child for the higher branches; and is glad when he is able to pass on to them. Thus should all systems be used.

But in the human heart there is often found a strange desire

to "draw the line" somewhere. We love to define, and erect boundaries. We like to believe that the journey is done, and that we are arrived; and so we shut up truth to our own apprehensions, and suppose that everything outside this is evil.

But while protesting against this spirit, the protest should be made without irritation or anger. There should be no calling of names, or imputing of unworthy motives; for "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." Least of all should the Mystic who, if anyone has, has weapons which are not carnal, resort to abuse and indignation. No world-power can shut up God's truth against the will of God; and if God sees fit to give it the victory over us, it becomes us to submit in meekness, rather than to resent and call names.

It is therefore with the greatest humility that we venture to make a plea for Mysticism before the great masters of the theological systems of the world. We shall probably be told that it is not Mysticism, but the particular conclusions of some self-styled Mystics, that are objected to. We reply that Mysticism never has been, and never can be, a shut in, sharply defined system. In a certain sense it is, and must be, systematic; for the perception of a thing as true evokes at the same moment the correlative perception of its contrary as false. But the wiser a man grows, the less will he rely on this latter perception; and still the less will he emphasise it. We are not appealing for the acceptance of any particular system; but for a wider recognition of the fact that the sole value of a system is the spiritual truth it enshrines; and for a less insistence on the system, and a greater on the truth. But this can only be done when the vastness of the content of truth is recognised; and that no single system—however useful as a preliminary aid—can express the whole of divine truth. It is also necessary to recognise the existence of a spiritual cognising faculty in man which, when opened, enables him to see truth directly, and independently of the system. All true theologians should admit the right of every man to see with his own eyes; remembering that the Spirit divides to each man severally as He will. And though no rational person would deny the right of any man to say that certain apprehensions are, to him, untrue; still he should give his reasons temperately; and,

having done so, leave the matter to the arbitrament of God. The use of might, to repress forcibly opinions we ourselves cannot accept, is never justifiable.

Persecution always shows a greater zeal for the system than for its truth. Demetrius seemed full of zeal for Diana; but his real care was for the profit he made out of her cult. No one can love truth, without also loving his brother, which involves the most important of truths. This is what we want; if we could love better we should persuade better. More have been drawn to the truth by the love of those who hold and teach it than by all the persecution and excommunication that has ever been practised. If we could find the *via media* between persecution and indifference, our controversies would be lifted to a happier plane; and we should find how much there was upon which we could agree to differ. And where we could not, we should be content to wait till God gave the ability to see.

We plead then for greater fluidity, and less eagerness to crystallise, in matters of truth. The door of the heart only stands shut while Christ is without. When it opens, He comes in; not in one entrance, but in many; and for these the door must be left open. It is only again shut when the Bridegroom has come, and those that were ready have entered in with Him. Even then, it is only shut to lip-friends, and earthly learning. Throughout the ages of eternity we shall ever be receiving new perceptions of His love and wonders and glory in the life in which all things are for ever new.

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The author we are about to study was a poor and (as worldly knowledge goes) unlearned man, to whom a wonderful opening of spiritual vision was given. To ask why to him, more than to any other, is a profitless question: "The wind bloweth where it listeth." He himself is constantly asserting that anyone who will strive to live in faith and humility may have all that he had. In his writings he tells us that his mind was set and bent on gaining the true knowledge of God; and that, for long, he sought in vain. Whereat, instead of giving up, he strove still harder to live purely and meekly; and in all things to do what his heart told him was the will of God. There was in him such a vehement

determination to go to the utmost of endeavour, that he resolved to persevere even if the attempt seemed to threaten utter ruin in worldly circumstances, and the loss of his bodily life. This splendid resolution was at length rewarded. Truth opened to him in spiritual vision. He saw in everything around him its spiritual centre and idea. His insight extended even to the very gates of the Deity ; for, as he says, without this all the rest would have been of small assurance and profit.

Feeling irresistibly impelled to write down what had come to him, he found himself—as he frequently says—unable to express it as clearly as he would wish. He complains that he can only stammer as a little child. This difficulty arose from two causes. First, the abnormality of his own inspiration ; not that it was really abnormal, but it certainly is so to the world, which cognises entirely through intellect. In him the spiritual vision was opened, which showed him the thing directly, without the ordinary mediation of the intellectual faculty. And yet he has to use this faculty to describe what he saw ; and his readers would mostly have to rely on this faculty in perusing his works. This is the second difficulty—that those to whom he tried to speak were accustomed to use only external faculty in the acquisition of ideas. He is quite conscious that by most he would not be understood ; but he is equally conscious that such as had spiritual minds would understand him. “We shall be clear enough to our schoolfellows,” he says, “and the worldly-minded who will not understand, had better leave our books alone.” He said that in those intervals when the Spirit left him, he could not himself understand what he had written under its influence.

To many minds this alone will be a sufficient demonstration of the valuelessness of his writings ; they will decide at once that he lacks the critical ability to weigh evidence. With men of this spirit it is no use to argue. It is the blind man easily concluding that, because one who tells him of the beauties of colour cannot read the date on a coin by feeling with his fingers, his evidence as to what he asserts is inadmissible. When conviction depends on the possession of a faculty which is absent, it is hopeless to attempt to persuade. One can only point out that, even by canons that are accepted, nothing but a negative conclusion can

follow from a negative premiss, and urge that the attitude of mind should be, "I am not convinced that it is true," rather than "I am convinced that it is false."

Thus most readers will find this author at first very hard to comprehend. Yet if they will but use some pains and persistence, one thing will soon become clear ; and that is, that however unintelligible his writings may seem, there is plainly a wonderful method and unity therein. We feel that his system is, to him, a single, logical, connected system. It is never self-contradictory ; the whole hangs together and is a unity ; and does not at all resemble the writings of the mentally incapable, which abound in inconsistencies and contradictions. This will encourage us to persevere in the effort to understand him ; and the present writer has found that this effort is rewarded in the end.

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The English translation of Boehme's works occupies four large quarto volumes, bearing dates from 1764 to 1781. There is an edition in smaller quarto of about one hundred years earlier. Both editions are rare ; the price of the larger is usually from £8 to £9.

A short account of his life is given at the beginning of the first volume of his works, and also in Bishop Martensen's *Jacob Boehme : his Life and Teaching*.^{*} There is an article on Boehme in Charles Knight's *English Cyclopædia* ; and also in Chambers's *Encyclopædia*. To these sources we refer the reader who desires to know something of the man.

For it is with his teaching alone that we are at present concerned ; and how best to set it forth has long been a problem to us. He has, of set purpose, made himself very obscure. For, like many of the most highly illuminated Seers, he seems to feel that there is danger in too clearly explaining the depths of God, lest ignorant and carnal minds should read, and profane the knowledge thus exposed to their view. So he sets, as he says, strong bolts and bars athwart his meaning which shall at once keep out the scorners and admit the wise. The result of this is that we ourselves have not felt entirely satisfied with the works we have seen, professing to expound him ; and we are equally sure that

* Hodder & Stoughton, 1885.

other students may very likely feel the same dissatisfaction with our own exposition. Therefore, it seems best to us to give our exposition as only what, after careful and prolonged study, we have gleaned of his meaning. The best we could write could never be as useful to the reader as the study of his works themselves; and it is not to relieve the reader from the trouble of this study, but rather to encourage him to undertake it, that we venture on this attempted exposition.

For if ever an author needed to be read and re-read, it is the one we are concerned with now. At a first perusal it seems hopeless to expect to understand him. Fortunately, however, his longer works, the *Aurora*, *The Three Principles*, *The Three-fold Nature of Man*, *The Mysterium Magnum*, and the *Signatura Rerum*, deal with the same concepts, all from slightly different points of view, and greatly help to explain each other.

Our own experience has been that the more we have read, the more clearly does some understanding of this wonderful philosophy dawn upon us, and also, that when it does, the pains we have had to take are more than compensated by the delight of attaining to such a wonderful exposition of the profoundest mysteries of nature and of grace.

Let it be understood, then, that we profess to give only what we have thus far been able to grasp of the teaching of this marvellous author. More than this we dare not venture to claim.

GEORGE W. ALLEN.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE best soldiers are not warlike; the best fighters do not lose their temper. The greatest conquerors are those who overcome their enemies without strife. The greatest directors of men are those who yield place to others. This is called the virtue of not striving, the capacity for directing mankind; this is being the compeer of Heaven. It was the highest goal of the ancients.—LAO-TZŨ.

ON MOODS

As we all know in theory, the Theosophical Society has as its work in the world the spreading of the great truths of the WISDOM, and most of us believe the fact that these truths are preserved to the world, generation after generation, by the great body of spiritual Teachers whom we speak of as the White Lodge. Those Teachers have their claim on our allegiance because They are the greatest servants of humanity. They stand out above and beyond all other Helpers of men by the immensity of Their sacrifice for the sake of the world, and by the perfection with which Their service is rendered. It is not too much to say of Them that Their very existence lies in sacrifice. Great as are the interests with which They deal, far-reaching as is the wisdom with which They scan the worlds and the evolution of humanity, none the less we know—as all of us have been told and some of us have observed—that despite that immense width of work and of duty They are in fullest and tenderest sympathy with the individual efforts of individual men and women. To us, of course, it is wellnigh impossible to realise how comprehension so vast is at the same time so minute in its observation. We ourselves, as our interests widen, are so apt to become more careless of details, are so apt to look on the smaller things of life as though they were insignificant. We are not yet at that point of greatness which is able to look on all things we call great or small as neither small nor great—that point of greatness which considers the perfection with which work may be done as far more important than the importance of the work in the eyes of the world. It is difficult for us, because we are not yet great, to understand this bringing together of points that to us seem to be so opposite in their nature ; and yet it is one of the profoundest truths in the universe that the greater the comprehension the more complete, tender and sympathetic is the attention to detail, is the feeling

with all that breathes. Greater in range of vision most certainly is the LOGOS of our system than the Masters who serve under His direction, and yet even closer than Their touch with Their disciples is His touch with all. Literally and perfectly true is that phrase spoken by the Christ that "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father." To that all-embracing Love and Life all lives which are part of Itself are infinitely dear and precious. In the immensity of the Mind which comprehends and supports them all, every distinction disappears, so that that phrase of the poet :

Closer is He than breathing, nearer than hands and feet,

is literally true of the LOGOS of our universe. And true is it also that They in whom His spirit is more manifest than it is in us, alike in the extent of Their knowledge and in the deepness and detail of Their sympathy, are more like Him than we are like Them.

But while this is true, the great Ideal that They present to us is surely one which we may well endeavour to some extent to reproduce in our lives ; for just in proportion as we can extend our knowledge, and deepen, refine and make sensitive our emotions, so are we gradually evolving along the line which at last shall bring us closer to Their perfection. And in this article I wish to urge the infinite importance to each one of us, as member of the Society, as member of the nation or the home, of trying to join together and to evolve in our own life these two aspects of the far-reaching and the detailed sensitive and tender feeling towards each. In the proportion that we reach the Wisdom, which is the realisation of the One Life, so also must be the proportion with which we manifest the Love, which is the unity of that Wisdom manifesting itself in the diversity of forms ; for just as Wisdom recognises that all lives are one, so does the separate life—realising that Wisdom and yet the infinite variety of separate forms—try to draw its own enveloping form towards the other envelopes of the Soul. The drawing together of the forms by the Life is that which we know as Love ; so that the Wisdom of the buddhic plane is the Love of the emotional plane. And as that Wisdom begins to bud on the higher plane its aspect in our emotions must flower in proportion. It is this recognition in our own lives of

the duty of knowing, and of the duty of loving, which builds up that rounded perfection of character after which each one of us should strive. In the past we have naturally evolved in a lopsided manner ; we have evolved perhaps strongly in the direction of knowledge or strongly in the direction of love and sympathy. It is our duty, now that we are beginning to understand things better, to take our emotions into our own hands and our evolution under our own control ; that we should see that these two things that seem so different down here are really but two aspects of the same Life as manifested on the higher planes of being. And as we see this intellectually and try to realise it emotionally, we shall be developing the type of character which approaches to the possibility of Initiation into the Higher Life, we shall be preparing ourselves for that growth of wisdom which makes possible the opening of our eyes on the buddhic plane.

Now, one great obstacle that we find in our way, both with regard to the growth of our knowledge and to the refining and deepening of our emotions, is the obstacle of changeableness in ourselves, that which we sometimes speak of as our changing moods. And these are very curious and strange : curious, because they seem to alter our whole attitude towards the very things of which really our certainty is the most profound ; strange, because of the enormous power which they wield over us. On what we call an April day, when clouds and sunshine are rapidly succeeding one another, we see a landscape at one moment dark, then bright ; then a portion shines out brightly while another portion is clouded, and so on ; as the clouds and sunshine change so the whole appearance of things, either shadowed or illuminated, alters ; the stream which shines like silver in the sunlight rolls grey and dull beneath the cloud. We see these changes and we know that they are due to the cloud and the sunrays succeeding one another in relation to these things, so that the relation between them is that which changes and makes the immense difference in appearance. And so with us. These moods which have such immense power over us, which influence us so profoundly, are the changing clouds and sunshine of the intellectual and the emotional temperaments—it is chiefly to the emotional temperament that these changing moods must be traced. For

although it is perfectly true that so far as the intellect is concerned it is sometimes alert and sometimes sluggish, sometimes quick to grasp and sometimes slow, sometimes inclined to labour and sometimes to be idle, those changes are really not of the essence of the intellectual nature at all, but only that of the intellectual nature as it works beneath the clouds or sunshine that come to it by contact with the emotional plane. When we want to deal with these moods which sweep over us we must trace them to their origin in the region of the emotions, and learn how they can be dealt with there.

I put side by side the moods of sunshine and of cloud because the sunshiny condition is quite as much a mood as the cloudy one—they go together, a pair of opposites, and if we watch ourselves, we find that just in proportion to the depth and completeness of the depression of one time is the brightness and completeness of the sunshiny mood of another. People who do not sink low in depression do not rise high in elation, while those who at one time are in a state of brilliant delight are those who at another sink down to the very depths of depression. It is a question of the swing of the emotions, and, just as in the swing of a pendulum, the further it swings one side, the further it will swing on the other side of the middle point, so it is also with our emotions. Now this is one of the marked peculiarities of western peoples, and we have it very largely from being born in western nations. For it is a very marked peculiarity that as we travel eastwards this great changeability of moods largely disappears—not entirely, but so much so that it is scarcely perceptible when one is accustomed to the immense changes which sweep over the western nature, and it is a point which I have often observed during my stay in India. I have found it has been for myself a matter of difficulty and continued struggle to reach the kind of equability of mood which seems almost the natural condition of the ordinary cultivated Indian mind. I do not, of course, know at all intimately the people of other eastern nations, but I should imagine from much that I have heard that this equability is also found among the people on the other side of the Indian Peninsula.

This equability of mood is an immense advantage; it pre-

vents a person from being thrown continually off his feet either in one direction or another, and if he is devoted to any particular ideal at one time you may expect to find him devoted to that when you meet him perhaps at long intervals. We, on the other hand, continually find that our attitude changes, so far as our emotions are concerned, to our ideals. And our moods change not only with reference to our ideals; I should like also to pause for a moment on certain moods which come to us that do not affect us so deeply, in order to clear them out of the way and distinguish them from the more important moods.

Now, first of all, we have a certain amount of changeability of moods caused by the nerves. Very often depression or elation, irritability or calm, are matters very largely dependent on the state of the physical nerves. And those who are students of their own nature should try to divide off the moods of that kind from those of a more serious nature. These things are to be conquered, to be got rid of definitely by a certain amount of reasonableness, common-sense and understanding. First we must separate them from the others; we must see how far our nervous condition is at the root of our changing moods—a little extra tension of the nerves, a little extra fatigue, a little less of sleep, will make all the difference in this type of moods. When we recognise that for responsible beings it is a thing of which to be ashamed, we should try to get beyond them by endeavouring to keep our bodies as healthy as possible, a duty to ourselves and to those around us; if the body is out of sorts then necessarily, unless we are very strong, there will be this nervous reaction on our moods. We may be strong enough to prevent it; we cannot be strong enough to work against it as if the nerves were in good order. And one necessity is the deliberate measuring of our strength and fitting what we do to that measure. It is not a question of the amount of work, but of the proportion between the amount of work and our ability to do it; the amount of work one can do will be different from what another can do, and it is no use to judge by the amount of work; we must judge the power of the person to do the work without being thrown into an overstrained condition. There is where common-sense and wisdom come in. My own rule for marking out my work is simply to see

how much out of all the claims upon me I can attend to, knowing what power I have at my disposal; and when I have marked that out, I do not go outside it, no matter how much people may blame me for not doing what they think I ought to do in attending to them—and that is often difficult, because it wants a certain amount of grim determination, when you have marked out what you have to do, not to let yourself be forced beyond it. Yet this is the right way for the Wisdom-student to act, not only because he has no right to break down in the service he is offering to his Master, but because it is not “duty” to do more than we are able to do, and that which is not duty is beating the air. That is an important lesson in occult teaching: we cannot effectively do more than it is our duty to do; if we try to do more, everything outside the duty is so much wasted time and work; it is mere folly to try to do it. There is also the great fact that by doing what is not our duty, we are preventing some one else from doing what is his duty, merely out of our own conceit. We often overstrain ourselves because we think we are the only people who can do this work. As a matter of fact there are many other people who can do it. This lesson in occult economy is one I recommend to all who are apt to overstrain themselves and break down. It is a blunder in practice, and hinders the evolution of those around us; they must evolve as well as we, and we have no right to take away from them their fair opportunities of growth by service. These overstrained nerves from overwork are things that should be looked on as absolutely wrong.

Let us put aside that sort of moods, and take another kind, which is very often very distressing, but would be less so if rightly understood. I mean, those that come from our increasing sensitiveness to super-physical conditions, before we are sufficiently evolved to recognise what those influences are. As we evolve our astral bodies, they not only receive more impressions from the astral plane but pass them on more to the physical body, and so we find a mood of great depression coming over us for which we cannot in any way account. Now very often such a mood is simply an overshadowing from the astral plane with which we have really no more to do ourselves than the stream which is shadowed by the cloud has directly to do with the

cloud. These clouds come over us from the astral plane, sometimes because one we love at a distance is suffering, sometimes because some misfortune is on its way to us and the shadow foreruns it—we have seen and felt it on the astral plane before it comes into view on the physical. Sometimes it is that there are troubles not of those immediately connected with us but of those in our neighbourhood, setting up some vibrations to which we unconsciously and sympathetically respond, and the wider our sympathies the more liable to depressions of this kind are we. People, for instance, who feel strongly about public matters, who are deeply interested in the welfare of large numbers of their fellow men, such people would feel very heavy depression sometimes from public calamities which are impending or going on at the time. Take, for instance, such a thing as the trouble caused by a great strike. Many people who do not suffer directly from it, who are not in themselves physically suffering directly, might get clouds of depression coming over them from the actual sufferings of the people under depression at the time, and so with many public events either coming or present.

What, then, can a person do when a mood of this sort comes along? The only way I know of meeting those is by the clear, definite recognition of the law; the feeling that nothing can come to us or to others which is not within that law, the feeling that whatever comes is working to a good purpose and for a good end, the intense inner conviction that just as when a trouble comes and we see it and understand it we deliberately train ourselves to accept it and live through it, so we are to deal with these vaguer and obscurer things. We need not let the vagueness overpower us; we should not let the obscurity blind us to the working of the law, and we should habitually cultivate the frame of mind which faces everything that may come with fearlessness, remembering that great truth written in an eastern scripture: "Brahman is fearless," and those who share His nature should also share His fearlessness. The cultivation of a spirit that is without fear is one of the very best things any one of us can do. To face the world knowing it is full of cloud and sunshine, and to be willing to pass through each in turn, refusing when the feeling

of depression comes to let it master us, recognising it as a shadow thrown upon us from outside, and declining to allow that shadow to influence the light that is within. That clear recognition that many of the clouds of depression are simply from the astral plane, the dealing with them as impulses that affect us from that region, the looking at them in this light, calmly and deliberately, will generally remove them from our path, and make them take their proper place as simply interesting psychological facts which we do not permit to disturb or affect our serenity.

These, then, are what I may call the less important moods : those that come from the nervous system, and those that come down upon us from the astral region. And all of you who are anxious to become more sensitive and to develop the inner psychical faculties, might consider, when dealing with these moods of depression, how, if you are affected by them, you would face the things which are casting these shadows ; how, say, physical life would be carried on, if you had continually in mind all these incidents on the astral plane which in the mere shadow cast down on the waking consciousness have so much power to depress ; because until you have grown entirely beyond being affected by such moods, until you have got rid of that lack of confidence in the law which makes it possible for these to affect you so strongly, it is better that your eyes should remain closed. It would be impossible for you to have a moment's peace or quiet, if that wider life pressed upon you, and if you could see on the one side all its troubles with the wondering how to meet them, and on the other all its joys with the inevitable elation and impatience that those joys would bring.

Passing from the less important to the more important moods, what is it in us which at one time makes us full of enthusiasm and at another quite indifferent ? Why, to put it plainly, at one time does our theosophical work appear to us as the one thing that makes life worth living and at another (if we speak perfectly honestly to ourselves) we do not care a bit about it, we have neither love for it nor wish to be in it. I know that is a strong way of putting it, but I do not think it is too strong ; I have felt this myself time after time. It is a hard and difficult mood to be in, mostly because it is a mood that makes people think they have gone

suddenly back in evolution, or made some tremendous failure ; it is nothing of the kind, and what is more, these feelings of not caring for, or of indifference towards, our ideals are not of themselves of any importance. What is important is our conduct under them ; what we *feel* does not matter much, how we *act* under the sway of the feelings matters immensely, and that is the real test of enthusiasm. Do we, when we do not care, act exactly as if we did ? Are we strong enough, when we feel that everything is dead, to go on exactly as if everything were pulsing with the most vivid life ? Can we work as strenuously, serve as completely, devote ourselves as utterly, when the ideal is dim and vague as when it is brilliant and filling our life with light ? If we can do this, our devotion is worth something ; if we cannot, there is still much to learn. And that is one of the thoughts I would like to arouse in all of us, because these changes of mood are not possible to escape until we have risen very high. I do not know, in fact, how high it is necessary to rise in order to get quite beyond those stages in which the attitude in feeling to the ideal appears to change.

And how shall we meet these moods ? First, I think, by a recognition of what is called the law of rhythm, which H. P. B., in *The Secret Doctrine*, puts as one of the fundamental truths ; and yet it is a law which few people understand at all, apparently, in its bearing on themselves. What are these moods of enthusiasm and indifference but the inevitable working of this law of periodicity ? These moods must take their part in our emotional and intellectual life—as inevitably as night and day, as necessary as night and day. A person who was without these changes would be like a person who is either always in the night or always in the day. But the wise man should endeavour to bring the day into the night and the night into the day, and that brings about what is often called the Higher Indifference, an equability that is maintained under all conditions. It is not that the night and day cease to follow each other ; it is not that the darkness and light do not still fall upon the soul ; but that the soul, recognising them, is no longer affected by them, feels them without being shaken by them, experiences them without confusing them with himself.

We will recognise then this law of periodicity, that the changes will come, and we will be ready to meet them. When the mood of indifference comes, we will quietly say to ourselves: "I was very enthusiastic for a considerable time; necessarily now I must feel the reverse." The moment we are able to say that and think it, the power of the darkness over us lessens; the darkness is there as before, but we have separated ourselves from it; we see it as an external thing which does not flood the recesses of the soul, we realise it as something belonging to the lower changing astral body. And by that very act of separation, by the recognition of the law that is working and that is good in its working, we remember the day in the darkness of the night, and we remember the darkness of night in the day. Some people do not care to remember the darkness during the period of light. But if they want to gain power over both they must do so. They must check the mood of over-elation quite as much as the mood of over-depression. The mood of lightness is more dangerous than the mood of darkness; it contains more perils, for it is just in the time when we feel most elated that we do the things that afterwards we wish we had not done, and lose that vigilance which the pressure of the darkness makes us maintain. The sentry is less careful in the light than in the night-time, and sometimes, therefore, more easily surprised. Most of the slips we make are in the time of brightness rather than in the time of darkness. Understanding the law of rhythm, then, is the first step towards becoming master of our moods.

The next step is the intellectual one, which definitely recognises that the ideal which is beautiful at one time must be beautiful still, although its charm for us may have vanished. That which is beauty cannot cease to be beauty because our eyes are blinded. We shall bring the clear light of the intellect to bear on the clouds, we shall realise that that which, when our sight was clear, was seen to be good is good, no matter what clouds may sweep around it. And just as the mariner takes his bearings by the sun and by the stars when he is able to see them because they are not covered by clouds, but steers by these bearings afterwards when the clouds have covered the sky, so should we, when the emotional clouds are absent, take our bearings by the sun and by

the stars of Beauty and of Truth, and then steer our course by those when the clouds have hidden them, knowing that these everlasting lights change not, although clouds may hide them and storm and darkness be around.

To understand, then, the law of periodicity, to base our ideals on the intellect and not only on the emotions (for the intellect stands by us when the emotions fail), these are two of our greatest means of becoming calm and peaceful in the midst of these changing moods. Then the steady attempt day by day to realise ourselves as the Eternal and the Changeless, and to put aside as not ourselves everything in us which is changing—that is the practice which leads us beyond the moods into peace. We must make it part of our daily thought. Let us give one minute, or a couple of minutes, in the morning, to this definite recognition: “I am the Changeless, the Eternal Self.” Let us say it over, dwell upon it until it becomes a constant music in life, which we can hear at every moment when we turn our ears aside from the noise and tumult of the streets. Let us make it the habitual thought, and it will become in time the ruling thought, so that always there will be playing in us this idea: “I am the Changeless, the Eternal Self.” The strength of that! The beauty of it! The glory of it! No one can even dream of it save those who for a moment have felt it. If we could always live in that, we should be as Gods walking the earth: even glimpses of it seem to bring the peace and the beauty of Divinity into our petty and sordid lives.

And it is not so difficult a thing to think of this each morning, and it is worth doing it. As we continually think, that we will become. All the Sages have so taught. All the Scriptures of the world proclaim it: as the man thinks so he is. And this thought is of all the truest thought, the most absolutely true that can enter into the mind. We are the Self, the living, the eternal, and the changeless. That is the thought, then, that means peace, the thought which makes all the moods unable to do any real harm, to change our steps in life. That they will not come, I do not say, but we shall not blunder by identifying them with ourselves. We shall no longer feel: “I am happy,” “I am unhappy,” “I am in light,” “I am in darkness.” We shall say,

when we feel that this lower sheath, this lower mind, is in the darkness or light, is happy or unhappy, is depressed or glad: "Let me see what I can learn from that changing experience, what useful lesson for myself or for the helping of others I can win from this experience through which the lower part of me is passing." For that, after all, is what we are here for, to learn what is to be learnt through these lower principles, which are so changing, so volatile, so irrational, so foolish. We hold them because they are valuable for the lessons that they can pass on to us; and how should we ever be able to help others, who are the victims of the moods, unless we ourselves experienced those moods, and experienced them when we were separate from them? So long as we are their victims we cannot help others, but if we did not feel them we should not be able to help others any the more; for if we did not feel them with them, we could not sympathise with them and therefore could not help. And that also I have noticed in the same eastern people I was speaking of before. They often fail in sympathy, because they do not experience the changes which would make them able to understand and thereby able to help. It is well that we should know by experience the pains which others suffer, but also well that we should learn to know them so that we can study them ourselves and not be conquered by them. As long as we are conquered we cannot be helpers. We have to learn at once to conquer and also to help, to feel enough to sympathise but not enough to blind. And suppose we could look at our own moods from this standpoint we should find that at once almost they had lost their power to sweep us completely off our feet. We should find we were becoming separate by the very fact of the analysis we were carrying on; and although at first it seems an intellectual exercise we should find it a step towards realisation, we should feel ourselves apart in the very effort to imagine ourselves apart. Then we reach that higher point so often spoken of in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*—to be above the pairs of opposites, above the *guṇas*, and also able to use them. For these are the great forces of the world which are affecting ourselves. These are the great energies of nature by which all is brought about that she brings about in her vast workings. While we are moved by them we are their

slaves; when we begin to control them we can turn them to the noblest ends.

These moods of ours that seem so troublesome are really our best teachers, and as we learn that we shall value them rather than dislike them or shrink from them. We shall feel that they are only our enemies while they are unsubdued, according, again, to a great phrase which says: "To the unsubdued self, the Self veirly becometh hostile as an enemy." The fact is that all these storms and whirlpools around us in the lower self are the very things that we have come into the world to live amongst in order that we may understand and use them; the things that we think are enemies are our best friends, they are the things that enable us to grow, that give us power to rule. The more we thus look on all in the clear light of the WISDOM, the more peaceful will our lives become; the more these moods are used to understand others for the helping of them, the more shall we rise above them as enemies until they become our friends. It is a great and a true saying: "We have never conquered our enemy until we have turned him into our friend." That is true of the lower self, it is true of all the surging emotions, it is true of all the difficulties around us, of all the trials and the ordeals through which we pass. We see them as serried hosts opposing our onward path; we conquer them, and find that they are great hosts behind us, ready to be led by us, into the battle which shall win the victory of the Self.

These are some of the lessons that I have learned in the light and in the darkness, and far more in the darkness than in the light. So that I have come to think that the times of light are only valuable as times of rest to prepare one for higher struggles and for greater conquests, and to look on the darkness as the welcome time, the time in which the Masters best are served, the time in which the world is lifted a little higher towards the Light. But it becomes true for us all at last that darkness is as light and light as darkness; it becomes true for us at last that darkness has no power to appal and no power to depress, that we know that those who would bring the light must be those who live in the dark, that the torch that sends its fire out around itself is but a dark piece of wood, and in the burning of the dark wood the

light comes to others, but not to itself. How shall we be able to go into the darkness of all Christs who have saved the world, except by learning to bear the passing darknesses which creep over us from time to time? The greatest lesson of all that we have to learn, the lesson that it is the one privilege of life to learn, and learn perfectly, is the lesson that those who would help the world must go below the world and lift it on their shoulders, that those who would bring the sunshine to others must accept the shadow and cloud for themselves. But in the cloud there is a fire, and in the fire there is the voice of the stillness, and only those who have the courage to enter into the cloud find therein the light which is the glory of the Self; they see the Flame, they know themselves as the bearers in the world of the Flame that illuminates, and they learn to know that the darkness and the light are both alike, because they are equally divine, because without the one the other could not be.

ANNIE BESANT.

THEOSOPHIC LIGHT ON BIBLE SHADOWS

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 165)

I NOW turn to another subject.

In Genesis iii. 21, we read: "The Lord God made coats of skin and clothed them." If this is to be taken literally what an extraordinary and novel sight is here portrayed for us: God as Adam and Eve's tailor!

Theosophic light, however, helps us in this matter. Let me quote from *Isis Unveiled*, where H. P. B. says: "These 'coats of skin' are explained by certain ancient philosophers to mean the fleshy bodies with which, in the progress of the cycles, the progenitors of the race became clothed. They maintained that the Godlike physical form became grosser and grosser, until the bottom of what may be termed the last spiritual cycle was reached and

mankind entered upon the ascending arc of the first human cycle."

In vol. i., 301, H. P. B. says again on this subject: "Arrived at the lowest point of the arc of the cycle which directly preceded life on this earth, the pure divine spark still lingering in the Adam made an effort to separate itself from the astral spirit, for 'man was falling gradually into generation,' and the fleshy coat was becoming with every action more and more dense."

Dr. Ginsburg, who has collated all the best known MSS. of the Old Testament, and given the fruits of his labours in his *Introduction to the Massoretico-critical Edition of the Hebrew Bible*, reveals an interesting discovery with regard to this text, though he himself does not grasp the significance of the fact; he says that one MS. has instead of "coats of skin" (the reading "luminous coats"). This, of course, would very well describe the descent into astral matter, the stage before taking on "coats of skin." It is most interesting because it implies a knowledge on the part of the writer of the gradual descent of the divine spark through the successive planes.

I find in *Isis*, vol. i., 299, that the theory of the astral luminous coats is supported by H. P. B.

I will quote the passage, which also contains a few words from the *Timæus* of Plato. "But, man must not be 'like one of us,' says the Creative Deity, one of the Elohim 'intrusted with the fabrication of the lower animal' (Plato). And thus it was, when the men of the first race had reached the summit of the first cycle, they lost their balance, and their second envelope, the *grosser clothing* (astral body), dragged them down the opposite arc."

In the Genesis account of Creation, light is called into existence before the sun or any luminous body; this has been and is a great puzzle to Christendom, but I find that in *Isis*, vol. i., 272, H. P. B. helps us out of the difficulty and again upholds the esoteric teaching of the Bible. "It is not to the sun," she says, "that we are indebted for light and heat; light is a creation *sui generis*, which sprang into existence at the instant when the Deity *willed*, and uttered the first 'Let there be light'; it is this independent material agent which produces heat by *friction* on account of its enormous and incessant velocity."

The divinity of man is very clearly set forth in the Bible, but Christians, because of their hide-bound dogmas, have great difficulty in believing it. In the Genesis account of the creation of man we have the definite statement that he was made in the likeness and image of God (Genesis i. 27). In the third chapter of Genesis (v. 22) we learn that by his fall into matter man became as God, a knower of good and evil.

In Psalm viii. 5 we read of man that he was made a little less than the Elohim and crowned with glory and honour. Remembering this, we are sure that Jesus, the Master, was not indulging in sarcasm when He exhorted His hearers to become "perfect even as their Father in heaven is perfect." In this evolution we perceive the Kabalistic axiom (of course, through a series of complex evolutions): "A stone becomes a plant; a plant, a beast; a beast, a man; a man, a spirit; and a spirit a God."

The divinity of man is expressed in the Epistle of James i. 21, though the English translation somewhat veils it. We should render: "Receive with meekness the inborn word which is able to save your souls."

S. Paul expresses it, too, in the Epistle to the Romans viii. 14: "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

S. John in 1st Epistle iii. 2: "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him."

The Godhead in man is most emphatically taught by the Master Jesus in answering the charge of blasphemy. In His reply, which is very remarkable, especially from the orthodox point of view, He directs our thoughts concerning Himself and His claims; in it He shows us that the difference of quality of all mankind with Himself is a matter of degree only and not of kind. The passage (S. John x. 34) runs thus: The Jews took up stones to stone Him, and Jesus asked them for which of His good works they would stone Him; they answer: "For a good work we stone Thee not; but for blasphemy and because that Thou, being a man, makest Thyself God." To that accusation His answer is very important when we remember the orthodox claim

for Jesus: "He answered them, 'Is it not written in your law (Psalm lxxxii.) "I said Ye are gods"? If he called them gods, unto whom the word of God came, and the Scripture cannot be broken; say ye of him whom the Father hath sanctified and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest, because I said I am a Son of God?' " And now to turn to another subject.

Thought-reading at a distance, about which there is so much incredulity in these days, is believed when read in the sacred records of the Scriptures. There is a splendid illustration of this in 2 Kings vi. Elisha the prophet warns the King of Israel, who was warring against the King of Syria, not to go near certain places because the Syrians would be there. Listen and let the passage speak for itself:

vi. 8. "Then the King of Syria warred against Israel, and took counsel with his servants, saying, In such and such a place shall be my camp.

9. "And the man of God sent unto the King of Israel, saying, Beware that thou pass not such a place; for thither the Syrians are come down.

10. "And the King of Israel sent to the place which the man of God told him and warned him of, and saved himself there, not once nor twice.

11. "Therefore the heart of the King of Syria was sore troubled for this thing; and he called his servants and said unto them, Will ye not shew me which of us is for the King of Israel?

12. "And one of his servants said, None, my lord, O King; but Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, telleth the King of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber."

The writer of Ecclesiastes (x. 20) insists on the transference of thought; he says: "Curse not the King, no not in thy thought; and curse not the rich in thy bedchamber; for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

This same author (vi. 9) has also something to say respecting the astral plane. He himself seems engrossed with the pleasures of the physical body and life, but shows his belief in the astral world, for he says: "Better is the sight of the eyes (physical) than the wandering of the desire," but this ought to be rendered "than the wandering of the soul," or astral body.

S. Paul is far more precise and very distinctly speaks of the *σαρκικός* (*carnal*), *ψυχικός* (*psychic*) and *πνευματικός* (*spiritual*).

In Job xix. 26 we have an instance of making the translation fit the Church dogma of the resurrection of this physical body, but the Hebrew text cannot by any manner of means be made to bear the strain. The Authorised Version reads: "Though after my skin worms destroy this body yet *in my flesh* shall I see God." And it stands thus in the Prayer Book in the Burial Service, a glaring instance of want of revision. The Revised Version has made an alteration, but still leaves it ambiguous, and renders: "After my skin hath been thus destroyed yet from my flesh shall I see God." The Hebrew of this passage certainly means, "But out of, or apart from, without the aid of my flesh, I shall see God."

Let us now take the doctrine of reincarnation. In the very first chapters of the Bible we find it very plainly set forth in the Hebrew, but it does not appear to the English reader. It is in passages of this kind that the translators have failed to take the reader into their confidence; whether it be intentional or not, it must make the intelligent inquiring reader suspicious of all the renderings of difficult or esoteric passages.

From the "dust of the ground" was man made—a brief statement of a truth accomplished only through countless ages. Into the nostrils of this man of clay did the Elohim breathe the breath of life (Genesis ii. 6), say the Authorised and Revised Versions, but the Hebrew says the breath of *lives*. When God thus breathed into man He imparted something—the divine spirit—which had the power of living through countless physical lives, or cycles of birth, we should say.

In the same chapter (verse 9) we read of the *tree of life* set in the midst of the garden, here again it should be "the *tree of lives*." This reminds us of the tree inverted, whose root is in heaven and its branches on earth, which I suppose is an emblem of the one spirit originally breathed into man, but which manifests itself and gains experience through numbers of lives, indicated by the branches on earth.

Probably reincarnation is meant in the passage, Genesis vi. 3: "And the Lord said, My spirit shall not always strive with man for that he is flesh." The Hebrew may be rendered: "And

Yahwè said, My Spirit shall not tabernacle in the man for an age or æon in that he is flesh." The LXX. supports this rendering.

The last verse of the Old Testament in Malachi contains a prophecy of the return of Elijah upon earth, and we have the declaration of Jesus that it was fulfilled in the person of John the Baptist.

That the belief in reincarnation was prevalent in the days of Jesus is sufficiently demonstrated by the question which Jesus put to His disciples respecting Himself: "Whom do men say that I am? They answered, Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some, Elijah; and others, Jeremiah, or one of the prophets" (S. Matthew xvi. 13).

This doctrine is implied in the account of the healing of the man born blind. His disciples asked Jesus: "Master, who did sin, *this man*, or his parents, that he was born blind?" It is, of course, obvious that the man born blind had not sinned in this incarnation, therefore what could be the point or sense of the question unless they had believed in a former life on earth for the sins of which the man was now suffering?

The Apocrypha come to our aid in this subject in at least one instance (Wisdom viii. 19), we read: "For I was a witty child and had a good spirit, yea, rather being good, I came into a body undefiled."

There is another subject of great interest to us which can be found in both the Old and New Testament, but I fear the English reader would not easily discover it. It is the presence of the little "man" the size of a thumb in the heart. *Vide* vol. i., p. 68, of *The Upanishads*: "The Man, of the size of a thumb, resides in the midst, within in the Self, of the past and the future the lord; from Him a man hath no desire to hide.

"This verily is That.

"The Man, of the size of a thumb, like flame free from smoke, of past and of future the lord, the same is to-day, to-morrow the same will He be."

The Hebrew word אִישׁוֹן (*ishon*) which means "the little man," occurs, I think, five times in the Old Testament. Three times it is translated "apple of the eye," once "black" and once "obscure." A strange misrepresentation of a beautiful teaching

The word first occurs in Deuteronomy xxxii. 10. "He kept him as the *apple of his eye*."

Proverbs vii. 2. "Keep my law as the *apple of thine eye*."

Psalms xvii. 8. "Keep me as the *apple of the eye*."

In this place the Hebrew is fuller than in the others; it adds "daughter" to the sentence, thus: "Keep me as the little man, the daughter of the eye."

Zechariah ii. 8. "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye, saith the Lord of Hosts." The word used here is רְבֵרָה "eyeball," ἄσπας λεγόμενον.

Samuel ii. 18. "Let not the apple of thine eye cease" (רְבֵרָה), *i.e.*, "Let not the little man be silent or perish."

Proverbs xx. 20. "Whoso curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness." *Ishon* is here translated "obscure."

Instead of this guess at the truth let me offer another which will attempt to do justice to the "little man" who is buried in "obscure darkness." Render it "He who curseth Father or Mother extinguishes his own lamp; in the 'Little Man' there is darkness."

Proverbs vii. 9. "He went the way to her house, in the twilight, in the evening; in the black and dark night." "In the black and dark night," render rather by: "In the 'Little Man' is night and darkness," *i.e.*, misfortune or calamity or ignorance.

There is one other passage in the Old Testament which might be classed with these, though the word אִישׁוֹן does not occur therein, but the idea is the same.

Psalms li. 6. "In the hidden (part or man) thou shalt make me to know wisdom."

There are at least three places in the New Testament where we find reference to the "Little Man," but under the expression "inner man" or hidden man of the heart.

They are:—

2 Corinthians iv. 16. "Though our outward man perish, yet the *inward man* is renewed day by day."

Ephesians iii. 16. "That He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His spirit in the *inner man*; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."

1 Peter iii. 4. "Whose adorning let it not be outward . . . but let it be the *hidden man of the heart*, in that which is not corruptible."

In conclusion I would direct attention to the wonderful Book of Job, the fifth chapter, seventh verse. The passage is one of the most pessimistic in the whole Bible, but by a correct translation it is transformed into a most glorious and helpful text. In the Authorised Version and Revised Version you will find the translation runs thus : " Yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward."

Now the true rendering is this, at least so I am convinced : " Man is born to trouble *but* the Sons of the Divine Flame mount up above it," *i.e.*, the man of earth, the physical body, is born to trouble ; true, but he possesses within him the germ of Divinity, which will cause him to endure all things and rise superior to any trouble. The Septuagint translates this passage thus : " Man is born to trouble but the young vultures fly up into high places," a curious rendering which shows they did not understand the meaning of " Sons of the Divine Flame," but it also shows, I think, that our English translation is not the correct one.

Having indicated some Theosophic teachings in the Christian Scriptures may I end with a scrap of advice in dealing with traditionalists on these subjects. Do not approach them from a standpoint which has been reached after many years and through much struggle, but look at these things from their standpoint and deal gently with them ; do not expect them to see at once the meaning—do not give them more than they are able to bear ; remember the Master Jesus's words to His disciples : " I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." Let us refrain from giving our friends mental or spiritual indigestion, or it may be truly said of them that " the last state of those people was worse than the first."

MATHÊTÊS.

THE simple nameless herd of Humanity

Hath deeds and faith that are truth enough for me !

EURIPIDES, *Bacchæ* (Gilbert Murray's Translation).

SEVEN LEGENDS OF KOREA

FOREWORD

THE following legends are taken from *Notes on Korean Lore*, published by N. Garin, notes written down exactly as Koreans dictated them, in the course of a journey through Korea six years ago. The present translation, made amidst the turmoil of war, has had to be shortened somewhat as to details uninteresting to the readers of the REVIEW.

In most of these tales, the moral requirements imposed by religion are distinctly the same as in the Western Asia of old: control of thought and conduct, endurance, faith, balance in trials and indifference to results. The Law of Blood, so alien to the sweet temper of the Koreans, seems to have resulted from some elemental worship which preceded the (superficial) influence of Buddhism, to which conclusion point also the many tales of elementals or "human animals" mixing with mankind, tales too of species of were-wolves—very monotonous in their details. The gentle influence of China—whose poetry and philosophy are so beneficent—is clearly felt, though naturally the high levels of the Chinese mind, as manifested in the Tao, are not attainable by their Eastern neighbours. Yet in the "Chance of Korea," the first of these seven legends, some traces of higher methods of contemplation may be discerned, and the graceful story of Sim-tchen is possibly a story of reincarnation pure and simple. All the elements of this doctrine are present: the self-sacrifice that procures golden harvest, after a drink of pure water that brings oblivion and a death-like sleep "in the sea"; the return to earth through the "sea" upon a ray from heaven; the blooming of the magic flower; the return of the memory of the past on reaching the "Kingship." The legend of the "Heavenly Companion" is a tale of the two-fold Manas, and in the other stories we have met with the expression "physical soul."

Thus faintly the eternal ideas of karma, of reincarnation, of the planes, of the bodies and principles of the universal life of man, once more shine back upon us even from the dim and entangled beliefs of the Hermit Kingdom.

I.

THE CHANCE OF KOREA

There lived, once upon a time, a great Korean painter, Kim-Ton-Tchuni. Great was his renown, but he wished it to grow still more.

Once he had a dream. An old, old man, robed in white, appeared to him and said: "There is in Heaven a Celestial River. It is more tender in colour than the sky, more transparent than the purest water of earth. To see it man's eyes must penetrate the very heavens, at the point whence falls the red radiance of Orion. Paint it, and thy work will bring happiness to Korea; but the picture will cost thee thy life!"

Kim awoke, and from that time nightly he watched the skies. Hundreds of nights came and passed, drowning the moonlight in the tender shining of Orion, and the starlight in the radiance of the moon. Still, Kim saw not the mysterious colour.

At last one night while he kept his watch he began to perceive particles that seemed to move in the airs of heaven. In the same instant new power fell upon the artist's sight, enabling it to penetrate into heaven, whither no mortal's eye could see. Kim's body sat motionless, while his soul, leaving the body, roamed the upper universe. All the while, for many nights, slowly went on the work of his picture, as if beneath the artist's hand.

At last, one night of light, when he had almost attained, the painter's sight left his eyes. The morning found him lifeless.

The picture remained; but no sage could explain it. Thus it happened that it was flung away amid archaic things stored up in the palace.

But far away in China a great Sage said to the Ruler: "In Korea is a picture left by the famous Kim. It must be bought at any price."

China therefore sent emissaries who purchased the painting

for a trifle, since no one knew or cared. Thus, and along with the magic gift, the chance of Korea passed to China. From that day forward China rose and Korea fell.*

II.

THE HEAVENLY COMPANION

There lived a son who was firm in filial duty; so devoted was he to the care of his parents that he found no time to marry. His father and mother were paralysed in their age. Their son carried them about in a vehicle which he drew himself. Thus his youth passed. At last death took the aged folk. That they might be buried with due honours their faithful son sold himself into slavery, and a splendid funeral ceremony to his parents being concluded, betook himself to his master.

On his way to his new home he was met by a maiden of marvellous beauty. She seemed shy, and afraid of the lonely road. He therefore accompanied her to her dwelling. As they walked together she asked: "Why are you so sad?" "Through misfortune. I have but to-day buried my father and mother, and now I have to leave you." But she replied that she would remain, and be his very own. She kept her word, and even into slavery she went, spite of his remonstrating, in his deep love.

"What canst thou do, O woman?" demanded the master.

"I know how to make fine silks," she answered, "even three hundred pieces a year."

"But no woman could do that in two hundred years," exclaimed the surprised master. "Yet if thou shouldst succeed, in a year hence, you are both free. Go and try."

Hard worked the husband at his common tasks, which often seemed too heavy even for his great courage; but ever calm and radiant his wife was by his side, cheering his heart and soothing him in his weariness.

Twelve moons went by, and the three hundred pieces of finest silk lay ready. Thus, at the year's end, the wife's fingers,

* A story goes among the people that, before the eyes of the Koreans, wondering why the picture was so eagerly desired, the Chinese emissaries approaching it drew forth a living fish.

by the silken threads she wove, broke the bonds of her husband's slavery. Now, the two were free.

When they had gone out of the city, and were alone beneath the open skies, the worn-out husband stopped, and, marvelling, said to his wife: "Who art thou, for thou art not one of us humans? Non-human is thy beauty, goodness, spirit, skill, and devotion. And how is it that thou lovest me, who am but an humble slave?"

"Yes, I am a denizen of Heaven," she answered; "I am a servant of the great God, O Konshanté, and my being is made out of the best qualities of thy soul. The hour has come, rise with me to Heaven, to the God, to thy parents. Rise, young and happy. In Heaven thou wilt forget with me the trials of the earth."

And the two melted together into the blue of the heavenly world.

III.

INDISCRETION

Where the Amhoka is encircled closely and without a break, on the Chinese side, by the perpendicular walls of the Chaifoon rocks, the river makes a winding course, and covers in its circuit ten *li*.

Once upon a time a woman, journeying through that wild region, descried a dragon labouring to sunder the rocks in twain by the mighty blows of his great tail, in order that, for the good of men, the Amhoka might run straight.

She saw, and could not hold her tongue, but cried aloud: "Look ye, look ye, behold what the dragon is doing." So she cried.

Instantly the dragon ceased his work. He rose into the heavens. And forthwith, as he rose, down rushed again the great Amhoka, whirling its waters as before around the grim rocks, and bearing too, and for all the future, in their tedious circuit, the toiling sailors with them—all by the fault of an indiscreet woman, whose silly cry broke the silence needful for a good work.

IV.

THE LAW OF BLOOD

A horrible thing exists: Eman-Aman, the law of blood-revenge. A Korean proverb says: "The life of one victim costs thousands of other lives." Whosoever bears the name of the murdered one, however remote his home may be, is under obligation to kill the murderer. Those again of the murderer's name avenge him in their turn.

On and onward from generation to generation blood demands blood.

The beginning of the end of that law came about in this manner. In the district of Kog'ni lived one, named Chan, who kept in his house the widow of his son. This young widow was stolen away by a man named Moun, who was caught and put in prison for murder, he having slain one who had tried to save the woman. Money, however, bought his freedom. But ere he was let go, and while he was yet in the cell, Chan broke in and slew him, and then forthwith accomplished the ancient rite. He seized the victim, tore from his bowels his liver, bit off with his teeth a fragment of it, spat it out upon the ground, and flung the rest to the street dogs.

This horror was the last. The kindred of the victim, having passed on to Russian territory, learned among their new countrymen quite other thoughts about revenge and duty. So it came to pass that the blood of Moun ran into the earth unrevenged.

V.

CONFUCIUS

Once on a time Confucius, with three thousand of his disciples, was passing through a valley and saw there a tree full of fruit. On each side of it sat a woman, eating the fruit. The woman sitting to the West was beautiful, slender, and white. The woman sitting to the East was not so handsome, and yellow of skin.

"This one is beautiful," said Confucius, pointing to the Western woman.

"But when you are called upon to make a thread pass

into a bead with ninety holes, then you will remember the Eastern woman only," said the yellow one.

"She is not handsome," rejoined the Sage, "and her mind seems wandering."

But lo! when he returned to Court, the Ruler gave him a bead with ninety holes. "If you are really a wise man, pass a thread into this bead, so that it goes through each one of these apertures."

Off went the Sage to the Eastern woman. He found her still at the same place; but the other woman was gone.

"Help," he cried, "I am in a great difficulty."

The woman took the bead, and plunged it into hydromel. Then, catching an ant, she affixed the silken thread to its body; and the little insect, running in and out to drink the coveted liquid, passed the thread through all the apertures. And the woman said to the Sage:

"I knew it all [how to solve this problem] because I am a messenger, sent by Heaven to tell its chosen one Confucius that it wishes him ever to be able to answer whatsoever questions humans can and will ask of each other."

Then she rose from before him up to Heaven, and the Sage fell on his face and thought all night.

VI.

THE LI DYNASTY

Five centuries ago came to the throne the reigning dynasty of Li. It came thus.

In the province of Han Juan, and the district of Koig'n, lived two families: Li and Pac. Li and Pac were heroes. A hero is born of a woman and of the holy mountain Men-San-Sorghi. A ray of the holy mountain penetrates the woman's bosom; and twelve months after the vision, behold a hero is born, born with wings which bear him away forthwith to the mountain where he is to be brought up. The parents have to keep the marvellous birth a close secret, else they never see their son again.

Such heroes were Li and Pac.

A new dynasty was about to be chosen by the nation. Then the dead father of Li appeared to him in a dream, and said: "On the third night of the moon, on the lake Zok-tchi, two dragons will fight, a blue and a yellow. Do thou shoot thine arrow at the blue; it is the father of Pac, the other am I."

Li did as commanded. The wounded blue dragon turned himself into the lake Toumangan. The yellow dragon turned himself into the river Zok-tchi, and ran into the lake.

Thus the hero Li conquered Pac, and became the first emperor of the Li dynasty.

And in the native villages of the heroes, marble slabs placed upon their tombs tell of their great deeds, written on the hard stone, by the very fingers of the heroes themselves.

VII.

SIM-TCHEN

Long, long ago, when the Japanese had not come yet, and while the monks of the Buddha were yet holy guests in Korea, there lived in San Nara a blind man with his wife.

Their greatest grief was to have no child. Thus when a daughter was born to them, they rejoiced exceedingly.

But the mother died in a week's time, and the blind Simpois was alone with his little girl, whom he named Sim-tchen.

Sim-tchen grew in strength and beauty, but her father could not see her, and to the praises of her answered sadly, "I am blind."

Once there passed by the door of his house a holy monk, who, hearing his complaint, asked the blind man: "What wouldest thou give to the Lord Buddha if He restored thy sight?" And Simpois made the vow to offer three hundred measures of rice.

"But wherefrom canst thou obtain three hundred measures of rice, since thou art so poor?" asked the monk.

Simpois answered: "It will be as I say, for no man could dare to deceive the Buddha."

"Bring then the rice to the convent," said the monk, "and thy sight will be given back to thee."

But once the monk had gone the blind man began to reflect

upon his words, and to doubt if his vow could be fulfilled. Therefore his anxiety was great, and he ceased to take nourishment. In vain his daughter strove to know the reason of his abstinence.

At length, melted by her tears, her father told her all. "Be thou no longer grieved, my father ; it was the Lord Buddha who caused thee so to speak, and He will make it all come true."

Some little time after these events, there came into the city men who were merchants, who were about to cross the sea. They announced a desire to purchase a maiden for sacrifice that they might be safe in storms, and the oceanic gods be propitiated.

"Here am I, buy me," entreated Sim-tchen, "and pay for me three hundred measures of rice."

But the night before Sim-tchen must depart, her blind father learned of her noble deed.

Great was his sorrow. He fell on his face and wept, entreating the merchants to take back the price, and forbidding his child to go.

But alas ! this restoration could not be. The rice was already within the walls of the convent.

So Sim-tchen came to her father's side, and tenderly kissing the old man, said : "Father, sometimes it comes to pass that old trees give forth flowers, and young trees wither. Behold the will of the gods, and death makes me not afraid."

So the maiden departed, amid the respect and honour of all in that city, and the compassionate tears of her race. She took her way to the sea, sat down upon the shore, lifted her fair face contemplating the deep blue waters, and the happy sirens welcomed Sim-tchen with greetings from the waves.

So she sat. But later the brightness changed to dark. The sun hid his glory in his golden dome. The windows of his palace shook with peals of thunder ; the water stood up in wrath. The dreaded storm had come.

This was Sim-tchen's hour. The maiden arose, took a bowl of pure water into her hands, prayed to the gods for the merchants' safety. A moment later, with closed eyes, she cast herself into the waves.

And suddenly there was silence, and a great calm, while the pleased sun, coming out from behind his tower of purple and

orange, shed down straight beams once more upon the sea, making it all gold. The ship shone, and glided forth peacefully.

Three years passed, the ship and her crew were returning with treasures. On the spot of the sacrifice, they beheld in the waves a rose floating, fairest of roses, of the sort men call "kangsen-hva." In memory of Sim-tchen they took it up. "It is herself," they said.

Arriving at their village they learned that the young ruler of the country was sick, nigh unto death, and that only a flower of the "kangsen-hva" family could save him. So hastening to the King they sold him the flower, in return for much gold.

Now this is the story of Sim-tchen after her great sacrifice.

The God of the Sea took the maiden from the depths of his kingdom, where she had dwelt in wonder and rapture, forgetting all matters of earth. He raised her up in deep sleep, and bore her upon a rainbow ray to the gardens of the King. Thus sleeping, Sim-tchen saw her dead mother in her dreams, who prophesied to her daughter, "Thou shalt be a Queen."

It came to pass that the King, holding the flower that had healed him, strolled forth in the garden, and found there this maiden, the fairest his eyes had ever seen. She seemed as if she were a sister of the rose that he held in his hand. "Who art thou?" he cried in wonder.

"I do not know," she said, opening her wondering eyes, for she had forgotten the past.

The King took her to him for his wife. Then, when the earthly tie was formed, the old mind revived, memory returned, her father's name came back to her, with the deed that she had done. And she told all the story to her royal husband.

The King sent forthwith and called Simpois to his presence. He came, and lo, the old man was blind no longer. "Were you never blind?" asked the Queen.

"I was blind once, but my child died for me, and my sight came back."

"Behold then, your child," said Sim-tchen. "Recognise your child's voice."

And so these three, crowned with bliss, have lived ever since together.

A RUSSIAN.

THE PERFECT SERMON, OR THE ASCLEPIUS

A SERMON OF THRICE-GREATEST HERMES TO ASCLEPIUS

(CONTINUED FROM P. 113)

[IV. M.] ASCLEPIUS. What, then, Thrice-greatest one, has caused it that man should be planted in the world, and should not pass his life in highest happiness in that part [of the cosmos] where is God ?

TRISMEGISTUS. Rightly thou questionest, O [my] Asclepius ! And we pray God that He bestow on us the power of setting forth this reason.

Since everything depends upon His will, and specially those things that are set forth about the highest whole, the reason that's the object of our present argument. Hear, then, Asclepius !

VIII.

The lord and maker of all things, whom we call rightly God, when from Himself He made the second [God], the visible and sensible,*—I call him sensible not that he hath sensation in himself (for as to this, whether or no he have himself sensation, we will some other time declare), but that he is the object of the senses of those who see,—when, then, He made him first, but second to Himself, and that he seemed to Him [most] fair, as one filled to the full with goodness of all things, He fell in love with Him as being part of His divinity.†

* *Sci.*, The Logos as Cosmos.

† The Greek original of this passage is quoted by Lactantius, *Div. Instit.* iv. 6, and runs as follows in Fritzsche's (O. F.) text (Leipzig ; 1842) :

“ The lord and maker of all things (whom 'tis our custom to call God) when

Accordingly, in that he was so mighty and so fair, He willed that some one else should have the power to contemplate the one He had made from Himself. And thereon He made man,—the imitator of His reason and His love.*

The will of God is in itself complete accomplishment; inasmuch as together with His having willed, in one and the same time He hath brought it to full accomplishment.

And so, when He perceived that the “essential”† [man] could not be lover‡ of all things, unless He clothed him in a cosmic carapace, He shut him in within a house of body,—and ordered it that all [“men”] should be so,—from either nature making him a single blend and fair-proportioned mixture.

Therefore hath He made man of soul and body,—that is, of an eternal and a mortal nature; so that an animal thus blended can content his dual origin,—admire and worship things in heaven, and cultivate and govern things on earth.§

By mortal things|| I do not mean the water or the earth [themselves], for these are two of the [immortal] elements that nature hath made subject unto men,—but [either] things that are by men, or [that are] in or from them,¶—such as the cultivation of the earth itself, pastures, [and] buildings, harbours, voyagings, intercommunications, mutual services, which are the firmest bonds of men between them-

He had made the second God, the visible and sensible,—I call him sensible not that he hath sensation in himself (for as to this, whether or no he have himself sensation, we will some other time enquire), but that he is object of senses and of mind—when, then, He'd made him first, and one and only, he seemed to Him most fair, and filled quite full of all things good. At him he marvelled, and loved him altogether as His son.”

* *Diligentia*.

† The Greek οὐσιώδης being again retained in the Latin. Compare “The Shepherd of Men,” § 15 (τὸν οὐσιώδη ἄνθρωπον).

‡ *Diligentem*.

§ This sentence is also quoted by Lactantius (*Div. Instit.*, vii. 13) in the original Greek which reads:

“From the two natures, the deathless and the mortal, He made one nature,—that of man, one and the selfsame thing. And having made the selfsame [man] both somehow deathless and also somehow mortal,—He brought him [forth], and set him up betwixt the godlike and immortal nature and the mortal; that seeing all he might wonder at all.”

All of which seems genuine enough, and therefore, as in the previous case, the original has been considerably glossed and truncated by the Latin translator.

|| That is, the “things on earth.”

¶ That is, the two elements mentioned.

selves and that part of the cosmos which consists [indeed] of water and of earth, [but is] the cosmos' terrene part,—which is preserved by knowledge and the use of arts and sciences; without which [things] God willeth not cosmos should be complete.*

In that necessity doth follow what seems good to God; performance waits upon His will.

Nor is it credible that that which once hath pleased Him, will become displeasing unto God; since He hath known both what will be, and what will please Him, long before.

IX.

[V. M.] But, O Asclepius, I see that thou with swift desire of mind art in a hurry to be told how man can have a love and worship of the heaven, or of the things that are therein. Hear, then, Asclepius!

The love of God and heaven, together with all them that are therein, is one perpetual act of worship.†

No other thing ensouled, of gods or animals, can do this thing, save man alone. 'Tis in the admiration, adoration, [and] the praise of men, and [in their] acts of worship, that heaven and heaven's hosts find their delight.

Nor is it without cause the Muses' choir hath been sent down by highest deity unto the host of men,—in order that, forsooth, the terrene world should not seem too uncultured, had it lacked the charm of measures,—but rather that with songs and praise of men accompanied with music,‡ He might be lauded,—He who alone is all, or is the sire of all; and so not even on the earths,§ should there have been an absence of the sweetness of the harmony of heavenly praise.

Some, then, though they be very few, endowed with the pure mind, have been entrusted with the sacred charge of contemplating heaven.

* The above paragraph seems to have been very imperfectly translated into Latin.

† *Una est obsequiorum frequentatio.*

‡ *Musiciis*; or perhaps "Muse-inspired"; a word which, like so many others, occurs only in the Latin of this treatise.

§ *In terris*, pl.

Whereas those men who, from the two-fold blending of their nature, have not as yet withdrawn their inner reason from their body's mass,* these are appointed for the study of the elements, and [all] that is below them.

Thus man's an animal; yet not indeed less potent in that he's partly mortal, but rather doth he seem to be all the more fit and efficacious for reaching certain reason, since he has had mortality bestowed on him as well.

For it is plain he could not have sustained the strain of both, unless he had been formed out of both natures,† so that he could possess the powers of cultivating earthly things and loving heaven.

X.

The reason for a thesis such as this, O [my] Asclepius, I would that thou should'st grasp, not only with the keen attention of thy soul, but also with its living power‡ [as well].

For 'tis a reason that most men cannot believe; the perfect and the true are to be grasped by the more holy minds. Hence, then, will I begin.

[VI. M.] The lord of the eternity§ is the first God; the second's cosmos; man's the third.

God's maker of the cosmos and of all the things therein; at the same time He ruleth|| all, including man, [who is] the ruler of the compound thing,¶ the whole of which man taking on himself, doth make it thus the same [as his own self], the proper care of his own love, in order that the two of them, himself and cosmos, may be an ornament each unto other; so that from this divine compost of man, "world" seems most fitly called "cosmos"*** in Greek.

* The reading is "*interiorem intelligentiam mole corporis resederunt*," of which I can make nothing; *resederunt* is evidently an error.

† There is here a "double" in the text, which the editor has not removed.

‡ *Vivacitate*.

§ That is, the æon.

|| Reading *gubernat* for *gubernando*.

¶ That is, the compost, or "cosmic" part of himself, apparently. Compare this with the "mixture" of the Gnostic treatise generally known as the *Pistis Sophia*.

*** The original Greek κόσμος is here retained in the Latin; it means "order, adornment, ornament," as well as "world."

He knows himself ; he knows the world as well.* So that he recollects, indeed, what is convenient to his own parts. He calls to mind what he must use, that they may be of service to himself ; giving the greatest praise and thanks to God, His, image† reverencing,—not ignorant that he is, too, God's image the second [one] ; for that there are two images of God—cosmos and man.

So that it comes to pass that, since man's is a single structure,—in that part [of him] which consists of soul, and sense, of spirit, and of reason, he's divine ; so that he seems to have the power to mount from as it were the higher elements into the heaven.

But in his cosmic part, which is composed of fire, and water, and of air, he stayeth mortal on the earth,—lest he should leave all things committed to his care forsaken and bereft.

Thus human kind is made in one part deathless, and in the other part subject to death while in a body.

XI.

Now of that dual nature,—that is to say of man,—there is a chief capacity. [And that is] piety, which goodness follows after.

[And] this [capacity] then, and then only, seems to be perfected, if it be fortified with virtue of despising all desires for alien things.

For alien from every part of kinship with the gods‡ are all things on the earth, whatever are possessed from bodily desires,—to which we rightly give the name “possessions,” in that they are not born with us, but later on begin to be possessed by us ; wherefore we call them by the name possessions.§

All such things, then, are alien from man,—even his body.

* The idea is that man is a microcosm ; he is, as to his bodies, “cosmic” (“mundanus homo”), for his vehicles are made of the elements ; he is thus in these an image or seed (microcosm) of the universe, the macrocosm.

† *Sci.*, cosmos.

‡ *Ab omnibus divinæ cognationis partibus.*

§ This seems somewhat tautological. The first clause runs : “*quæcunque terrena corporali cupiditate possidentur ; quæ merito possessionem nomine nuncupantur.*” This Latin word-play seems almost to suggest that we are dealing with an embellishment of the translator ; it may, however, have stood in the original.

So that we can despise not only what we long for, but also that from which the vice of longing comes to us.

For just as far as the increase of reason leads our* soul, so far one should be man. In order that by contemplating the divine, one should look down upon, and disregard the mortal part, which hath been joined to him, through the necessity of helping on the lower† world.

For that, in order that a man should be complete in either part, observe that he hath been composed of elements of either part in sets of four ;—with hands, and feet, both of them pairs, and with the other‡ members of his body, by means of which he may do service to the lower (that is to say the terrene) world.

And to these parts [are added other] four ;—of sense, and soul, of memory, and foresight, by means of which he may become acquainted with the rest of things divine, and judge of them.

Hence it is brought about that man investigates the differences and qualities, effects and quantities of things, with critical research ; yet, as he is held back with the too heavy weight of body's imperfection, he cannot properly descry the causes of the nature of [all] things which [really] are the true ones.

Man, then, being thus created and composed, and to such ministry and service set by highest God,—man, by his keeping suitably the world in proper order, [and] by his piously adoring God, in both becomingly and suitably obeying God's good will,—[man being] such as this, with what reward think'st thou he should be recompensed ?

If that, indeed,—since cosmos is God's work,—he who preserves and adds on to its beauty by his diligence, joins his own work unto God's will ; when he with toil and care doth fashion out the species§ (which He hath made [already] with His divine intent), with help of his own body ;—with what reward think'st thou he should be recompensed ;—unless it be with that with which our forebears have been blest ?

* Lit., my.

† Reading *inferioris* for *interioris*, as immediately below.

‡ This seems very loose indeed ; the text or the Latin translation is probably at fault, unless the "other members" are supposed to be grouped in sets of double pairs.

§ Singular ; that is, the species in the cosmos, according to the type in the divine mind.

That this may be the pleasure of God's love, such is our prayer for you, devoted ones.

In other words, may He, when ye have served your time, and have put off the world's restraint, and freed yourselves from deathly bonds, restore you pure and holy to the nature of your higher self,* that is of the divine !

XII.

ASCLEPIUS. Rightly and truly, O Thrice-greatest one, thou speakest. This is the prize for those who piously subordinate their lives to God and live to help the world.

TRISMEGISTUS. [To those], however, who have lived in other fashion impiously,—[to them] both is return to heaven denied, and there's appointed them migration into other bodies† unworthy of a holysoul and base; so that, as this discourse of ours will show,‡ souls in their life on earth run risk of losing hope of future immortality.

But [all of this] doth seem to some beyond belief; a tale to others; to others [yet again], perchance, a subject for their mirth.

For in this life in body, it is a pleasant thing—the pleasure that one gets from one's possessions. 'Tis for this cause that spite, in envy of its [hope of] immortality, doth clap the soul in prison,§ as they say, and keep it down, so that it stays in that part of itself in which it's mortal; nor suffers it to know the part of its divinity.

For I will tell thee, as though it were prophetically,|| that no one after us shall have the single love, the love of wisdom-loving,¶ which consists in gnosis of divinity alone,—[the practice of] perpetual contemplation and of holy piety. For that the many do confound philosophy with multifarious reasoning.

ASCLEPIUS. Why is it, then, the many make philosophy

* Lit., part.

† *In corporalia . . . migratio.*

‡ The Latin here does not construe.

§ *Obtorto . . . collo.*

|| *Ego enim tibi quasi prædivinans dixero.* Notice the *dixero*,—the "prophetic" tense, if we may be permitted to coin a term to characterise this use, which reminds us so strongly of the "Sibylline" literature and the allied prophetic centonism of the time.

¶ Lit., philosophy.

so hard to grasp ; or wherefore is it they confound this thing with multifarious reasoning ?

XIII.

TRISMEGISTUS. 'Tis in this way, Asclepius ;—by mixing it, by means of subtle expositions, with divers sciences not easy to be grasped,—such as arithmetic, and music, and geometry.

But pure philosophy, which doth depend on godly piety alone, should only so far occupy itself with other arts, that it may [know how to] appreciate the working out in numbers of the fore-appointed stations of the stars when they return, and of the course of their procession.

Let her, moreover, know how to appreciate the earth's dimensions, its qualities and quantities, the water's depths, the strength of fire, and the effects and nature of all these. [And so] let her give worship and give praise unto the art and mind of God.

As for [true] music,—to know this is naught else than to have knowledge of the order of all things, and whatsoe'er God's reason hath decreed.

For that the order of each several thing when set together in one [key] for all, by means of skilful reason, will make, as 't were, the sweetest and the truest harmony with God's [own] song.*

XIV.

ASCLEPIUS. Who, therefore, will the men be after us ?

TRISMEGISTUS. They will be led astray by sophists' cleverness, and turned from true philosophy,—the pure and holy [love].

For that to worship God with single mind and soul, and reverence the things that He hath made, and to give thanks unto His will, which is the only thing quite full of good,—this is philosophy unsullied by the soul's rough curiousness.

But of this subject let what has been said so far suffice.

G. R. S. MEAD.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* Compare " heaven's harmonious song " in Chap. xxviii. below.

THE SILENT GARDEN

THERE is, running towards the river, an alley of old houses which bears an evil reputation in the district of South London wherein it stands. For this reason a community of Sisters of Mercy have settled there ; and, from the same cause, the big, rickety old house nearest the river has been taken by a small body of laymen who are devoted to the task of bettering the condition, mental and moral, of their less prosperous brethren. In this house one morning in spring, when the old plane tree in the little black yard without was beginning to show touches of delicate green, sat Philip Merton, the originator of this little community. He was a middle-aged man ; tall, vigorous, keen-eyed, and kindly. The room in which he sat was carpetless and sparsely furnished ; it was very clean, very simple, but not especially ascetic in aspect ; it was definitely secular in its atmosphere. There were two good engravings on the painted walls ; the subject of neither was religious ; the bookshelves held a very catholic assortment of books. Philip Merton sat at a huge writing-table covered with papers ; he was writing, and when he heard a knock at the door he shrugged his shoulders before he called " Come in," with the action of a busy man used to be interrupted in his work, both in and out of season.

When the door opened, he rose with an air of welcome.

" I didn't think it was you, Dennis," he said. " I'm glad. I suppose you've come to hold your tongue, as usual."

His visitor laughed.

" I came to see you."

" You came to look at me in silence. I know ! To see me is a very accurate description of your purpose."

Philip Merton was used to dealing with all sorts and conditions of men ; occasionally, however, he, like other people, made a mistake. He thought his guest needed " rousing." This visitor

whom he reproached with silence, was a very young man who looked three years younger than his age ; he came from a home in which riches would thankfully have been bartered by the inmates for peace and a decent modicum of happiness ; his father was living, though he was now in very bad health, the result of years of intemperance ; his mother was crushed and broken-hearted, her nerves shattered, her temper soured by misery ; the daughters of the house were married ; Dennis, the only son, was some years their junior ; he, of the five children of a wretched marriage, was the only one left at home. He sat down listlessly, colouring a little at his host's words, and listened to the noises in the alley without.

After a short space of silence Philip Merton spoke to him, and the young man answered. He spoke slowly and dreamily ; his grey eyes were dull ; he lay back in his chair in a curiously limp and motionless fashion.

"Are you ill to-day, Dennis ?" said Merton. He spoke very gently, for he knew, as few did, the horrors of the home in which his visitor had lived for twenty little-cared-for years.

"No, thanks. I have a headache."

"You'd rather not talk ?"

"I didn't mean to talk. I came here to be quiet. I was up last night, and two nights before, with my father. He will die soon, and he likes to have me with him."

"I didn't know he cared for you specially."

"I do not know that he does. But he has me with him day and night, if he can."

"Is he delirious ?"

"Not now. Except that he hears music. Isn't it odd that he should hear music ? His delirium used to take horrible forms. But now he is quiet ; except that he hears the hymns they used to sing in the school chapel when he was a boy."

"People often go back to their childhood when their life is nearly over. This is a strain on you, I am afraid, Dennis. You look very tired."

"It is a strain. But it has been a seventeen years' strain ; and it is less, now that it is nearly over, than it was when I was younger."

"Seventeen years! Hardly that."

"I am twenty. The vague sense of fright and strain began when I was three years old. I knew all about it when I was six. You think me queer. I do not think even you realise what has helped to make me so. You know much of what you call sin, but you don't know what it is to live under the same roof with a man who is unnerved and savage with drink when he is supposed to be sober; and a violent madman when he is known to be drunk."

"I know how you—and he, too, for that matter—have suffered."

"No. You do not know that. You do not know how I have suffered; and you do not know, as I know, the measure of his suffering either. You do not know what it is to lie hour after hour, a little quivering slip of a nervous child, and watch and listen, and listen and watch, till the gate creaks, the gravel cracks, and the stairs shudder as he staggers up them, swearing at them and God and his own soul. You don't know the terror of the little child at the grief and fear of his elders, his mother and sisters; of the black pall of fright that lies over the house as they go to and fro with white faces, and twitching nerves, and red eyes, whispering how he has gone, and when he will come, and what he will do; smiling ghastly sometimes at the child when they remember him, and telling him to play. Play! his little heart is solemn as a funeral dirge, and sick with horror he but half understands. When I was twelve years old our old Scotch cook told me ghost stories, and then the fear of the unseen was added to the dread of the seen. I think I was quivering to and fro between semi-sanity and sheer madness, when the thing happened which I am going to tell you, if you'd care to hear it. You say I don't talk. Perhaps you would like a change? Or shall I bore you?"

"Go on. I should like to hear."

"These ghost dreads came and went capriciously. Sometimes I would be brave; sometimes for no known reason the fright swept down on me, and I lay half the night wet and limp and quivering with terror which I was afraid to own. I had a very bad attack of these terrors; I think I had not slept till day-

light for three nights ; on the fourth night he came home late, and worse than we had ever seen him. I don't know where he had been ; I think he was drugged as well as drunk, for he had been robbed, and he knew no one. He flung himself down on a bed ; and my mother, thinking he slept, touched him to loosen his clothes about the throat, for he breathed heavily. He sprang up, caught the hangings of the bed and tore them down ; the iron rods broke ; then he tried to fling himself over the stair rail, sheer down into the square stone-paved hall below. My mother shrieked—that is a thing one should not do before a child, if one can help it ; the child does not leave off hearing it for weeks—she threw herself on his arm and pushed him so that he swerved ; and he, and she too, fell down the stairway to the landing ; my sisters ran out of their rooms, screaming. I was kneeling on my bed in the half dark, looking into the lighted passage. I was cold as ice, and quite rigid ; I think, looking back, in one minute more I should have been mad, when suddenly I was taken out of the place. Not bodily, of course ; but *I* was taken ; and that has happened ever since, every now and then. Not very often ; but now and then.”

“ Where were you taken ? ”

“ I don't know. But I call the place the ‘ silent garden.’ ”

“ What is it like ? ”

“ It is a green garden. There are no flowers in it ; but only a wonderful growth of leafage, and shades of green. The play of the light on the grass and leaves and water gives colour enough ; besides there are mists like opal and amethyst among the trees. There is much water in the place ; you never saw such water. It is very clear—diamond-white ; but where it foams and rushes it is milk-white ; the pools are blue too, and green, and faint blue-white, and silver, and orange-brown ; there are little streams, and smooth lakes, and torrents and little pools set round with water grass and weeds. Such water ! such green ! such silence !

“ You like silence, Dennis.”

“ Don't you think we have enough din ? Sometimes when my father can spare me I sleep up on the roof of our house ; it's flat. I hear the noise come ringing up from the streets, and from

this place where you preach 'to the spirits in prison'; the noises of the night are more hideous than the noises of the day; I long for my silent garden, and I cry: 'O dark night of ignorance, O black sea of sin! O sea of sorrow! sea of pain, full of drowning cries and groans of those who choke in its waves! O sea of most bitter waters! how long shall we be hindered by thy raging, and deafened by thy roar?'"

"Is there no sound in your garden? No living thing?"

"Living things? It is all life. Every leaf quivers with the joy of it. Sound? Are you thinking I am mad?"

"No, no."

"At first I heard no sound. Well! Now there is no sound, but there ought to be."

"Why?"

"In the centre of the garden I have found a well, with hazel bushes all round it. By the well there sits one—a god, I think—who plays upon a pipe made of one of the reeds of the garden. I know he plays, for it is always at his lips; but I cannot hear the music."

"Was he always there?" said Merton gently. He did not think his guest was mad; but he thought a sorely strained and most delicately complex nature had caused a fair and gracious delusion.

"In another household," he thought, "he would have been cared for and trained; born into a home so sad, these 'sweet bells' of thought are jangled and confused; poor boy!" Aloud he repeated: "Well, Dennis, was he always there?"

"I did not see him at first. But lately I have seen him. He was there just now."

"Were you there just now?"

"Yes, when you spoke to me; and I answered as though I was not listening to you."

"And you never hear his music?"

"I never hear it. But—I'm sure you're thinking I'm mad—just now—it was very strange—"

"How so?"

"I never knew where I was taken before."

"And now?"

"I am not taken anywhere. My silent garden's here. It must have been there on the first night I went there. When all was fear and misery in our house, the silent garden was there too. Just now as I was thinking how squalid and ugly this alley is, I found I was in my garden; only this time I was in both places at once; that's how I managed to answer you. I felt both."

"How?"

"I can't tell you. I don't think my garden seems to be *in* this place; and yet—it seems to be related to it somehow. They're both—I'm very dull; I don't know how to put it."

He sat silently for a little while, thinking; at last he rose, said good-bye in his gentle dreamy fashion, and went away.

Three weeks later his father died; his mother went to stay with her eldest daughter, and Dennis, until his plans for the future were settled, came to the rickety old house to visit Philip Merton.

It was a house through which passed strange surgings of life. The little knot of men who lived there were of very diverse types; they were alike only in this: they were all filled with a keen sense of the crooked ways of life, and a passionate desire to make them straight; but they strove to do this by very different methods. They were of differing creeds; a few held no creed; one strenuously denied the truth or desirability of any form of worship; this man worked more zealously than any, in order that people should become upright and truth-loving, that the streets should be fair and cleanly, the houses well cared for, and the children taught and trained.

Philip Merton was the eldest of the little community; he was the founder; moreover, he was one of those to whom others talk freely and confidentially, consequently his room was the centre of the life which flowed from the old house to animate a score of enterprises in the district.

One night, when he who lived in the silent garden had been a week under the roof of the community house, Merton was reading in his room. It was very late, and a tap at the door startled him.

"Come in," he called; and the man who so strenuously denied the value of religious observances, entered. He looked greatly moved, excited, and inspired.

"Did you hear that music?" he cried eagerly.

"Music? No."

"Not? Oh you must!"

"I didn't. What was it like?"

"It was the sound of a flute. But it was like no music I ever heard. It was the voice of one's own soul, that one can never utter. It was like the triumph song of a race of gods. Ah! if we could make——" And he began to talk with eagerness and passion of the schemes he had on foot, and the great day that should dawn at last.

Week by week the same thing happened. Man after man in the little community came eagerly to Merton speaking of the music he had heard. No man, moved and inspired as all were by it, seemed to dream it was other than natural; plain, simple, and even as his mother tongue. Moreover, no two men described it quite alike. At last Merton heard it himself; faint, delicate, unearthly, with a strange sound therein of many waters.

The Sisters in the neighbouring "Refuge" heard it; it was said it had been heard in a music-hall of very evil repute which stood in the next street. Some heard it as a familiar tune linked to them by some fair memory; as, for example, an old dying woman, who heard the hymn she loved best:

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks continually are green,
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers as nowhere else are seen.

She had lived forty years in the narrow alley; but as a girl she lived among the flowers, fruit, and pot-herbs of an old farmhouse garden; and heaven in her eyes was a place of "gallant walks," with a goodly scent of crimson roses, verbenas, and lavender bushes.

Some people heard the pipe as a song of victory; some as a hymn of praise; a few heard it as a voice that sorrowed with their sorrows; the tones of one "acquainted with grief," singing of a joy that lay beyond pain, as their sure heritage.

There was one person in the house who never heard the music; and that was Dennis. As the talk concerning it reached his ears he grew troubled because he never heard it. He had not entered the silent garden for many weeks; and his sordid and squalid surroundings were beginning to weigh heavily upon him.

"I wonder," he said one day, dreamily, "whether it is that piping you hear. I wish I could hear it."

His eyes filled with tears as he spoke.

"We do not know that it is other than natural," said Merton, hesitatingly, "though I am bound to say I can hardly think it is so."

"Of course it is natural; but it comes from the silent garden. What is nature there is not nature here."

He became silent; his eyes half closed; Merton had forgotten his presence when he heard a cry, and turned towards him. Dennis was standing; his face shone as though a light gleamed from it.

"I have found out why I never hear it," he cried. "He spoke to me. I heard his voice. He said: 'Has a pipe ears to hear? If my music be given to men, the piper must have where-with to make his melody. The green reeds of the river rustle in the wind; and the dry reed carven and wrought into a pipe for my mouth gives music as I will. But a song may not hear its own sweetness; nor a pipe know the fair music it gives.'"

As Dennis ceased to speak he fell heavily to the floor. When Merton lifted him he saw he had returned to the silent garden; whence, having done the work given to him for a space, he did not return.

It was very generally said that this was well; for he was conspicuously unfit to battle with the world, or to do therein any useful work.

MICHAEL WOOD.

HE who raises himself on tip-toe cannot stand firm; he who stretches his legs wide apart cannot walk.

The soft overcomes the hard; the weak overcomes the strong. There is no one in the world but knows this truth, and no one who can put it into practice.

In the highest antiquity, the people did not know they had rulers. In the next age they loved and praised them. In the next, they feared them. In the next, they despised them.—LAO-TZU.

THE CONFLICT WITH MATERIALISM

"NAY, pious souls! seek not the devil in the exact sciences. You have him in your very midst, in practical materialism, whose most gigantic revelation is the spirit of the industrialism of the nineteenth century."

Den Nya Grottesången.

THE conflict between good and evil has many phases, many different forms. There is one fight which takes the form of single combat in the inward self of humanity, while that in the outer world rages in the shape of a ceaseless warfare between true idealism and materialism. In this conflict, no one has the right to be neutral. In this case it is a question, in the fullest meaning of the words, "He who is not with me is against me." Everyone is bound to take his part in this strife, to which may be applied that law laid down by Solon, that when conflict arises within the state no citizen has the right to declare himself neutral, to remain passive.

It was a foregone conclusion that Viktor Rydberg, in his character of idealism's chief standard-bearer, not in our land alone,* but throughout the whole Scandinavian north, must of necessity play the self-assumed *rôle* of leader in this our warfare against materialism. During earlier periods of his life, his weapons were directed principally against the abstract forms under which the enemies of idealism appear, but the older he grew the more directly did he take part in the practical battle against materialism.

It is against the modern race for wealth, as the medium for satisfying the lust of pleasure, first and foremost, that Viktor Rydberg in the *Grottesången* has turned the point of his mighty poet-sword.

With the least amount of labour
Change the muscle into gold,

* Sweden.

is the formula according to which industrialism solves the Grotto problem. This is the first commandment in the law of mammon-worship; and the second is :

Pity for the weak one's lot
Breaks the law of evolution ;

and the refrain of the festal hymn in praise of mammon runs thus :

Now Lazarus at the beam toils slow along,
With wounded foot, until at length he falls ;
Nor for the pauper's sake, the orgies in those halls
Are vexed, nor discord jars the feasting revellers' song.

Viktor Rydberg once more allows old Ahasuerus* to appear upon the scene,—this time that he may, from the rich experience of his wanderings, seek points of comparison between the misery of former ages and that of our own day, and that from these he may draw his conclusions :

“ If I could characterise, in a few words, the misery of the closing nineteenth century as compared with that of previous ages, I should say that it consists of systematic poverty, organised in a manner by industrialism, in contradistinction to unorganised poverty; of poverty justified by theory, instead of theory-free; of poverty that looks hopelessly away from religion, instead of that poverty which the Church compassionately cared for, petted, increased by unwise almsgiving, but also relieved, comforted and even ennobled. And finally,—a fermenting poverty, laying plans for the complete subversion of society, in contradistinction to the poverty of former ages, which, although occasionally tempestuous, was, as a rule, patient and apathetic.

“ Previous centuries owned many small hand-mills for misery. The nineteenth century has seen the erection of one huge mill, which will soon embrace the whole humanity of our planet. The Grotto-Mill of the myth has been changed to reality. It is not the life of the workman only that it demands; it devours all alike with the same rapacity.

“ The buyer of work and the seller of work are alike hurried under its fly-wheel, fall under it and are crushed to death. There are but few who can consider themselves even to some extent

* The Wandering Jew.

safe from the devouring monster. Worry has taken possession of almost every mind. The voice of song, natural and spontaneous, inspired by calm happiness, or by its equally fair kinswoman, calm sorrow, is heard less and less frequently from the grove, the cornfield, the cottage, and the castle. Worry has driven it away. Worry begins to lay hold even of the children.

“A preacher’s voice cleaves the fog-bound space. What has he to declare? Some message to the heavy-laden, or what else? Is it something that can lighten the burden of the horror that oppresses countless breasts?”

And what is the object of this ceaseless strife for wealth? Nothing else than the possibility of satisfying the lust for material pleasures, to which money furnishes the road.

The greed of pleasure is the great malady of the age; and it is before all else the besetting sin of the Swedish people. The democratic spirit of the age has found one of its most palpable expressions in the attempt to place the means of enjoyment within the reach of all. A universal rise in the requirements of life has kept pace with the rise of universal education, or, more properly speaking, has increased in a still greater degree. Just as every crime against the eternal laws, moral as well as physical, which govern the world and human nature, brings its own punishment with it, so have crimes against simplicity and moderation brought in their train bodily suffering and economic ruin.

The disastrous consequences of an unnatural mode of life—amongst the higher classes through the combination of high living and much drinking, and amongst the poorer classes through much drinking and unsuitable food—are much more widely diffused than is usually believed. So soon as an individual has succeeded in gaining an income that is larger than is necessary for the absolute needs of existence, he begins at once, in full conformity with the tone prevailing in all classes of society, to convert this surplus into a means of enjoyment. As a rule, it troubles him but little that his health suffers thereby. He continues his mode of life until some fine day Nature herself cries “Stop!”

But such a manner of living is not only destructive to the body; it is also degrading to the spirit. The man who has accustomed himself to other and more expensive habits of life

than are warranted by his income, seeks the possibility of continuing them by sponging on others, either directly, or else indirectly in the form of borrowing. When eating and drinking become the chief object of friendly gatherings, hospitality loses its original significance, that of sharing with the guests the domestic atmosphere of the home, and that mental appreciation which is acquired by the companionship of its members. To do nothing but pay for the food of one's guests is hospitality of the same kind that the parish bestows on its paupers.

When the requirements of life cannot be made to keep pace with the income, a way is found to get out of the difficulty, which in Sweden is but too easily accessible to all—running into debt. To this national failing, which is one of the most evident consequences of the lust of pleasure, Viktor Rydberg was ever alive, as to all others of a like sort. He makes Svante the harper say of the offering of the church-bells in payment of Sweden's debt to Lübeck :

“Debts must be paid, if even with labour and sorrow to the day of one's death. Debt is a warrior who will kill thy soul's honour, if thou kill not him. The consciousness of dishonour shall weigh down thy labour in field and forest, oh Swedish man ! It shall pluck the wings from the prayers thou sendest up for the increase of thy land, and the welfare of thy home.”

Against this low lust of pleasure, this flat materialism, he set an all-embracing idealism, which shines out on us from all his works ; and as though he believed in a final victory in the conflict of the human heart against innate selfishness, he sang of that day when our race, after its long wanderings through the desert of materialism, should at last reach the Salem of the ideal :

In the day's hot haze before us, see the cloudy pillar swells !

But the cloud-wreaths are ideals, and God's spirit in them dwells.

On Mount Nebo's song-crowned summit stands the seer, and joyous calls,
Salem, Salem, in the distance ! Onward to your father's halls !

OSWALD KUYLENSTIERNA.

ALL things in Nature work silently. They come into being and possess nothing. They fulfil their functions and make no claim.

LAO-TZÜ.

FROM A STUDENT'S EASY CHAIR .

THIS lonely sea-shore in Normandy seems to stand on the verge of infinity. There is no line of horizon, for sea and sky mingle in an excess of bloom ; from our little ridge of sand we look out into a vast blue circle of radiance, palpitating with intense vibrations. Even the rim of sand-dunes appears only half-material in its crumbling whiteness, and its arches of long pale grass form a fitting gateway into the place of ascetic dreams. In this great emptiness which is so full of life, we lose ourselves, and for a moment taste immortality and experience eternity.

Such moments are not uncommon in the lives of most of us, and mountains and forests and meadow-lands may all alike be stepping-stones to kindred moods of exaltation. It is possible, however, that these moods may vary according to the gate through which they are approached, and Mr. Bliss Carman suggests that the sea appeals to us through the emotions, and that on the mountains we enter into the realm of pure thought. Certain it is that Wordsworth, the poet of the mountains, is mainly philosophic, and Swinburne, the poet of the sea, is mainly sensuous. Perhaps because the world of emotion is nearer to us than the world of pure thought, we are able to unite ourselves more easily to the spirit of the ocean than to the spirit of the mountains. Nevertheless, the expression of an attempt at such union in English poetry is still rare and still inadequate, and the identification, when achieved, is far removed from the Eastern ideal of absorption into the All, and is of a curiously physical character. Matthew Arnold has perhaps reached the most spiritual conception of identification with the ocean and sky when he visions himself and Marguerite after death maintaining :

The hush among the shining stars,
The calm upon the moonlit sea.

Walt Whitman seeks unity with all things by magnifying

himself to include the universe. His foremost disciple, Edward Carpenter, elaborates identification so extensively that it becomes almost a physical sensation. In that book of strange inequalities, *Towards Democracy*, there is a poem in which Edward Carpenter describes how he becomes one with the ocean and one with the land:

I am a bit of the shore : the waves feed upon me, they come pasturing
over me . . .

I am a little arm of the sea . . . I feel the waves all around me,
I spread myself through them . . .

Suddenly I am the great ocean itself: the great soft wind creeps over
my face.

I am in love with the wind—I reach my lips to its kisses.

This particular passage, though it has sympathy and imagination, is lacking in spiritual significance. Coventry Patmore, whose works are unaccountably neglected, employs images as direct as those of Carpenter, but they glow with the light of an arresting symbolism. In "Vesica Piscis," one of the odes of the "Unknown Eros," Patmore tells how he laboured all the night and took naught. "But at Thy word I will again cast forth the net."

And lo ! I caught
(Oh quite unlike and quite beyond my thought)
Not the quick, shining harvest of the Sea
For food, my wish,
But Thee.

Even this splendid poem, however, only serves as another illustration of the difficulty the Western mind experiences in quitting the confines of personality. We dare not let go of everything and venture into the unknown; instead of this, we simply expand our boundaries of self. Yet we read in *The Voice of the Silence*:

"The Self of matter and the Self of spirit can never meet.
. . . . Ere thy Soul's mind can understand, the bud of
personality must be crushed out; the worm of sense destroyed
past resurrection."

Does the sea imply to the Indian fisherman, nourished in the atmosphere of such traditions, the same sense of separation, of terror, and of vengeance, that our Western fisherfolk experience

in regard to it? Has he the remotest glimmering of the Eastern belief on the illusion of space, which C. Johnston summarises so well in his little brochure, *The Memory of Past Births*?

"We feel the misery of separation because the voice in us says there should be no separation; and the discrepancy between intuition and fact is our sorrow. But the fact is a mere material shadow cast into the psychic world, where it has no true right nor proper place."

Or is the world as cruel to the Indian, as to the Norman fisher, with wanton and meaningless suffering?

I talked with the people of the tiny fishing village where I was, and heard tragedies of the sea; I visited the little chapel where bead-wreaths were hung in memory of those who were drowned. In these pitiful mementoes I read the poignancy of human yearning for something definite and tangible on this edge of the unknown, and began to understand something of the creed, so poor, so limited, which an old fisherwoman expressed in these words: "Si nous ne croyons pas au Bon Dieu, le Bon Dieu se vengera."

And yet these fishers, venturing so short a way into metaphysics, have most heroic courage in other spheres to endure and to explore. They support the terror of loneliness, the terror of a monotony which constantly seems the messenger of some more fearful experience. They loosen their ropes, they lift their anchors, and dare the unknown; little wonder that they should recoil from similar hazard in another world and should rather seek comfort in the most definite of mental habitations. We choose to remain snug in harbour, and only set forth on tentative pleasure trips when the wind is fair. But tale after tale is being wafted to us of adventures more glorious than any of older days, of spoils more precious than the ancient yields of Spanish seas; and here and there are mariners strenuously preparing for a voyage on the Great Ocean.

D. N. D.

AND in thy mystics waken memory
Of the holy rite, and Lethe drive afar.

ORPHIC HYMN, lxxvii.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

SLOWLY but surely it is being recognised that Theosophy is something very different from the caricatures of it which prejudice and hostility have for so long been busily circulating in the streets of public opinion. It was, perhaps, but natural that at the beginning of the present-day Theosophical Movement, many doctrines to which Theosophists gave serious attention, should seem strange and even fantastic to a public to whom the comparative science of religion was a mere name, while the vast records of the mystic experience of the inner way enjoyed by the Gnostics of the great world-faiths were utterly unknown. But to-day it is gradually being recognised on all hands among the intelligent that it is precisely in such experience that religion finds its justification, while many are already convinced that a sympathetic study of the great world-religions, viewed from the standpoint of the experience of their best adherents, opens up a dazzling vista of realms of knowledge that ultimately lose themselves in the depths and heights and breadths of the fulness of Wisdom.

That this widespread change in public opinion is not a glamour conjured up by the tired eyes of the watcher on the Watch-Tower, who has been "gazing all night into the air," as did the King Nechepso, is very evident from the very interesting paragraph which we take from *The City Press* of September 24th.

ST. ETHELBURGA, BISHOPSGATE.—With the Rev. Dr. Cobb, the rector, in the chair, a meeting of the League of the Kingdom was held on Tuesday at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate. The subject for consideration was "The Relations of Christianity and Theosophy." Dr. Cobb, in an introductory address, expressed sympathy with the Theosophists up to a certain point, and added that he himself was inclined to believe in reincarnation. A resolution as follows was afterwards drawn up to embody the belief of the Guild: "That, by asserting that spirit is the one and only reality, this League desires to affirm its belief: (a) That religion is based on faith or mysticism

rather than on reasoning. (b) That Christian philosophy must not be dissociated from the facts of Christian experience. (c) That the League would welcome all co-operation in furthering its objects from groups of people whose philosophy may differ from their own. (d) That the League, while not prepared to endorse all Theosophic teaching, would yet rejoice to know that those who hold it are helping on the acceptance of the spiritual basis of life. (e) That the brotherhood of man, insisted on by Jesus Christ, can only be effected by the realisation of the Divine in man."

Theosophists all over the world will thank Dr. Cobb and the League over which he presides for these resolutions; they would be the last people in the world to expect anyone to endorse "all Theosophic teaching," for they by no means do this among themselves. Those who cannot believe in reincarnation are as welcome among us as those who hold that it is so far the doctrine that throws the clearest light on the complex problems of human existence; and so with all other doctrines and opinions. Everyone in the Society, we take it, is ready at any moment to exchange any doctrine or opinion that he may hold for one that explains more and gives more light. That seems a self-evident proposition to all of us in Theosophy, and we doubt not also to all the members of the "League of the Kingdom." We are thus in sympathy, and well-wishers one of another, desiring that each may quickly come into his kingdom, be lord of himself, and so at peace.

* * *

It is not in the popular press that the thoughtful observer looks for the most significant signs of the change that is coming over thinking men's minds with regard to mystical subjects. Ample as is the evidence in the daily papers that popular interest is keenly aroused in psychic phenomenalism of every kind, though for the most part it simply flutters in fascination over the alluring surface of sensationalism, there are also abundant signs of a very marked change of attitude in even the most conservative periodicals, which are naturally the very last to abandon their attitude of contempt, and break the silence they have hitherto maintained towards ideas which they have not only regarded with suspicion as newcomers but deliberately turned their backs on as *parvenus*. To be brief; a mystical novel of any kind used to find very short shrift

The Mystic
Renaissance

with an *Athenæum* reviewer, while anything savouring of Theosophy was either pitched into the waste-paper basket or, even when written by a well-known author, briefly dismissed with a shrug of contempt or a severe reprimand. Now *The Grey World*, by Evelyn Underhill, if not written by one of our colleagues, is through and through what is called a Theosophical novel. To it the *Athenæum* of October 1st devotes a column of praise, and ends its appreciation as follows :

Passages in this story make one realise the wonder of our daily apathy with regard to the life of the spirit. That we can only carry beyond death the qualities we manage to elaborate during the earthly life is insisted on with a keen simplicity, which at least proves the author's own force of conviction. Startling suggestions of another world, and of the things "not lawful to be spoken of," seem to have been by some means revealed and apprehended. Naturally the theory of reincarnation is involved, but it is treated without sensation. The book opens with a few realistic details. A sick child of the slums in a hospital, his dissolution, "arrival," and rebirth into a family of a respectable middle-class suburban kind, afford a grim and curious picture. Sudden and vivid remembrances of his passage through "the grey world"—unseen to others, but present to him—overcome him at most inappropriate moments. This actual world, that to others seems solid, satisfying, real, has for him a disconcerting way—some of us know the trick—of dissolving into phantoms. The boy's experiences are in a sense, of course, incredible; in another sense, partly metaphysical, they are acceptable. He has the power of seeing further into things than his companions do or wish to do. The motive of the thing may be said to be the pilgrimage of an embryo spirit, the making of a soul. The author's sense of the ludicrous side of life and people is not the least surprising of her qualities. It chimes oddly, and sometimes a little cynically, with the other strain. The reader's attention is kept alive as to what is to be the mental goal and resting-place of the principal personage. When we reach it (and the end) it is to be conscious of some disappointment.

One thing is very evident: had the Theosophical movement not existed such a book could not have been written. It is also very evident that belief in the idea of reincarnation is now too widely spread in the West to dismiss it with a sneer, even in the most exclusive circles of literary criticism.

FROM MANY LANDS

FRENCH SECTION

As the Headquarters of this Section is closed from July 1st to October 1st, there is practically no combined work to record this month. Much quiet work has, nevertheless, been done by the individual members in different places. Mr. Keightley held a very successful enquirers' meeting while visiting in Alsace, with excellent results, and work of the same kind has been done by various members elsewhere.

The effect of the holidays is equally to be seen in regard to activities other than Theosophic. The chief interest in the scientific world has centred round the attack made by the more conservative scientists upon the N-rays and the denial of their existence.

DUTCH SECTION

In Holland the ultra-orthodox party seems to be awakening to the fact that Theosophy is a real danger to those of the Christian sects that seek to maintain the old narrow and intolerant outlook. Of several pamphlets and articles that have of late been written by members of the clergy, about or against Theosophy, the most important is a book on *The Relation between Theosophy and Christianity*, by Dr. J. C. de Moor, who appears to have made an extensive study of Theosophical literature. He begins by stating the Theosophic position, that Theosophy and Christianity are not in conflict. He then explains the Christian position, but to him Christianity is Calvinism, so there is perhaps less wonder that he comes to the conclusion that there cannot be unity and friendship between the two, and that, however logical the Theosophic system may appear to the intellect, it must nevertheless be classed as one of the "clever stratagems of Satan" to delude the ignorant souls of men. He denies the existence of an Esoteric Christianity and devotes a chapter of his book to an elaborate criticism of the claim put forward by Mrs. Besant that there is an esoteric side to the tradition of Christendom as to every other faith.

Until now our opponents have been entirely ignorant of Theosophic doctrines, and Dr. de Moor is one of the first to take the trouble to study before attacking them—an important and most encouraging sign of the changing times.

With increasing opposition the need for real strength in the ranks of the defenders is more severely felt, and it is good to see how much more the attention of the Dutch Branches is being turned to serious study. While propaganda is chiefly pouring its energies into newly formed centres, in the older Branches new study classes are being formed and old ones reorganised. By the energetic labours of the Dutch Theosophical Publishing Society a considerable number of English Theosophical books have been translated and published, so that study need not flag for want of books.

The winter session seems to promise well, and in nearly all Branches much increase in energy and goodwill is to be seen amongst the members. In Arnheim, Amersfoort and Zwolle, three important towns, where until now little propaganda has been done, courses of lectures are to be given during the winter.

AMERICAN SECTION

Of the Eighteenth Annual Convention of the American Section recently held in Chicago, a few points of interest may be mentioned. It was the largest assembly of the kind ever held here; the post-convention meetings, which lasted for a week, three meetings a day, were attended to the end with unflagging interest and enthusiasm; among the addresses given was one on Wagner's music and the Theosophical interpretation of "Parsifal," one on Atoms and Electrons, illustrated by experiments, and one on Radium—indicating a widening of the lines of thought and study which it is certainly desirable to encourage.

The *Literary Digest* for September 24th, quotes quite extensively from an article on "The Influence of the East on Religion," by the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton. In the opening sentence, Dr. Newton speaks more truly than he knows. "What we may reasonably expect," he says, "is not the coming of a new religion from the East to supersede Christianity, but the coming of influences from the East to renew and restore Christianity." He then goes on to comment on the absence of any "sense by which to apprehend God" even among our most admirable and conscientious men, and the ever-abiding

consciousness of His presence among our Eastern brothers, and to express the belief that through this abiding sense of God the East will help us to "a freshened feeling of the true nature of man," that he is a Son of God, made in the image of his Father. Finally he expresses a belief that the East will help us to find the way "within the innermost recesses of the soul, where is the holy place of God."

BRITISH SECTION

Mrs. Besant has managed to crowd into the intervals of visiting Scandinavia and Germany a great number of meetings and lectures in England. On October 2nd, by invitation of the Rev. A. Baker, M.A., Mrs. Besant spoke at the "Brotherhood Church," Islington, her subject being the nature of the mystic consciousness. As a class had already been formed in the Church for the study of James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*, the lecture was much appreciated. Her prophecy that the modern psychologist would in his research be driven further and further into the realms occupied by the mystic and the philosopher is worthy of note.

On October 4th, Mrs. Besant visited Leamington and lectured to a crowded audience in the Albert Hall, by invitation of Archdeacon Colley, rector of Stockton. Archdeacon Colley holds that the free discussion of reincarnation as a rational solution of problems of life is desirable within the Church, and he tests the question which was raised by the Bishop of London in the case of the vicar of St. Mary's, Paddington, by his action in inviting Mrs. Besant to lecture in Leamington, and in presiding at the meeting. The title of Mrs. Besant's lecture was "Reincarnation and Christian Doctrine," and she spoke for over an hour on the evidence for belief in the pre-existence of the soul among the early Christians and the Jews, from whom they took so much of their theology. The lecture, together with the chairman's address, was published by the press and will doubtless prove a most useful addition to our pamphlet literature, as it is likely to find its way into the hands of thousands of good Churchmen.

On October 6th, to a crowded audience in the Elysée Gallery, Mrs. Besant gave a glowing account of the educational work of the Theosophical Society in India.

On October 9th, Mrs. Besant presided at the meeting of the Federation of London Branches. This was the best yet held. The

Rev. Conrad Noel, well known both within and without the Church, delivered an address on "Spiritual Healing." As readers of the daily papers will have gathered, the Rev. Conrad Noel has lately formed amongst the clergy of the English Church a society for the study of Spiritual Healing, and this, together with the fact of his presence, lent an additional interest to his address and the subsequent discussion.

On October 10th, Mrs. Besant lectured at South Place Institute on the subject of "The True Nature of Free Thought." As part of the service extracts were read from Mazzini and from Fiona Macleod's new book, *Winged Destiny*.

On October 11th, in the Caxton Hall, her subject was "The Evolution of Man according to Science and according to Theosophy." She dwelt upon the necessity—in the hurrying West—of Art and Poetry, if the life of man was to be made whole and beautiful; and defined the true mystic as the most practical and efficient type of the evenly developed man.

Other lectures by Mrs. Besant were: October 12th, at the London Pioneer Club, on "Women's Education in India"; October 13th, at the Blavatsky Lodge, on "The International Character of the Theosophical Society."

It may be added that the first edition of Mrs. Besant's 1903 Indian Convention [Lectures, "The Pedigree of Man," published in September, was completely sold out in six weeks. A new edition is being prepared.

All over the country the Branches are beginning their winter's work. The syllabuses of lectures issued by the various Branches and Centres are marked by catholicity of subject. In the North a new scheme of propaganda—outlined in the last number of the *Vâhan*—has already begun to work; in Darlington, under the guidance of the Middlesbrough Lodge, and in Wakefield and Ripon with the help of the Harrogate Branch. It is hoped that as the result of the lectures given in these places, centres may be formed to carry on the work independently. At Sheffield, Manchester, Bradford and York, courses of six public lectures each are being given to large audiences on *An Outline of Theosophy* and *The Evolution of Consciousness*. At Sheffield, York and Leeds groups of students continue the special study of Plato.

It will be good news to many to hear that a new Branch has been formed in Ireland, under the name "The Dublin Lodge."

Mr. George W. Russell, once the leading spirit of the old "Dublin Lodge," and editor of the *Irish Theosophist*, is president.

In the Theosophical movement, of which the Society is but a part, there may be noted the formation of "The League of the Kingdom," under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Cobb, of St. Ethelburga's, London, to the objects of which we refer elsewhere.

Still another mystical Christian unsectarian body has been formed under the name of the "Association of St. John the Evangelist." From the first occasional journal issued it appears that there are now seventy members arranged in seven groups for purposes of common meditation and that friendly relations are established with the members of the "League of the Kingdom," and with an American association, the "Brotherhood of the Kingdom." Particularly interesting and significant is the account in the journal of the meeting of East and West. Mr. Mozoomdar, author of *The Oriental Christ*, and a prominent member of the Brahmo Somaj, has written cordially and sympathetically approving the objects and means of the Association of St. John the Evangelist, and promising on behalf of the Brahmo Somaj the practical co-operation of its members.

One of the most striking features of the Church Congress held at Liverpool was the appearance on the platform of Sir Oliver Lodge as scientist and theologian. This happy augury for the restoration of the harmony of Science and Religion has been followed by Sir Oliver's presidential address before the Birmingham University on Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe*, in the course of which, speaking as a scientist, he gently took to task the scientists who believed that the riddle of the universe is either solved, or soluble in terms of physical science alone.

GERMAN SECTION

The central point in the German Section's life during the last month has been Mrs. Besant's visit. On September 15th she arrived in Hamburg from Sweden accompanied by Miss Bright and by Miss Westerland (of Gotenburg). She was met by Dr. Steiner, Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden and Mr. Keightley, who had arrived the day before. A members' meeting had been arranged in Herr Hubo's house, and here Mrs. Besant spoke on the "Meaning of the Theosophical Society," and answered questions put by members. In the evening she gave a public lecture on the "Message of Theosophy to Mankind," to an

audience of over 300 people, who listened with the greatest attention and upon whom the lecture made a deep impression. At the close Dr. Steiner gave a short *résumé* in German.

Mrs. Besant lectured also in Berlin, Weimar, Munich, Stuttgart and Cologne, having full halls everywhere as well as good Branch meetings. Warmest gratitude is felt by all German Theosophists for the work done by Mrs. Besant and for the renewed spiritual energy she has poured into this Section and its workers.

Thanks to the good work and energy of Herr Bresch, the Branch in Leipzig has considerably increased its membership and strength ; and a new Branch has just been founded in Dresden. Dr. Steiner has begun courses of lectures not only in Berlin and Hamburg but also this year in several other towns. His magazine, *Lucifer-Gnosis*, finds a steadily increasing number of readers and has lately contained important contributions on "How to obtain Knowledge of Higher Worlds" and "From the Âkâshic Records."

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

MRS. BESANT AND THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY

Theosophy and the New Psychology: A Course of Six Lectures by Annie Besant. (London : Theosophical Publishing Society ; 1904. Price 2s. net.)

ALL those who formed the crowded audiences which listened to these lectures in the Small Queen's Hall in the early summer, and not least the many who went disappointed away from the doors because there was not even standing room for them, will welcome the appearance of these discourses in book form and hasten to revive the impression which the living voice left on their minds. For such, therefore, no word is needed in these pages to stimulate their interest or invite them to the perusal of these pages. But for the much larger public, both within and outside of the Theosophical Society, which is keenly interested in the questions and problems upon which these lectures touch, it may be useful to sketch the line of thought followed by Mrs. Besant, and to indicate what they may expect to find in them of light and suggestion.

And first, to prevent the disappointment which might otherwise be roused in some minds, it may be well to emphasise the fact, stated by Mrs. Besant in her Foreword, that these lectures are "merely a popular treatment of a large subject." Hence the thorough student must not approach them with the hope of finding either a systematic or an exhaustive treatment of the topics dealt with, or any detailed working out of observations and cases. Such a treatment would certainly have been out of place in lectures addressed to a general audience, to say nothing of the fact that the great and wonderful gift of oratory tends rather in an opposite direction. Knowing thus what we are not to expect, we shall, I think, appreciate all the more fully what the Gods have given us, and draw the greater profit from its assimilation.

The keynote of the New Psychology, according to Mrs. Besant, is the definite recognition of a consciousness in man wider far than the ordinary brain-consciousness. But, as she well observes, and as every student is painfully aware, there is a most lamentable lack, in the scientific literature of the subject, of any clearly formulated, definite working hypothesis. And so there is all the more reason, as she urges, why students of the subject should at least try the experiment of seeing what light the teachings of Theosophy can throw upon the enormous mass of tangled facts and observations with which they are at present vainly struggling. And we shall see, as we go on, at any rate in outline, how she herself so applies them—that indeed being the purpose which the title of these lectures implies. But let us return to the wider consciousness just alluded to.

There are several lines of evidence all converging to prove the reality and the existence of this wider consciousness, which Mrs. Besant summarises under various heads. First and most common, we have the large class of premonitions and intuitions; then the various phenomena associated with the trance condition, *viz.*, exaltation of the senses, of the intelligence and of the emotions; next come dreams; then fixed ideas, both the fixed idea of the madman and that of the hero, the saint or the martyr; and finally telepathy,—not to mention the large class of facts and experiences which Mr. Myers has omitted to treat, and which owe their clear recognition as coming within the domain of a truly scientific psychology to Professor James—*viz.*, the large class of religious and mystic experiences, such as conversion and the like.

Now when once we have recognised the existence and reality of

this "larger consciousness," the question next arises: What is it? What is the "more," the "larger" which thus works in us? As to this, Mrs. Besant opines, two chief views may be put forward, which, with some reluctance, she inclines to label as the scientific and the religious views respectively. And she describes the first, the scientific view, as "regarding the unfolding consciousness of man as gradually evolving throughout the growth not only of humanity but of the kingdoms that lie below humanity in evolution"; the keynote of this view, in her opinion, being, as appears later, that consciousness evolves *from below upwards*. Whether or not this would be accepted by science as correctly representing its position is of no great consequence, since Mrs. Besant refers to it only in order to contrast with it her own, which assumes the existence of "a supernal entity, a living spirit, a divine fragment, a spiritual germ planted in the soil of matter." Now both these views are *fundamentally problems of philosophy*, but neither the one nor the other seems to me as yet adequately defined or established in relation to philosophy. Leaving that aside, however, it is open to us to regard Mrs. Besant's view as a *psychological* hypothesis, as she suggests.

Enough has already been said to show the type of view which is here called religious. And that view, the view of man as essentially a "spiritual germ" related through various vehicles to different regions of the universe, is the clue which we are going to see applied to the problems of the New Psychology.

But, as Mrs. Besant rightly reminds us, there was this much of truth in the old view that a sane psychology must be based upon physiology; that we cannot hope to understand the working and manifestation of consciousness as known to us in waking, unless we understand something at least of the mechanism which both conditions and makes possible that manifestation. And so we come to consider the mechanism of consciousness, as our second step.

In this connection the first question, according to Mrs. Besant, is this: "Is man, by the mechanism of his consciousness, related to more worlds than one?" Curiously enough the old Rishis of India gave to this question an answer essentially the same as that of the late Mr. Myers—our most recent expositor of the New Psychology—*viz.*, that he is related to three distinct worlds, called by Myers, man's physical, ethereal, and met-ethereal environments. And then we have a brief exposition of the Theosophic view on this point, in the form of a description of the descent of the Ego into re-birth. This brings out

one special point of great significance, giving a clue to many of the problems we are concerned with ; *viz.*, the fact that into the *physical* body will be built, by the laws of physical heredity, the *physical* past that lies behind the actual materials which enter into the structure, and in this fact we find the reason and source of many of those curious up-rushes into consciousness of the contents of what Myers not inaptly calls the lumber-room of the subconscious.

We have put before us here a sketch—suggestive and illuminating, but sorely in need of much detailed working out—of the mode in which the Ego hands over to the quasi-automatic subconscious working of the sympathetic nervous system those activities which no longer demand his constant supervision, and a most suggestive hint is thrown out as to why ancient passions, and barbarous elements, rush up at times with such force as to sweep away the reasonable Ego and transform the man back into a savage for the moment at least.

We are also given some light upon the fixed idea that makes the saint or martyr or hero, and shown how it differs in its origin from the fixed idea of madness; the former coming down from the Ego, the latter arising usually from some idea that has strongly impressed the sympathetic system and arises out of some long-past stage of evolution. But in both we have the same condition of manifestation ; *viz.*, the impressibility or receptivity of the brain and cerebro-spinal system to these extra-normal vibrations.

So, too, in the case of madness or hysteria and genius, the conditions of manifestation are the same—instability of the brain-system ; but in the one case we have a true degeneracy, in the other the promise of the future. This is eloquently and admirably worked out, and leads up to a fine climax which those who heard it will not have forgotten.

We are thus led clearly to apprehend the need for, and the justification of, a mode of classification often insisted upon in our literature, but unfortunately not made use of by Mr. Myers. We class the phenomena in question under two divisions ; namely, those of the subconsciousness and those of the super-consciousness. Mrs. Besant's treatment of this topic is exceptionally interesting and she throws light on several obscure points, so that the reader will carry away very much more definite and clearer notions upon these points than he had before ; though one cannot help wishing that this one chapter had been expanded into a whole volume. The student will find less that is new and useful in the chapter on Clairvoyance and Clairaudience,

and in that upon Telepathy, though doubtless to the general public they will prove very attractive. One great point, however, is very clearly brought out in the former, and that is the imperative need for sane, sober common-sense and cool, reasoning judgment in practically dealing with all such experiences—a lesson which cannot be too often or too strongly emphasised.

The concluding lecture deals with "Methods of Unfoldment," a topic of keen interest to us all and of vital significance to many. One most important fact is very clearly brought out at the very beginning, a fact of great significance and one we are apt to overlook; namely, that in complete, orderly unfoldment there are two distinct and contrasted lines of evolution involved, each having its own place in the perfected whole, and each its own laws, its own dangers, its own advantages and disadvantages. These two lines of human evolution are respectively that of consciousness, and that of the vehicles. And I think the clear understanding of this distinction and what it implies will clear up many difficulties as well as be of great practical service and help to students.

The main point to grasp is, in my opinion, very clearly and admirably put by Mrs. Besant in the words: "As the consciousness unfolds on one plane after another, it does *not* thereby follow that the consciousness will be able from the higher planes to directly affect the physical brain, so as to bring about effects in what we call the waking consciousness."

It is round this central fact that revolve the many difficulties that perplex not a few earnest students; and indeed it is very difficult to hold the balance true, to give a complete view of the subject, or even to lay the maximum of stress and importance where it is most urgently needed. Perhaps in some passages of this chapter some will be conscious of a rather one-sided tendency; with the greater part of it, however, they should be entirely in agreement, in practice at any rate, especially with the warning, made so clear and intelligible, against the many artificial methods of psychic stimulation at present so largely advertised. By the eloquent conclusion all hearts will be stirred, and, like the audiences who listened in wrapt attention to these lectures, we cannot but feel deeply grateful for the stimulus towards a lofty ideal.

B. K.

"THE SCIENCE OF PEACE"

The Science of Peace. By Bhagavân Dâs. (London: Theosophical Publishing Society. Price 6s.)

THE name of Bhagavân Dâs is already familiar to our readers, not only as the author of the valuable *Science of the Emotions*, but as the translator of the episodes from the *Yoga Vâsishṭha*, that appeared in our pages some time ago. The present volume from his pen is one that will much enhance his reputation both as thinker and writer, and if one may judge by the intense interest shown in my last summer's lectures, which were an exposition of it, it is likely to find a very large circle of readers. The author shews himself in it as a philosopher and metaphysician of rare originality and subtlety, while throughout there pulses a passionate love of truth, and an eager longing to share the truth found with all who, like himself in the past, are pierced with the keen arrows of intellectual craving and the desperate need for intellectual rest. It is, most of all, to those who are struggling in the webs of doubt—as appears in the touchingly beautiful dedication—that he brings his message—the message of truth seen, and with truth Peace.

The first chapter outlines "The Great Questioning" where-with the troubled, restless soul, unsure of its own immortality, faces the sphinx of nature. A first and a second answer—the creation of the world by an external God and its evolution by the interaction of two factors—are accepted only to be later thrown aside. Then rains down upon the naked striving soul a shower of uncertainties, detailed questions of all kinds, storming in from every side. Driven back from multiplicity, refuge is found in a duality, the Self and the Not-self, the "I" and the "Not-I," "the two simplest constituents of the last result of all philosophical research." What is the Self, the "I"? That it *is*, none may doubt; but *what* is it? It emerges out of "the world-process, the true, universal and unlimited One," leaving behind for the "Not-I" "a mass of particulars." Every "I" finds its root in the "Universal I"; every particular its place in the mass of the "Not-I." The "Relation of the Self and the Not-Self" follows, and then the author pauses in his argument to outline the position reached by European philosophy, touching on Berkeley, Hume, Kant, Schelling and Hegel, to dwell on Fichte's final contribution. Fichte saw in the Ego the only true universal, and summed up the world-process in three steps: Ego=Ego;

Non-Ego is not = Ego ; Ego in part = Non-Ego, and Non-Ego in part = Ego. Here our author takes up the unfinished work, seeking to compress the three steps of Fichte into one : Ego Non-Ego Non (est). Then for Ego, I ; for Non-Ego This, *i.e.*, the universe ; for Non Not ; “ I This Not (am) ” ; here is the expression of the world-process : I, the One, identifying itself with the This—“ I (am) This,” and the universe is ; I, the One, repudiating the This—“ I This Not (am),” and the universe vanishes. “ The rhythm between the Self and the Not-Self, their coming together and going apart, the essence of all change, is expressed by it ; and yet, when we take the three constituents of it at once, it expresses changelessness also.”

This is the centre, the heart, of the whole book ; when the Self lends to the Not-Self its own reality, the latter emerges into Being—illusory Being, pseudo-Being ; when the Self withdraws from the Not-Self, the latter falls into its inherent nonentity. How this conception illuminates many dark sayings of ancient Holy Writ ; how it emerges triumphant from all challengings ; how it introduces order into chaos ; all this must be read in the pages of the book itself.

There follow some interesting chapters on Time, Space and Motion, on Atoms and Jīvas, etc. An Index of Proper Names and a glossary of Saṃskṛit words conclude the book.

I heartily commend the volume to students, advising them to read it slowly and carefully, as, so read, it will, I earnestly believe, prove to many the *Science of Peace*.

ANNIE BESANT.

LAO-TZŪ

The Sayings of Lao-Tzŭ. Translated from the Chinese, with an Introduction. By Lionel Giles. (London : The Orient Press ; 1904. Price 1s. net.)

Wu Wei : A Phantasy based on the Philosophy of Lao-Tse. From the Dutch of Henri Borel. Authorised Version by Meredith Ianson. (London : Luzac & Co. ; 1903. Price 3s. net.)

It is not unremarkable that the sublime philosophy and supreme transcendentalism of that most secret yet most natural mystery of mysteries, which in ancient China was spoken of as Tao, should have aroused such interest in the modern Western world that the number of translations of the most ancient existing “ classic ” of this “ Way,” the *Tao-Tch-King*, and that, too, in an entirely popular form,

should increase with every year. Only a few months ago we noticed the appearance of Dr. Paul Carus' *Canon of Reason and Virtue*, in a popular edition, and now we have translations by Mr. Lionel Giles of the British Museum, the son of the famous sinologue, and by Mr. W. Gorn Old, our old colleague, and a most pleasant "Phantasy" from the Dutch of M. Henri Borel.

Mr. Giles' translation and introduction is a good piece of work, though it cannot be said to add much to our knowledge; it is useful and will bring the tidings of Tao to many who have never heard of it before. How it stands philologically in comparison with other translations we have no means of deciding, for such a judgment must rest solely with an exceedingly well-equipped Chinese scholar; we have, however, read some translations that in some respects conveyed more to us of the nature of Tao. But as we have also read translations of other works—translated from languages we do know—which conveyed more to us, but which did not faithfully reproduce the original, we cannot permit ourselves to do more than register our general impression.

For what is Tao? It is precisely the same mystery as Nirvāṇa; and I know no simpler, purer, or more natural "setting of it forth," if such telling is in any way possible, than is to be found in the small treatise ascribed to Lao-Tzŭ, containing the doctrines of a wisdom that indubitably existed long before him, while many of the "sayings" themselves were in every probability formulated just as we have them long before they were collected into the *Tao-Teh-King*.

Indeed, the great difficulty of the treatise is its intense simplicity, its archaic primitiveness. It is written with a terse severity, that is not so much studied as natural, and natural in the midst of a simplicity of a language written in word-signs that can be differently interpreted from every step of the ladder which rises from the depths of the sensible to the heights of the intelligible universe. The difficulty of translation is said to be sometimes unsurpassable even for aged Chinese philosophers who have spent all their lives in its study.

M. Henri Borel, who is strongly imbued with the mysterious spirit of Tao, and for whom the profundities of its unseizable meanings are immeasurably more than any philological considerations, does not accordingly attempt a translation. He is content to set forth the thoughts which the tidings of Tao has awakened in him. And, indeed, unless his English translator is a greater word-artist than himself, his Dutch original must be often very beautiful. It is frequently so in

the English, though naturally here and there the thought is unequal. But the spirit of the thing is there, and it will bring the feeling of this timeless, spaceless, truth more nearly to the heart of the general reader than translations pure and simple.

We, therefore, will not find fault with M. Borel for this or that; we take it for what he gives it—a “phantasy”; and knowing from other scriptures that “Wu-Wei” means “self-movement,” and not “inaction,” we are assured that he is on “the track of the paths of the ethers,” towards the path on which there is no “going,” towards the rest that knows no ceasing, in the Great House of unresting peace. For Tao, though the most virile of all things, is yet the most gentle.

G. R. S. M.

PAMPHLET-LECTURES

THE Theosophical Publishing Society has sent us yet another pamphlet-lecture of our eloquent colleague's. *When a Man Dies shall he Live Again?* is the title of a lecture delivered by Mrs. Besant at Myddelton Hall, Islington, and makes the fourth of the most recent batch of pamphlets, the other three being entitled: *The Necessity of Reincarnation*, *Is Theosophy Anti-Christian?* and *Reincarnation: a Christian Doctrine*. They are all nicely printed, bound in coloured paper covers, and are sold at the ridiculous price of 1d. (1½d. by post).

G. R. S. M.

THE EXTREME LEFT OF NEW TESTAMENT CRITICISM

The Origins of Christianity: With an Outline of Van Manen's Analysis of the Pauline Literature. By Thomas Whittaker. (London: Watts & Co.; 1904.)

MR. WHITTAKER'S study of *The Neoplatonists* (1901) had given us so much pleasure that we took up his new volume with great expectations. But however sympathetic he may be to the higher side of philosophical mysticism when treating of the great minds of Later Platonism, in dealing with the New Testament writings Mr. Whittaker has left the spiritual content of them severely alone and addressed himself solely to the critical, historical and literary problems which they present, and that, too, from the most extreme standpoint with which we are acquainted. For not only does he go all the way with Mr. J. M. Robertson, whose *Pagan Christs* we lately reviewed, but he considers that even this champion of pure rationalism has stopped

short "through not questioning the ecclesiastical tradition radically enough." For though Mr. Robertson holds that the Jesus of the Gospels is a myth, he is nevertheless inclined to believe "that Christianity, as a distinctive (Jewish) sect, may have arisen" about the received time; whereas Mr. Whittaker, who accepts Van Manen's analysis of the Pauline Letters as conclusive against the authenticity of every one of them, contends that nothing in the shape of Christianity existed prior to the destruction of the Temple in 70 A.D., except that obscure mystery cult of a mythical person, the evidence for which he believes Mr. Robertson has established on a sound foundation. In brief, the whole of the writings of the New Testament are without exception pseudepigraphic, and all were composed in the first half of the second century. Van Manen is, as Mr. Whittaker calls him in his Preface, the Copernicus of New Testament criticism, and the whole history of the origins has to be reconstructed from this point of view.

The whole system of the wandering and unstable elements of New Testament historical phenomena is accordingly made by Mr. Whittaker to revolve round the supposedly fixed and assured conclusions derived from Van Manen's analysis of the Pauline Literature; these conclusions constitute for Mr. Whittaker the central sun of the whole system and throw a brilliant light on all obscurities.

Now whatever we may have thought of its startling conclusions, and however difficult we may have found it to fit in these conclusions with the rest of the complex data of Christian Origins, there is no doubt that the revolutionary article on "Paul" by the distinguished Leyden professor, which appeared in the third volume of the *Encyclopædia Biblica*, and roused conventional traditionalists to so much fury, has practically inaugurated a new and deeper phase of criticism of "The Apostle" and "Acts"; the screw of analysis has received another turn. It was, however, very difficult for even those scholars who had no position of their own to defend, who were absolutely unprejudiced and in no fear of the conclusions, provided the premisses were proved to be unquestionable facts resulting from sane critical methods, to form any just opinion of Professor Van Manen's work, in that they had before them only a summary of results apart from the detailed *apparatus criticus*, upon the accuracy and right method of which all depended. Unfortunately for most of us Van Manen's great work, *Paulus*, with its three parts dealing with : i., *Acts* ; ii., *Romans* ; and iii., *I. and II. Corinthians*, was written in Dutch, and admirable a language

as Dutch may be, few scholars in this country are able to follow in it a long critical study, the essence of which depends on minute analysis and keen reasoning.

Mr. Whittaker has, accordingly, done a very useful piece of work in devoting three-quarters of his book to an outline of this *magnum opus* of Van Manen's. We are now able to do greater justice to what is undoubtedly a brilliant contribution to New Testament study, and are advanced a stage towards a saner judgment of it. On reading it through for the first time, it must be admitted that many points seem well taken, while many seem far too weak to support the crushing weights which are placed upon them. Of course, Van Manen in general seems to have proved his point; that is to say, the reader who is not a specialist, and who is not bent on violently resisting in the interests of prejudice what he considers vital truth, moves in the atmosphere of a mind that has no hesitation as to the certainty that we have not a single letter of Paul himself before us, and that the historic Paul is hidden under several deposits of church development, growth of doctrine, and tendency-redaction. But what decent book on criticism does not seem to have proved its point, until you begin to analyse it and follow the writer in detail step by step with the Greek text before you?

Until this is done it is of no real value merely to record impressions. A criticism of Mr. Whittaker's main position means practically a criticism of Van Manen's labours. This is proceeding apace among the learned, and the Pauline documents are being run through a finer sieve than they have ever been before—an excellent thing in itself.

As, however, to the deductions and general conclusions which Mr. Whittaker has hastened to draw with regard to the main questions of Christian Origins, they are in the form of an essay, clearly written and bearing the signs of good scholarship and wide reading; but we doubt very much whether Van Manen himself would draw these conclusions, for we are very certain that they do not explain the very complex and baffling phenomena which the Origins of Christianity present. Far more work yet has to be done on the contemporary religious life of the time before we can get our values correct. But the religious life and the nature of its experience have been severely excluded by Mr. Whittaker in his otherwise exceedingly interesting essay.

G. R. S. M.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MYSTIC GAEL

The Winged Destiny: Studies in the Spiritual History of the Gael.
By Fiona Macleod. (London: Chapman & Hall; 1904.
Price 6s.)

No one is more deeply imbued with the spirit of the mystic Gael than Fiona Macleod, no one more fitted to hand on from a forgotten past the memory of things beautiful, the tradition of simplicities and profundities that take their birth from a passionate nature-love chastened by the solemnity of things unseen. Fiona Macleod is a poet and a seer; and the charm of her seeming prose flows from the fact that she never forgets an old definition of poetry, which she has herself rephrased as "the emotion of life rhythmically remembering beauty."

Fiona Macleod charms us not only by her love of the ancient nature-gods, but by her sense of their meaning; for her they are no wraiths of a disordered imagination, no mere subject of a donnish academical exercise, but beings of elemental nature who, though they may for some momentary purpose bear the occasional guise, or rather disguise, of human shape, so that the unaccustomed mortal may not be over-much amazed, are in themselves protean and non-human essences.

The collection of fugitive pieces now before us breathes throughout a most gracious spirit, and transports us into a world of ideas among which it is a pleasure to move; and this not only because of the matter of it but because the manner of it never allows us to forget that the world is beautiful.

Not the least excellence of this writer, who is associated so intimately with what is known as the "Celtic Movement" or "Celtic Renaissance," is the catholic spirit she displays, and her courage in pleading for the cultivation of a spirit of peace and good-will to stranger neighbours—a most difficult task for an enthusiasm that must in its very nature be mainly dependent on what is essentially national.

Excellent again is the way Fiona Macleod deals with the great mystery of again becoming in the flesh. Referring to Pythagoras and Empedocles, she writes:

"But I am not now concerned with this problem, that, like a wind at twilight, has troubled with fugitive shadows the waters of many minds. As with a greater problem, it may be folly to believe it, but a worse folly to hold it incredible. And, too, in the end, when we are tired of the tide-play of the mind and sink into the depths and

silences and think from there, what are the thousand words that say no against the one word that says yes? "

Perhaps ere long Fiona Macleod may be concerned with the problem, and that too, in her own way, a way that suits to perfection the illusive half shadows of dim memories, on the borders of that land in which the "may-be" and "perhaps" of the waking mind translate themselves into the living facts of a wider existence, in which man, like some gods, puts off his momentary disguise of flesh and towers into his true stature of cosmic proportions.

G. R. S. M.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

THIS month we will place the October number of *Broad Views* at the head of our list, for the sake of recommending to our readers Mr. Sinnett's important statements as to the precise nature of the reincarnations of the Dalai and Teshu Lamas, to be found under the head of "Passing Events." Not all of us are clearly aware that: "Neither Amitabha nor Avalokiteshvara are entities. The first expression gives a name to the divine influence manifesting in the world through the personality of Gautama Buddha. The meaning of the term Avalokiteshvara is . . . 'the divine Self perceived by Self.' . . . The notion of treating these ideas as entities that can specifically incarnate in definite individualities would be extremely ludicrous to the cultivated Buddhist mind." And when we learn that "it has rarely happened that both the Teshu and the Dalai Lamas of any given period have both of them been on the path of occult progress," and that "in the present case it is the Teshu (*not* the Dalai) Lama who represents occult development and is advanced to some extent (outside the circles of initiation no one can exactly say to what extent) along the path leading to adeptship," we have a hint which leads to the solution of several puzzles which have troubled some of us with regard to the apparent failure of the Gods to guard their own. But the whole article should be carefully studied by all who take an interest in Buddhism.

Theosophist, September. "Old Diary Leaves" for this month are a pleasant chronicle of events at Adyar, including the 1895 Convention, of which the President-Founder says that "its psychological effect on his mind seemed to be that of a great explosion of harmony on the astral plane." Mr. Fullerton's lecture, "The Spirit of the

Age," is concluded. In it he discusses a rather thorny subject—how far the presentation of Theosophical doctrine should be modified to suit the times. He tells us that "in present-day expositions of Theosophy, both in its elementary and its more advanced contents, propositions are sometimes made at which cultivated intelligence opens its eyes, and cultivated humour shakes its head. It will not do to say they are endorsed by Masters, for that is not quite certain; and the result would be the same even if it were. When one remembers that the test of a standing or failing faith is its conformity to reason and the moral sense, one cannot expect to have the place of that conformity supplied by a name. This will not rescue, nor should it." But when Mr. Fullerton undertakes to give specific instances of this, he enters a region where we, less daring, fear to tread. We should be very pleased to see Mr. Sutcliffe's interesting paper on "The Hindu Zodiac" treated by an expert. Miss Burnett's "presentation of the views of Mrs. Besant as she understands them" on the "Science of Food" deserves a respectful study, even from those who prefer the teaching of the Galilean Master that "not that which entereth into the mouth defileth the man," or as Henry Ward Beecher puts the same thought more epigrammatically, "When I eat chicken I do not *become* chicken; the chicken becomes *me*!" We have a thoughtful paper on "Man and his Character" from a new writer, Wm. Rout; the conclusion of Mr. Leadbeater's lecture, "Theosophy and Spiritualism"—as to which, while heartily joining in all his expressions of kindness towards Spiritualism, we can hardly follow him in his declaration that our differences are but "immaterial points of detail." Rather are they the, at first, slight differences of lines at a railway junction which in the end lead off into entirely different directions. The number closes with S. Stuart's "Historic Theosophy."

Theosophy in India, September. The more important contents of this number are an unsigned study on Mrs. Besant's *Man and His Bodies*; the continuation of the notes of her lectures on "The Three Worlds"; and the conclusion of Govinda Prasad Dutta's valuable paper on the "Agreement between the Doctrines of Theosophy and the Hindu Shâstras." We are glad to see in the Supplement that the first year's Report of the Bhagirathi Federation speaks very cheerfully of the results of the new experiment of Federation.

Central Hindu College Magazine, September, announces that Mr. Harry Banbery, after five years' service as head-master, has accepted the headship of the Jubilee High School, Lucknow, and has been re-

placed by our friend Mr. G. S. Arundale. We will do ourselves the pleasure to quote the terms in which his appointment is introduced: "His devotion to the ideals of the C.H.C., his educational qualifications, the interest he takes in games, the humour and good-humour with which he corrects the conceits and aberrations to which the young mind is so prone in class and playing field, the spirit of co-operation and constitutional loyalty with which he inspires his subordinate staff—all these promise fair that the school department will flourish and progress under his administration." All his friends in England will heartily wish him success.

Theosophic Gleaner, September. Here Mr. Gostling maintains that the sacred Bo tree should be identified with the Banyan instead of the Pipal upon the physical plane, not forgetting that it is truly in itself the Cosmic Ashvattha. The other important papers are the conclusions of the papers on "Vegetarianism" and "Sutakas in the Zoroastrian Scriptures."

Also from India: *The Dawn; Journal of the Buddhist Text Society*, edited by Sarat Chandra Das, C.I.E., containing an interesting instalment of his account of his journey to Lhasa, and testimonials to his great Tibetan and English Dictionary; *East and West*, with an important enquiry into the date of the *Gîtâ*; and the *Indian Review*, which has an exceedingly favourable review of Sister Nivedita's *Web of Indian Life*.

We find from the *Vâhan*, for October, that our friends of the Northern Federation are energetically starting a Propaganda movement, with Committees and lecturers. Miss Maud MacCarthy writes at length on the influence of music—a subject on which she is so well qualified to speak. The "Enquirer" includes an answer by G. R. S. M. to the question, "Has any really good thing ever come out of magic?"—decidedly not encouraging, and there are others on the advisability of developing a gift of clairvoyance.

Lotus Journal, October. Here we have notes of Mrs. Besant's Address to the Lodge, a further portion of her lecture on "The New Psychology"; more of Mr. Leadbeater's experience with the Mormons, and much good reading for the children.

Revue Théosophique, September. Here the original matter consists of a paper by Héra on the "Existence of the Masters"; the conclusion of Dr. Lerède's "Theosophical Morality"; and "The Ceremonial of the Mass," by Miss Hardcastle.

Theosophia, September and October. Herr v. Ginkel's interesting

series of papers on the Great Pyramid is concluded. Besides translations from the English we have an account of "Nanda, the Pariah Saint," from the vernacular. Dr. v. Deventer continues his classical studies.

Also received with thanks: *Bulletin Théosophique*; *Théosophie* in its enlarged and much improved form; *Der Vahan*, with the conclusion of Dr. Currie's paper on the Lord's Prayer; *Lucifer-Gnosis*, in which E. Schuré's startling tragedy, "The Children of Lucifer," is brought to an end; *Sophia*; *Teosofisk Tidskrift*; *Theosophic Messenger*; *South African Theosophist*; *Theosophy in Australasia*, from which we are glad to learn that Miss Edger's lecturing tour has proved a success; the *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, which gives us a novelty in the shape of a portrait of Mr. W. H. Draffin; *Theosofisch Maandblad*, opening its fourth volume in a more convenient size and neat cover; *Modern Astrology*; *Mind*; *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*.

PAMPHLETS: *Mind Power, and how to get it*, by K. T. Anderson (L. N. Fowler & Co., 6d.), is a treatise on the manner of dealing with Worry which has some good suggestions well expressed. It may be found useful, though we can't recommend its readers to concentrate upon the utterance, "I want money to get through!" There peeps the more or less "Black" of most similar works.

The Second Book of Revelations, by A. King. (G. Rangescroft & Co. 1s.) In this little work there is (as in the calf's head of the old jest) much confused good eating, but the new wine of modern history and criticism has been a little too much for Miss King's head. Enclosed is a prospectus of *The Bible and Apocrypha*, "arranged by hand, chronologically. The above book can be read straight through as a continuous story." We can but wonder at the author's modesty in asking only ten guineas for this; such a work (if it were only possible) would be worth thousands!

Messrs. Natesan, Madras, send us three small reprints from *The Indian Review*, and a little book *The Son-in-law Abroad and Other Indian Folk-tales*, some of which are truly humorous. The conclusion of one is calculated to open the eyes of our more serious readers. "Herein was verified the saying that, for pure mischief, a single Brahmacharin is equal to a century of monkeys rolled into one!"

W.

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

It is a remarkable fact that the higher we mount into Indo-Aryan antiquity, towards the Golden Age of the Âryas proper, the more

we find the Kshatriya caste and the Kshatriya wisdom holding the place of honour in the national polity. Indeed in the oldest Upani-

The Way of the
Warrior

shads we are told that it was the Warrior Kings who taught the highest wisdom to the Brâhmans themselves. In course of time, however, all this was changed and the priestly caste, gaining the ascendancy, left comparatively little record of the former light and leading of the knightly nobles, whose strong right hands and virile wisdom marked the splendid age of manhood of a race which in its old age was destined humbly to bow its proud neck to priestly tyranny. Here and there in Indian record, it is true, we get direct glimpses of the manner of life and manner of thinking of the warrior nobles, but for the most part it is all over-written to suit the claims and point of view of the priests ; the whole history of the past is written up by Brâhmans in Brâhmanical interests, and the point of view of the Kshatriya is proportionately obscured. How often has one longed for more of the warrior and

his practical wisdom and for less of the priest and his theoretical musings. Not that the contemplative wisdom of the priest is not magnificent in its proper domain ; it is splendid indeed, but only so long as it refrains from destroying the virility of the race.

* * *

IT is not then to Brâhmanical India that we can turn for direct knowledge of this Warrior Wisdom, for few traces of it in its proper nature have been allowed to remain in the old records. What remains, remains deeply Brâhmanised. Even if more distinct traces of it survived, *as conceived of by the ancient Kshatriyas themselves*, its revival would depend on its present-day adherents, for seeing that it is practical wisdom, it needs must be taught practically by those who know it in itself and practise it to-day. Is then this wisdom dead for the world, or laid aside for a future when it shall be reincarnated once more with the coming of souls that vibrate in harmony with its stern, strong spirit ? It is not dead, but is alive to-day and incarnated in a race, a race of the Far East. How often have we heard H. P. B. speaking with enthusiasm of the Yamabushis, the present-day representatives of that noble spirit, who for her were the adepts *par excellence* of mysterious Nippon, that land where a marvellous new birth was taking place, directed by the wisdom of the King Manu who rules the destinies of nations.

* * *

THOSE of our readers who would know something of this knightly art, which for so many years was kept a strict secret by the noble clan of the Samurai, may turn to an instructive article on "Jujitsu" by Mr. Charles Harvey in the pages of our November number, 1896 (vol. xix., no. III, pp. 196 ff.). To the initiated the word Jujitsu (sometimes also known as Bartitsu, Yawara, Taijitsu, Hakuda, etc.) represents a course of training, mental, moral and physical, of extreme difficulty and extending over many years. In one of the schools (the Kano riu) the whole course of training consists of two divisions, the ten grades and three under-grades. "At the sixth grade physical training ceases, the other four grades con-

sisting of mental culture"—of the greatest possible difficulty ; in fact it is said that no man has yet reached the tenth grade.

All this is a "popularising" of the old-time Samurai training, which was guarded as a close secret, and the higher grades of which are still so guarded. The ancient Samurai "were of a stern, ascetic type, who, disdaining luxurious living, considered duty and honour of the very highest importance. Duty was their chief guide in life, even as to-day it is powerful among their descendants, duty the motive which actuated them at the cost of life itself." As Mr. T. Shidachi says :

It is remarkable how well maintained was social morality through the period of the feudal system in Japan, when there was no religion fit for the purpose. Though there were Buddhism and Shintoism, their practical influence was not great. On the contrary they had scarcely any beneficial effect upon the ruling class of Japan. The fact was that the morality of the Samurai class, which was no doubt the exemplar of all the people, lay in the chivalrous spirit which was directly or indirectly fostered and maintained by Jujitsu and other kinds of military exercises. So it is not too much to say that the social morality of the feudal ages was kept up by these military arts. Again the essential object of the modern Judo [? = Bushido] is nothing less than an education of men towards the higher standards of morality in its wider sense.

* * *

Now it may have been that what has for the last fifty years been really going on in Japan under the cloak of westernisation, might have remained for many years unknown to the West, except to a handful of scholars ; for, as the late Lafcadio Hearn tells us, Japan, following the bent of her mental training in Jujitsu, has allowed herself to be taught by the Westerns, only until she could produce her own teachers ; and now having gathered the best from us, and adapted it to her own special needs, she remains "as Oriental as ever, as Japanese as ever, an enigma to the West, a splendid example of her system of Jujitsu."

But events have lately happened which have concentrated the attention of the world on this enigma ; Japan has issued forth from her tiring room, stepped on to the world's stage in the blaze of the footlights, and instantly won for herself a respectful, nay, an enthusiastic, reception at the hands of all thoughtful observers.

Men are amazed, hard-headed and unemotional thinkers are astonished at the spectacle; on all hands we ask what has wrought this marvel in so short a time? For be it noted, and let us frankly admit it, Japan is teaching the West lessons. She is no longer learning; she is teaching. The "Christian" nations can no longer boast themselves in face of the spectacle; for she is teaching by deeds not words, and *that* is the only way to convince people now-a-days in the West. Here are results; here is a thing that compels our admiration. What is the cause of it?

* * *

SUCH is the question which the military correspondent of *The Times* sets himself to answer in one of the most remarkable articles which have ever appeared in its pages, under the title "The Soul of a Nation" (October 4th). This well-informed writer displays an enthusiasm for his subject which is extraordinary. It is evident that the spectacle has moved him to the depths of his nature; he is a warrior recognising, remembering, though this latter he would probably deny with emphasis, the ancient ideal of the Kshatriya wisdom.

The "soul of a nation" is Bushi-do, the Way of the Knight, the Way of the Warrior. "Better men in battle have not been educated by any creed." Such is the fact we have to face. Is it then Shintoism, or Confucianism, or Buddhism, or Christianity, that has wrought this thing? No; it is Bushido.

The spirit that moves like a silver thread through Japanese history is quite unbroken, and *bushido* itself, the soul of the nation, is a direct product of very ancient times, so ancient, indeed, that no one can trace its original beginnings. The subject is not one to be touched upon lightly or without a preliminary warning that no one is really competent to discuss *bushido* save a *bushi*, and that the perfect *bushi* has never existed, since perfection is not for man to achieve, no, not even in Japan.

Still the Samurai or Bushi is the fine flower of humanity, for as the Japanese proverb has it: "As the cherry blossom is among flowers, so is the *bushi* among men."

* * *

If we cannot adequately express all that *bushido* is, we can say what it is not. Take the average scheme of life of the average society of the West, and

bushido, as nearly as may be, represents its exact antithesis. *Bushido* offers us the ideal of poverty instead of wealth, humility in place of ostentation, reserve instead of *réclame*, self-sacrifice in place of selfishness, the care of the interest of the State rather than that of the individual. *Bushido* inspires ardent courage and the refusal to turn the back upon the enemy; it looks death calmly in the face and prefers it to ignominy of any kind. It preaches submission to authority and the sacrifice of all private interests, whether of self or of family, to the common weal. It requires its disciples to submit to a strict physical and mental discipline, developes a martial spirit, and by lauding the virtues of courage, constancy, fortitude, faithfulness, daring, and self-restraint, offers an exalted code of moral principles, not only for the man and the warrior, but for men and women in times both of peace and of war.

The origin of *bushido* is lost in the mists of antiquity. To the ancients it was often the sole form of religion, but it has drawn inspiration in later centuries from many faiths. The patriotism of indigenous Shintoism, the stoical philosophy of the Zen sect of Buddhism, the asceticism of Brahmanism, and the self-abnegation of Christianity, have one and all become embodied, or are gradually becoming embodied, in the unwritten code of ethics of which *bushido* consists.

But strangely enough, when compared with all other systems, and delightfully enough for many of us :

There is no dogma, no infallibility, no priesthood, and no ritual; *bushido* takes the very best and the very highest of all ancient and modern philosophy and morals and endeavours to embody it in an ordered scheme of life.

That is the ideal of a noble knightly form of Theosophy, if there ever was one,—a thing to thank God for. And to think that this spirit is to-day being inspired into a nation, not into a restricted caste or close sect, but into a people! If this is possible, what hopes may we not have of humanity, what trust may we not repose on those who watch and tend the leaves of the Man-plant?

* * *

THERE is one peculiarity of *Bushido*, however, that gives us pause. If there is one thing more than another that is regarded

with highest reprobation in the West it is the

Harakiri

committing of suicide, and yet *Bushido* permits this. In the West, in England, if a

wretched girl, to end her disgrace, throws herself into the river, and is rescued, she is brought before a magistrate and *punished*; she has not even the right to dispose of her own body. If a man

blows out his brains, and even leaves documentary evidence giving the reasons for his deed, the jury go through the solemn farce of declaring his mind "unsound." A Cato Uticensis is deemed a lunatic by popular opinion, and yet the Stoics were nobler than most of their present-day critics. Why the law of our country has so decided itself is difficult to discover. It would appear that it was generally held that a man must necessarily be a fool, a lunatic of unsound mind, to prefer death to continued living. If, of course, he destroys his body to avoid punishment for wrong done to others, it is the sign of a weak will, though perhaps of a great determination ; but even the law, when it has to deal with what it considers the greatest of crimes against the social order, namely, murder, knows of no better way out of the difficulty than to hang the culprit. Why then should it object to the man hanging himself, if so he choose, for some far less reprehensible misdeed, for he is in this only a sterner judge of himself than the law ?

But with regard to things that are not crimes or misdeeds, but circumstances in which a noble soul is at grips with destiny, who is to condemn ? Now in Bushido :

Cowardice is the greatest of all crimes, and beggars in the streets make songs at the expense of any man who survives disgrace, even though such disgrace is only capture in fair fight. From this comes *seppuku* or *harakiri*, the final act of self-immolation, which the *bushi* or *samurai* is always ready to commit whenever his honour or that of his master is discredited in any way.

This in the West is generally regarded as the act of a "barbarian," but one has only to enter into the spirit of that nice code of honour that obtains among the Bushis, to regard this act from a very different standpoint, and to refrain from pronouncing judgment on a custom which we cannot possibly understand from the standpoint of its antipodes here in the West. Nay, in circles where modern Theosophical views are held, it is perhaps even more difficult to understand ; for it has been very generally stated that the suicide's fate is one of the most deplorable in the after-death state. If a man thus flees from fear, it may possibly, nay probably, be so in the immediate future of the after-death conditions. But if a man flees not from fear, but chooses death

to loss of "honour," of that "*honestas*" so dear to the Stoics, who of us is to pronounce judgment upon him, and say what his fate shall be?

BUT Bushido is not only a ^{* * *} rule of life, an ethical code, and a physical training; as we have already said, it pays great attention to the training of the mind, and to all those studies that strengthen and purify the intellect.

The Intellectual
Aristocracy

The principles of *bushido* have always had an intellectual and literary basis; the claims of learning have been held in as great reverence by the *samurai* as feats of arms. That is a very important point to remember, since it explains, as nothing else can, the receptivity of modern Japan, prepared by long years of intellectual activity to recognise good and evil, to adopt one and reject the other. The superficial world of the West called the Japanese imitative. That was simply untrue, and has done more than anything else to spread abroad false ideas of the national genius. It was natural that, when the *samurai* became officers of a modernised army and navy, they should seek to incorporate fresh recruits in their ranks from the new sources opened by universal service for the career of arms. If *bushido* is intellectually aristocratic, it is politically and socially rather the reverse. Anyone can become a *bushi* by conduct in peace and by valour in war; merit alone recruits and maintains its ranks. It is open to the highest and the lowest in the land to enter, since neither birth nor wealth is required, only personal worth and conduct.

BUT someone may say: This is all very fine for the men, but where do the women come in? What part do they play in the scheme of Bushido? On this point, unfortunately, the writer of this most intensely instructive article has little to say, and our own regrettable ignorance does not allow us to fill up the *lacuna*. What the *Times*' correspondent does say on this point is as follows:

The Ladies of the
Knights

The *bushi* himself is formed among old families of *samurai* almost from the cradle, by his mother as well as by his father, since the share taken by the women of Japan in the conservation of the ancient tenets of *bushido* has been greatly under-estimated. Their honesty, their aptitudes, and their character have been almost universally misconceived.

We think, however, we are right in stating that the women are trained, at least to a certain extent, in Jujitsu, and, indeed, as far as the preliminary exercises are concerned we have a book

in English on the subject adapted for women, a companion volume to *Japanese Physical Training*, by Mr. H. Irving Hancock. We have also heard that among the women it is a part of right behaviour ever to preserve a smiling face in the presence of their husbands, their brothers and their fathers, and it is easy to see how this may frequently be a feat of high heroism, and how excellent a training it must be for winning towards a truly philosophical frame of mind. But enough has been already written to give our readers some dim idea of a great thing working in a small nation, of an ancient law of knightly wisdom adapted to modern needs, of an ideal so interpreted by deeds that the West cannot seek refuge in prejudice and turn its back in contempt. Bushido does not depend upon an ancient inspired scripture but on a present inspired life; the Way of the Warrior lives in the world. *Bansai!*

* * *

LORD KELVIN must have remembered something of a time when he was doubtless himself a most distinguished member of the Physicists of old who searched into the nature of things behind phenomena. Speaking Sage Advice lately to some modern representatives of the ancient Disciples of Æsculapius, in the person of the students of St. George's Hospital Medical School, concerning the phenomena of life, the distinguished scientist and thinker said (according to the summary in the *St. James' Gazette* of October 29th):

The modern medical man must be a scientific man, but, what was more, he must be a philosopher. To the list of subjects which they had to study for their profession, there should be added the subject of human nature. Whether they desired it or did not desire it, they were forced to deal with human nature from the beginning to the end of their medical course. That went far beyond all matter, far beyond crystallography. Let them not imagine that any hocus-pocus electricity, any viscous fluids, could make a living cell. There was no prospect of any process performed by human influence making a living thing; nothing approaching the cell of a living creature had ever yet been made. The phenomena of life, and, sad to say, the phenomena of death, and the difference between life and death, were subjects which they would meet every day in their practice. Those who were now going out to practise were going out to deal with living men and women and children, and they must never think of their patients as mere laboratory specimens, but as human beings.

THE MECHANISM OF MNEMONICS

IN the storehouse of our knowledge, the conservative faculty, or memory proper, all our ideas are packed away in more or less order, each fact taking its place by virtue of some affinity it has to other facts previously stored therein. So, if any solitary idea in this store be energised, its energy will be communicated to some idea affiliated to it in one way or another, through contiguity, resemblance, contrast, complement, or implication, or to an indefinite number of such ideas, which, being reproduced in consciousness, result in what we call a "train of thought."

There is something in this process of mental awakening analogous to the activity of nervous energy in the body which, in the course of flowing through one ganglion of nerves to another, gains force and determination. The latent idea in the first place energised may not be sufficiently aroused to come into consciousness, but the energy excited enlivens other ideas which are linked together in a chain of association, until ultimately some note is struck that appeals to the mental mood of the moment, and an effect is produced in consciousness which, in the absence of perception of its remoter causes, seems to the individual affected an isolated or spontaneous one.

Whether any ideas are wholly spontaneous, or alien ; whether latent or conscious ideas in one mind may be directly perceived by another ; whether there be such a phenomenon as pure inspiration, are considerations outside the scope of Mnemonics, whose relations are with ideas after they have passed into the memory. We may say, however, that research in the direction of telepathy would seem to shew that we can only perceive alien ideas after they have associated themselves with ideas in our own mental storehouse ; after, that is to say, they have been more or less modified by the environment into which they are projected, and by the machine which propels them into consciousness.

The storehouse of our mental facts Plutarch calls "the larder of the Soul from which is taken its food and nourishment." In this sense, one person's memory is probably as good as another's; the difference between what is called a good memory and a bad one being a difference in the power of Recollection—the power of bringing at will a latent idea into consciousness. The will exerted in Recollection resembles that which is employed, say, by the musician when he performs a long and rapid passage upon a musical instrument. There is conscious volition in beginning the performance and over the series of notes composing the passage, but he is not conscious of willing to strike each note. His interest may be diverted from what he is doing, he may think about totally different subjects the while, but if he be dexterous he will complete the performance without mishap. Between the volition which starts a series of confirmed habits requiring dexterity, and the last term of the series, there is a mechanism set in motion which acts automatically. This automatic action, called by physiologists with reference to the brain-work employed "unconscious cerebration," corresponds in mental phenomena to association of ideas, so that between the conscious volition accompanying Recollection and the facts recalled, there is at work the mechanism of Reminiscence.

Any art to aid the power of Recollection must depend therefore upon the services of Reminiscence, and its mechanism implies a co-partnership between these two faculties. The degree of energy association excites must vary with individuals, depending upon intellectual bias, natural desires, and perhaps more upon emotional tendencies; and there may be as well physical causes lying between the sense-organs and the sensorium; but Mnemonics, whilst using every association available, is based, as we shall see by glancing at some of the principal expositions of the art, upon a few phenomena which appeal to us all alike.

The first of these is the association afforded by *places*. This was the secret of the system of Simonides (480 B.C.) favoured by Cicero, Quintilian, Metrodorus, and probably Pliny. It says in effect that if you want to remember people or things, or events, associate them with *places*. This broad principle is susceptible of development, thus: put your *ideas* in places; build a castle in

the air and inhabit it with them. And so we have Romberch's and Grataroli's in the sixteenth century, and later, Wallis' elaborate systems, wherein every idea to be recalled was stored away in an imaginary edifice, in particular rooms, according to genus, species, class, etc., on particular floors, in particular spaces, and so on.

Such operation resembles the functions of the assistant at a circulating library. A book is returned; he puts it away in a certain place, on a certain shelf, in a certain case. When someone asks for that book, the assistant reverses the operation. If the same book be often given out and returned, he in time is able to find it and replace it without consulting the catalogue. Do we not all intuitively locate our ideas? When we hear or read something which we desire to be able to recall at a future time, do we not intuitively look about for some familiar idea which we are likely to remember, wherewith to associate the idea we desire to remember? In other words, we place it with the familiar idea which we believe that we can recall at will.

Another association which appeals to us all is derived from the habit of visualisation. Petrus de Ravenna, a learned mnemonist of Padua in the fifteenth century, in his *Phœnix Artis Memoriae*, advocated the use of the images of beautiful maidens to represent the different letters of the alphabet. His method is the converse of object teaching. In the latter we proceed from sensuous impressions to mental ones; when we employ visualisation as an aid to memory, the mental image leads us to the concrete thing. When we hear a name that we desire to remember, we intuitively try to form a mental image of it. This is easy when the name also signifies some object, quality or mode, as *Wood*, *Green* or *Bloomfield*. But how can we visualise a group of letters which have no such signification? It is in this difficulty that the symbols of Petrus have their use. The bald arbitrary letters become pregnant with life and meaning. What was a blank becomes a picture that can be recalled because it is intelligible, and may be placed in association with other images in the Memory.

To aid visualisation was also the aim of the Mnemonic system of Giambattista (*Ars Reminiscendi*). The rebus of which he is the reputed inventor, was intended originally to assist the

memory by using figures or pictures in place of words for the purpose of visualisation, but now is generally regarded as a kind of riddle or puzzle to perplex the mind, its primary use being preserved only in the system of Heraldry, where an emblem on a coat of arms denotes the owner's name or calling. Giambattista, however, rather revived than invented the rebus, for does it not appear in the hieroglyphics of the ancients? Must it not have been the form of the first written language?

The Egyptians, Herodotus tells us, "were the most *ingenious* beyond the rest of mankind, being attentive in the improvement of the Memory." Their hieroglyphics, representing birds, beasts, reptiles, insects, human forms, mechanical instruments, and, in short, all kinds of objects useful in pictorial writing, were presentments, which, unlike arbitrary signs, afforded direct suggestion. It was the writing that mnemonists would most favour. The suggestion was open and direct in the monumental writings of the Egyptians, which were intended to appeal to all classes for all time, whatever may have been the veiled or symbolic signification of the *hieratic* characters employed in the records and mystical inscriptions of their priests.

The associations we have briefly indicated are the capital principles upon which the mnemonic systems of Raymond Lully Capella, Roger Bacon, Marafortius, Schenkel, Winckelmann, Richard Grey, and Feinaigle, were built up with more or less modification.

If we consider the activities of ideas in what the psychology of to-day has named the "subliminal" self, the threshold of consciousness, their modes of manifestation in the conscious self, and their susceptibilities of excitement, we find ourselves examining the different parts of the mechanism of Mnemonics, and their relation to each other in the organised machine. A machine is not a tool, but an organisation of tools. A tool acts directly; the parts of a machine, though tools, act indirectly to the end for which the machine is constructed. Mnemonics as a machine has the same purpose in view (if we may so speak of automatic action) as Reminiscence—to bring latent ideas into consciousness. It is the orderly arrangement of ideas according to the laws of Reminiscence for the specific purpose of serving the Recollection.

We use the term *Reminiscence* not in the limited sense where a latent idea is energised by some purely sensuous excitement, but extend it to the processes of suggestion carried on after the conscious image has passed away. In this wider meaning it may be regarded as the custodian of our identity, since it binds together and vivifies the sum of our knowledge and experience. That there is a co-partnership between *Recollection* and *Reminiscence* may be further seen if we closely examine what takes place when we labour to find a far stored away fact in the memory.

We desire, suppose, to recall some long forgotten anecdote. At first we are conscious of nothing more than the desire—the mind seeming to render itself as passive and receptive as possible in the hope that the desired fact may come before us without specific excitement. (We shall see presently that this passivity is probably more apparent than real.) If we examine the phenomena attending this search we shall find that the next stage is one of rapid mental activity.

We try, for example, to remember from whom we heard the anecdote, and in what place, and if we succeed in recalling the individual and the concomitant local circumstances, but not the special subject matter of our search, then we ask ourselves what were the other topics that occupied our minds on the occasion when we heard the anecdote? Now, what are we doing in this process but looking for ideas that are in association with the group we are searching for? We are, in fact, calling upon *Reminiscence*, and relying upon that faculty to make the discovery we desire. If the experiment be a failure, if we can recollect every circumstance except just the one fact we want to recall, it by no means follows that the energy initiated by the act of volition is lost. On the contrary, we know that it is not so, for it is within the experience of all that ideas which we were unsuccessful in finding when *Recollection* sought them, the faculty of *Reminiscence* often brings into consciousness long after the search has been abandoned.

Let us suppose that we hear the anecdote that Napoleon III. amused himself on the morning of his capitulation at Sedan by reading one of Bulwer's novels, and that we want to be able to

recall it at a future time. To assist our "memory," therefore, we form a mental picture of *Bulwer* in the small farmhouse at *Sedan*. We accustom ourselves to the juxtaposition of these two ideas—*Bulwer*, and the *place* where we have planted his simulacrum. Our idea *Sedan* is thenceforth plus *Bulwer*, and our idea *Bulwer* plus *Sedan*. But *Sedan* is naturally associated with *Napoleon III.*, consequently *Bulwer* and *Napoleon* are associated ideas.

In this device we are employing that part of the mechanism of Mnemonics which exhibits the law of contiguity—that is, where one idea suggests another with which it has been placed. It is the basic principle of Simonides and of all who came after him. It is the principle which the primitive man employs when he marks a tree to indicate the spot where he has buried something to be afterwards unearthed for use. He brackets together in his Memory the idea of the hidden thing, and of the place of hiding.

Natural, unlike artificial, association is easy; yet heterogeneous ideas, when once we have formed a conception of them placed together, may excite suggestion by virtue of their very incongruity. Thus a land tortoise is naturally associated with land, but if we wanted to remember the oft-quoted witticism of Sydney Smith concerning the degree of satisfaction a tortoise enjoys by having its shell stroked, the idea of that reptile in juxtaposition with the idea *land* would afford no helpful suggestion. If we place it, however, in thought, on the dome of St. Paul's—and let the two ideas *tortoise*, and *dome of St. Paul's*, be contiguous, then the association, though based on an artificial combination of facts, will lead to the desired end by the mechanism of Reminiscence.

We have said that the mood immediately consequent on the first exertion of Recollection, although seemingly a passive one, is in all probability the reverse; in other words, that the recollecting faculty once aroused probably sets up an activity of which we are unconscious in its early stages. There is a similar operation to this when volition is directed towards a purely physical effect where no habit of dexterity has been consciously formed. We will to move our hand, and our hand moves. We are conscious of only two facts, of willing, and the hand moving. But

the Will does not act directly upon the hand, but upon the cerebellum, upon nerves, and upon muscles antecedent to our consciousness of the second fact. There have been then between these two facts a number of other facts—other activities aroused by the primary volition—which are without the sphere of consciousness, but none the less essential to the end desired.

May there not lie then between the facts we try to recall and the voluntary act of recalling them, a chain of associated ideas of which we are unconscious? This may have been the meaning of Cicero when he said that “even in ordinary recollection some element of artificial suggestion may be necessary to prompt the mind.”

As the mechanism of Mnemonics lies wholly in the field of the association of ideas—the sphere of Reminiscence—it is clear that the co-partnership of this faculty with Recollection must be established to give it any useful purpose. To arouse Reminiscence without any reference to volition would be to effect not order and concentration of thought, but distraction and confusion. Ideas in association without will and purpose are “the stuff that dreams are made of.”

It has been said that we do not want to learn how to remember, but how to forget. This would indeed be true if our Art did nothing but excite involuntary suggestion. For the mechanism to have any utilitarian value, it must serve to bring before us what we desire to recall in obedience to the will. This service can only be possible if there be a natural nexus between Recollection and Reminiscence. When we try to recall some far stored away ideas, how well it would often be if we could forget—if we could shut our mental vision to the host of irrelevant images which intrude upon us, obscuring the goal we wish to reach, and not infrequently diverting us therefrom!

Hence we are led to enquire into the relation of Mnemonics to faculties other than those included in the general term “memory.” Such relation is suggested by Quintilian, according to whom “a subject to be remembered well must be studied from every point of view and mastered in all its details.” To devote to a subject great thought implies that it interests us, and interest implies attention. When an idea exacts our attention, and

secures our interest, we rarely fail to recall it when wanted. "By attention," says Locke, "ideas are registered in the memory."

On the other hand, very trifling subjects interesting us not at all, mere casual impressions of no importance, that pass quickly out of thought without seeming to excite any special notice, are those which return to consciousness unbidden. It is with such ideas that reminiscence is active. Being commonplace facts, and the greater part of the stores of Memory being commonplace facts, they easily find affinities in the storehouse, affording association that is excited by the most trifling sensuous impressions. With this affinity to familiar suggestions easily excited, they can dispense with attention and interest.

Attention and interest, being outside the automatic action of Reminiscence, cannot be a part of the mechanism of Mnemonics. But the mechanism comes into play before the Will is exerted, before ideas are packed away out of sight, and therefore before the necessity of recalling them arises. It is in this previous state of consciousness that the relation appears of the mechanism to attention.

If we fix the mind upon some subject that requires a long sustained effort of concentration, and especially when we realise the importance of so storing away this subject in our memory that we may with certainty recall it at will, we are often conscious of arranging and classifying the facts as they come before us—very rapidly and broadly of necessity, but still aiming at an order of association that lends itself to ready suggestion.

This action, which is carried on by the mechanism, or is adapted thereto, does something more than anticipate the function of Recollection, it indirectly strengthens the attention. By providing an assurance that measures are being taken to secure the recovery of what passes out of consciousness, it leaves the attention free to focus its powers upon the general nature, spirit, and purpose of the subject before the mind.

Action of a similar nature takes place where ratiocination is concerned, and is familiar to every schoolboy. For example, suppose we are asked a simple problem of several terms. When we hear the first, we take, mentally, a symbol to express the relation of that term to the answer; next, a symbol to express

the foregoing as modified by the second term ; next, a symbol to express what has been thus modified, further modified by the third term, and so on.

These mental notes do not divert the attention from the question before the mind, but help rather to concentrate it on the inference to be drawn from the terms in which it is stated. They enable the energy of the attention to be transferred to the problem in a far less complex form than that in which it was first presented. We adopt this mental process to simplify the terms so that we can the better keep in view the whole subject. It is an effort to systematise our ideas of details as they are presented to the mind, that we may more easily grasp their relative importance and significance. A process with a similar purpose is at work in every act of concentrated thought. To reduce a proposition to its simplest terms is indirectly an aid to Reason, and directly to attention ; and whatever simplifies complex ideas contributes a factor to the mechanism of recalling them.

Again, antecedent to our studying a subject in all its details, we must hold it up clearly before the mind. This necessary act is the function of the Imagination—the imaging faculty which presents, and re-presents, the ideas to be surveyed. This faculty, like attention, is not a part of the mechanism of Mnemonics, and yet is essential to conscious memory. Like attention, also, it is influenced by the activity which the mechanism in use sets up.

We all know the experience of having ideas which we cannot express ; of beginning a sentence and forgetting what we wanted to say ; of speech becoming so involved in parenthesis that we lose sight of our nominative cases. On such occasions we have failed to form a clear and vivid image of our subject ; we have not seized it ; it eludes us and evanishes.

In a vigorous mind, the image-making faculty seizes and holds up ideas to the perception for examination. When this faculty is weak the ideas we try to recollect may come “to the tip of the tongue” (as we say) but we cannot formulate them in speech. The least excitement of the senses (unless there be special association between them and the sensuous impressions excited) drives them away. So ideas in terms of the mechanism of thought may be thus expressed : they are collected, they are

presented, they are cognised; in terms of the mechanism of memory: they are re-collected, re-presented, re-cognised.

Now, although Recognition, like Attention and Imagination, is not a part of the mechanism of Mnemonics, we cannot be said to recollect anything that we do not recognise. The faculty of Recognition identifies ideas as they come into consciousness, and this function implies association. For we identify things by their association with our own previous impressions of them, upon the completeness whereof the success of such identification must largely depend.

As, therefore, it is the part of the mechanism of Mnemonics to order and energise association of ideas, this habit must re-act upon and aid the function of Recognition. Similarly, it is through the habit of forming mental images of the ideas we wish to remember—of visualising them for the purpose of suggestion (which belongs to the function of the mechanism) that Mnemonics are related to the image-making faculty—the Imagination.

The occasional inability of Recognition to identify facts of which the mind has been at some time conscious, may seem at first sight to disprove what we have said, that the memory of one person is probably as good as that of another—meaning by memory the faculty which stores up and retains our knowledge. But imperfect function of one faculty does not prove the limitation of function of another.

We remember a far larger number of facts through association than by the aid of volition. Recollection may be altogether wanting, as Aristotle held was the case in animals; but we know that animals possess Reminiscence. There is, however, abundant proof that Recognition is not a measure of our stored-up knowledge, any more than consciousness is, for experience shews that facts which we have long lost sight of, and cannot identify when they are brought back into consciousness, and even facts of which we have never had but the faintest conscious impressions, come out of the obscurity of the storehouse in abnormal mental states, under unwonted cerebral excitement, and the influence of extraordinary emotion, and even in sleep.

Instances of such phenomena may be found in the records of the various hospitals for mental diseases and in the works

of Abercrombie, Sir William Hamilton, Beasley, Monboddo, Coleridge, and others too numerous to mention here. "Sometimes we observe in mad people an unexpected resuscitation of knowledge; hence we hear them describe past events, and speak in ancient or modern languages, or repeat long and interesting passages from books, none of which, we are sure, they were capable of recollecting in the natural and healthy state of their mind." (Beasley, *On the Mind*.)

From the foregoing outlines of those laws of thought with which our subject is concerned, it would appear that the value of any artificial aid to Memory must depend upon the following considerations:

1. Upon its keeping in view the *orderly* arrangement of ideas; for when Reminiscence is most active (as in cerebral disease, great emotional distress, and in sleep), the power of Recollection is weakest. There is at such times a dissolution of partnership between the two faculties, and their mutual helpfulness is in abeyance—because the activity of Reminiscence is not orderly, but erratic or casual.

2. Upon the simplicity of the Mechanism; for it is clear that however useful a device may be theoretically for assisting us to remember stored-away ideas, the principles upon which it hinges, or the parts which compose it, have themselves to be remembered.

3. Upon its adaptability to individual idiosyncrasies; for associations which appeal to one mind with force may not so appeal to another. The damsels of Petrus afforded him a more vivid visualisation than the letters of the alphabet; again, some can better remember words they hear, others, words they see; some, words represented by numerals; others, like Richard Grey, prefer to substitute letters for figures.

Association seems to be in some minds slow and laboured, and to have a tendency to work in a circle, as in the case of a person who harps upon the same string. In others it is rapid and superficial, seizing the faintest suggestions, as in those whose thoughts are easily diverted from their purpose—passing from one view to another, or to another subject, digesting none, and resting nowhere.

In such cases we venture to say that to induce the habit of simplifying ideas, and of ordering them according to natural association, would tend to enlarge the mental outlook of the one, and concentrate the activities of the other ; and that any device that favours both activity and concentration of thought must be helpful not only to the memory but also to the judgment.

DAVID H. WILSON, M.A., LL.M.

ATLANTIS*

T—— and I have now for some months written together, I asking questions and she holding the pen which moves automatically. Though we had known each other for many years and I was aware that T—— was endowed with occult faculties, the idea of trying our forces together had never occurred to us. It was a purely accidental combination which led to T——'s asking me to try to influence her to write. I knew that she had written much with others, and I myself have read many writings of that kind, but after the very first words we both at once recognised that we had this time to do with some quite exceptional force. The clear, concise, decided and practical wording gave us at once the sense of being in touch with a most original and strong personality, whose quickness, wit and knowledge of human affairs were those of a statesman and thorough man of the world.

F——, as he calls himself, has thus communicated to us many most interesting accounts of historical events and other things, with the most minute and unexpected details, but he always steadfastly refuses to answer questions about things he has not seen himself, or at all events about which he is not quite certain.

He tells us he can be so exact because T——'s endowments and mine harmonise like two clocks which go exactly together,

* We print this paper, just as we have received it, without comment ; for though most of our readers are familiar with the subject, they will prefer first of all to read our contributor's account just as it stands, apart from any comments or criticisms which might be made.—EDS.

my questions exciting his answer and T—— acting as a typewriter. He says that even in this exceptional case he cannot always be sufficiently exact because he must express himself in the language and with the words of T——.

F—— often answers my unspoken questions and also my written ones when I am at a distance ; but in the latter case we have to appoint an hour at which I project my mind towards him. It happens that at times T—— does not quite understand the sentences she has written down, and then F—— says “ E—— will understand,” and this is the case, for suddenly a veil seems to be withdrawn from the hidden meaning and it stands out clear before me.

F——, though a politician and a man of the world, is an enthusiastic humanitarian. He says that the one thing that matters is the raising of the world to goodness and happiness, and as he himself was, as he tells us, at one time a humble follower and disciple of St. Francis of Assisi, I need not say that he loves animals. Thus it chanced that the other day, after gently rebuking me for calling a dog an animal, he went on to explain that most dogs were half human, and that they were on the brink of promotion to become quite so, though they would be elementary and uncivilised savages. He added that he felt very anxious, for soon an important discovery would be made which would give the doctors a greater power than they had even now, and that it would lead to more cruelty in experiments on animals, for the man who found it out would think he had learned it by vivisection. “ But remember, it is not so, it is not a *discovery*, only a remembrance ; for the man who will find it out was an Atlantean, and the Atlanteans were far more learned in medicine than we are ; indeed the body had no secrets for them.”

I then began to question him about Atlantis, of which I knew hardly anything at all ; for what I had read about it in Mr. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism* had completely vanished from my mind. T—— was in the same case, and this will explain the rather disordered and fragmentary state of the information elicited by my questions, which I now give as it was written down.

Lemuria was submerged in order to drive humanity into a kind of material competition, from which the civilisation of Atlantis arose. The Lemurians were savages with every bodily faculty ready for development. These simple creatures were during many thousand centuries slowly evolving into the glorious divine gods and titans of Atlantis. If you had seen the Divine City in her pride you would be very sympathetic with me. There is nothing left of Atlantis proper, but all South America was colonised by the people who survived the second catastrophe.

They built pyramids and placed their sacred laws and knowledge in them, written on plates of gold. Some of their descendants still exist. In the unexplored parts of Patagonia a few of the descendants of the slave Atlanteans, the giant races, still remain. Under the great desert lie buried cities, and there still exists part of the so-called prehistoric fauna. The desert tells nothing, for no man has yet explored it thoroughly, nor can do so, until the air ships and Röntgen rays are made practically useful for exploring purposes, in another hundred years.

The world was very different in the days of Atlantis. There was no Europe, nor indeed much of Asia. It was quite another earth, and only one part of it was inhabited by men. The other parts were covered by great forests, and filled with creatures in a half evolved state. The famous passage in the Travels of Herodotus is hardly correct, for time was calculated differently and it is not likely that the Egyptian priests would tell the correct date to a globe-trotter like Herodotus.* I can only tell you what I know personally. For me Atlantis ceased to exist some time before the first destruction, about 2,000 years or so before.

Atlantis was a thing so rare and so perfect that no wonder on earth will ever recall or surpass it. You are in comparison babies with toys, not civilised creatures. Let me tell you a little about it.

Imagine a world in which there was nothing ugly, nothing weak, nothing decrepit, nothing sickly. Imagine a world in

* It is hardly necessary to point out that this is an error of objective fact. Plato, not Herodotus, was the writer of the *Atlantikum*. Our contributor, in answer to a query on this point, writes: "I asked 'Is it true that Atlantis disappeared 9,000 years before the time of Herodotus, as he records?'—(I had heard this mentioned casually), and hence his answer. In order to make the paper more readable I incorporated my questions."—EDS.

which none existed but those who were giants in intellect, and who admired beauty and followed science into depths you have no conception of,—men and women equal in godlike form and strength, and gifted with all possible knowledge. They saw as you now see, but their powers were far more, their powers were increased by absolute possession of the astral body. They could move from place to place without trouble, or need of any instrument.

They had no animals about them, had no different creatures near them. They were served by beautiful creatures, human automata, whose trained intelligence, or rather the want of it received obediently each thought of their masters and obeyed it. They ate quite differently from us, absorbing nourishment, not as we do now on earth. They had no animals, because an animal to them was a source of disgust. Their senses were too acute and their ideal of beauty too strong.

They had no love excepting for themselves. Men and women joined together in a state of supreme indifference, only seeking to enhance their own life by the union. Love was, as I say, unknown, yet beauty without love was their passion. As soon as a thing deteriorated they abandoned it, and at last reached the point of annihilating it. When the creature who served them became older, they disintegrated it instead of allowing its body to deteriorate. This, however, was not in the beginning; they had evolved a long time before they came to this.

They had no machinery except as a kind of amusement, and they directed it by direct communication with the elemental forces of the universe. They commanded the elements, made fine weather or storm as it pleased them. There were no children, for by an effort of unnatural power they attained to the great secret of causing life without material union of the two forces. The soul returned and reincarnated by an effort of will, taking its form from the natural elements without any other medium. This was what ultimately ended their power, for it could not be allowed to continue. It is dimly figured in late Hebrew legend by the "tree of life." There was nothing left of progression, and therefore a cataclysm had to overtake this civilisation, and destroy even its memory.

They found that with children love came, and with love self-sacrifice, and this brought pain, sorrow, and ugliness into the world. So the order was given "no children." You will never re-create Atlantis because you have grown souls and you love, and no material civilisation can be perfect where there is pity! Remember, however, that this heaven and earth are not for ever, and we are citizens of a Divine Kingdom where the knowledge of earthly science is absolute ignorance, and where the fool, if he loves, is a symbol of perfect wisdom.

The lower orders of the Atlanteans, however, still retained love, especially the slaves. It was useful to the masters. As lower people you were still selfish for your family, but in the caste of rulers the last trammels of love had fallen away. The lower people lived away in other cities, while the Divine City was filled only with the rulers, and served by such slaves as they had evolved in the precise way they needed. The cities were each filled with a special caste and so there was no jealousy.

The Divine City was so called because it was a sacred "Pharos" of wisdom and of power. I cannot tell you exactly where it was, all is so changed. It was always called the Divine City; of course in Atlantis itself it had another name. I cannot tell you the name because the Atlanteans generally did not use it, but only the caste of rulers, and they *never spoke*; they talked by telepathy, or wrote messages on the clouds, when they wished to attract the attention of any distant friend (I use the word friend because you have not got the exact word to express the Atlantean thought) who wished to be alone, and they could not telepath their thought. Friends were souls that struck the same note, saw the same colours, liked the same beauty. They were what you might call friends, for they understood each other, and being alike they could not injure each other without hurting themselves.

The streets of the Divine City were paved with a golden substance, but it was clear like crystal and endowed with a power of conducting the forces that were needed. The Atlanteans were not *materially* depraved when they arrived at the caste of rulers, though they had before this sounded the depth of iniquity in a lower capacity; it was only when lust was extinguished, for

lust is in a curious way connected with the last shadow of the love force (it is *desire* for something other than yourself and might be purified),—then only, when the last feeling was extinct, was the soul fit to enter the company of rulers.

Lust was a virtue, then, for it meant that the soul would risk something to obtain its desire. The real Atlantean was a creature of divine capacity without a single human affection, or desire, only prompted by the wish to become perfect and have all perfection materialised round him unrestrained by any law, caring for nothing but himself.

The earliest beginnings of mankind were of the lowest; through evolution they slowly and with difficulty attained the human status, led by rulers of another human lineage. I mean that the Lords of Life detached certain great spirits who incarnated as kings or chiefs and trained the first humanity till it was sufficiently evolved to produce rulers for itself. They were not exactly demi-gods, but very like them, for they all came from the same Divine Spirit that broods over humanity, the future Christ Child. These inculcated a *strict* law of human morals, the so-called *natural* law. The Lords of Life are the rulers of karma; they are what you might call the archangels, the rulers and leaders, bearers of the divine messages. They are in a manner the “ends” of the Divine Rays that warm and foster life. These Rays come forth when the creation begins; they restrain themselves when the Word saith “I have finished.” Like the sun’s rays, they work invisible to human eyes, but without their action there could be no life or love possible on earth.

The submersion of Atlantis is what the Hebrew books relate, but in a very casual way, for they only talk of one cataclysm. There were several. It was the revenge of outraged nature. Noah was a symbol of the rearrangement that then took place. Men were not allowed to return with knowledge of their past from the other side of things; I mean that the souls were compelled to return to ordinary methods of incarnation, and were no longer allowed to bring back their wonderful materialistic science. They died and were born as you are.

The Atlanteans were a race that was obliged to attain to

material perfection. The first difficulty in material evolution is that the soul does not care for material incarnation. Thus it must be shown the possibilities of life in the flesh. But in Atlantis the spirit forgot his higher nature, and lived not to evolve his god-hood but in material existence. The Atlantean catastrophes were several; they were like the overflowing of a pail of water placed beneath a fountain. It required time for the newcomers to arrive at the wickedness of their predecessors; but they did so. Then came the punishment, automatic, self-delivered. They overset the balance of creation, and so ruined their civilisation. The material cause was that they withdrew the life-force of the earth, and exhausted all the supplies of the life-current. This caused convulsions of nature, and the storm broke, irremediable, terrible, and swamped them. The Titans vied with the Gods but were defeated. All religions tell this tale as a note of warning.

Your earth is a living creature, and if you can tap its life-current you can work all miracles. The Atlanteans are the souls of to-day in some cases, but they have been discrowned. All who *know* now formed once part of the great triumph of matter. The Atlanteans fell from pride and from selfishness. They had to return into ordinary life by the simple way of being born as an ordinary infant. The giant in wisdom lost his power of knowledge.

The land of Egypt was one of the colonies of Atlantis, and was saved by the drastic means taken by its priesthood. It is from Egypt that the great wisdom of the ancients took its rise, and that is the reason why so much was asked of the candidates for this priesthood.

The last trace of Atlantis is in what you now call America; there are still ruins in the south which tell their own story; also in Tibet there were till a few years ago several precious documents which are very interesting. They have been removed from the civilisation so-called of the West, now about to enter the forbidden country, and have been taken into good keeping, I may not tell you where. I have, however, seen and read them.

In the sudden convulsion of nature that ruined Atlantis

some peaks in the Himálayas that were then existent, were not submerged; to them fled the few survivors, frightened and repentant, carrying with them the sacred books and unlawful learning. They gathered together such few of the slaves and lower people as had escaped the tragedy, and carefully putting aside all their hidden knowledge, the priests began to repair the harm they had done, to remove the chains with which the minds of the slaves were bound, and to inure the soft bodies and blunted conscience of these Atlanteans to a hardy and natural state.

I will now tell you a little more about the wonderful power of Atlantis, so as to make you realise what man has been, and will be in future ages; for to tell the truth Atlantis was *material perfection*, to *this* man can never return, but to *perfection* he will come in future time.

The ways of life of the highest classes were most simple, for nourishment was obtained almost from the air alone. Like orchids the rulers, and more especially the priests, drew all their sustenance from the substance contained in the atmosphere. Consult any botanist you like and you will see that I am right. *You* cannot do this, for you are not self-materialised; you are creatures *born*, and not *made by your own will*.

The conditions were the same, but life was a thousand times more potent. Only a few of your present souls would consent to lead the life the Atlanteans led, but they would not care for it, as it is impossible now to reproduce the conditions that took many centuries to evolve. The powers of humanity were evolved very slowly and very carefully. It was only the discovery of the *great secret*, that of the "tree of life," which simplified matters, and that you will never regain until you cease to care for the power for its own sake. I mean the secret of death and birth. There is no need for men to die. There is no reason for men to be born. I know the secret in part, but not fully, for I am not good enough to be permitted to recall the wonderful power. If I could do this I should at once be tempted to reveal it to you, for it would be, God willing, an eternity of happiness.

I will, however, try and define somewhat and give you an example. A man is entirely renewed each seven years; after a

while, however, he deteriorates and slowly decomposes. This is owing to ignorance, for if he knew how to regulate the inflow of new particles, he would never choose worse but rather better particles, and the atoms would remain permanently polarised by his will. Man is really held in a single cell ; this cell is immortal and goes down from generation to generation, creating ever new forms in which a human spirit can manifest. If this cell is retained in the body, and there is no procreation or waste of conservative power, then there is no reason why man should not exist for ever, during the cycle. By his children, however, man reproduces himself, and so destroys his material self. To an adept to marry is to become a lower creature subject to death. This is truth. Every man or woman who creates can only do so by handing on his immortality. Man is a spirit, and the spirit is the central point of the materialised form. The whole of mankind accept death as a necessity, and therefore hypnotise themselves into a belief that they must die, but there is no reason for it if the *cell* is still intact in them.

Think it over and understand that this is *one* of the chief Christian teachings that has been corrupted. Christ rose from the dead to be the first fruits of life.

Of races still existent none are pure Atlanteans, for their powers were too strong, and so had to be extinguished. Their forces were too great—gods you would call them now in beauty, strength and mind. Understand that if it had been possible to regenerate them, they would never have been destroyed, for in all material and mental characteristics they were perfection ; but they destroyed the earth's equilibrium. Some remains of Atlantis are covered by the oceans ; but nothing remains intact, all is now worn like pebbles by the rush of the waters, ground to fragments and reconstructed in many other forms. The secret of Atlantis is carefully held in the hands of Fate.

I doubt my powers of being able to delineate the contours of Atlantis on the map, and I shall spoil it. A pencil will be best ; mind I do not vouch for absolute correctness. The earth has changed several times since. Herodotus was not correct ; he drew too much on his imagination. I will not tell what I do not know. One difficulty is that there were no maps then, and so I

must do my work carefully, as I do not know if yours is quite right. The ancients knew far more. (Here followed a delineation of Atlantis on a small map of the world known to the ancients. It included part of South America, the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, or rather parts of them, also a small part of India and a strip of North Africa.)

I want to refer to the new discovery which will be made, and of which I have previously spoken. It was well known once, and will return to the fated man's memory, and he will be hailed as a benefactor of humanity. In the old days of Atlantis, when the secrets of the body were entirely unveiled to the caste of rulers and priests, they learnt it in a far more terrible way even than that of vivisection, namely by the stultification of the soul, thus destroying or distorting the power of evolution in a creature. You do not know this, thank God! or the earth would be once more a land of devils. The greater part of them were self-seekers, not God-seekers. You cannot now realise what a man or woman at the highest point of physical development can be; it was, however, once thus on earth. You are now born low animals in form and in material, compared to the great lords of power that ruled over the Divine City. They were not Gods, however, but rather Titans. You could not comprehend all the glory of the human frame made manifest in perfect shape and divine power, but ruled by a spirit untrained, untaught, looking simply to realise the ideal of supreme earthly perfection in *itself* and for *itself*. They were the creatures who evolved from the great scheme of evolution their body and their astral form, not their soul or their spirit. They were first led and taught by Divine Rulers; these then left them, and the Atlanteans chose their own lords, and formed a close body of men and women the like to which the world has never since seen. Supreme power was theirs and they used it. The Titans are a symbol, or perhaps the Satan of Milton, of their godless spirits.

They were clothed in the most beautiful fabrics made of the leaves of roses and of other flowers; that is, the substance was the same as that of which the roses were made. In reality they evolved their clothes from the elements as the roses do; they worked on the principles of things, their chemistry was that of

nature. They did not die, but their soul rejoiced and showed itself forth in spheres of beauty, for they were as gods on the surface of the earth. In spite of the great care they took to exclude all interference from their lives, still God, who is the sower of all good, would send them now and then a message, and they would feel the influence of God's thought, of God's discontent, and suffer. This they called the darkness. It was the only touch of material imperfection that remained.

And so the earth was changed entirely, as you are told in the story of Noah, for they were spirits that opposed the Divine decrees; they sought perfection for their own selves and reversed God's order, but they were lovely creatures, and you would worship them if you could see them. They were materially the most glorious work of God, on seeing which He said: "It was good." Only what God had not ordained that they did. They oppressed the weak, and made the lower natures to become stultified. The people were less advanced in materiality; some, as I told you, had children, and were less selfish. They were on probation, and were not admitted to the knowledge of the priests and rulers; they worshipped the Divine City and its inhabitants; from them came the few that had to be allowed to remain as conscious beings.

They did not, however, eat so coarsely as you do, for they lived on the elements of nourishment, that which made the grain and fruit grow. Their food was prepared in the higher ranks of the priests, who kept the people from knowing the secret of its preparation. From this comes the legend of the "food of the gods," ambrosia and nectar. It was just like the beehive with its special food prepared for a queen or a worker. The priests in this way ruled the nation completely. The slaves were chosen and fed on this stultifying nourishment, that consumed all their mind power. The agriculturists were fed so as to be akin to the earth, for it was for the earth they laboured, to content the great Mother, not to make wheat grow. I cannot explain it better except by saying that as the priests had found and tapped the source of life on this earth, they had found it was necessary to keep the earth cared for and cultivated, for in some mysterious way the earth when tamed tames the souls of her children. The

forests of Africa produce pigmies and the lands of Germany and England produce human beings, conscientious and clean. This the priests knew, and therefore the earth was well looked after.

Thus far F——. T—— had to leave the sunny garden in the south, where we had written the foregoing pages. She went to the north, where she met a friend and relative, a lady who had been a crystal gazer, but had given it up for some years. T——, however, asked F—— to help, and this was what the lady, who knew absolutely nothing of Atlantis, said :

“I see the sea misty, beautiful spreading waves rushing in—wonderful palms—more palms—strong creatures, one like a young man, but no moustache, very beautiful limbs and very small head, very tall. It is the garden of Atlantis. I see such strong communication with the stars, the Great Bear especially—*influence* comes from the stars, but everything *newer*. The *new* stars are much brighter. Books are being written. People are there who think they can do everything in the world—great flying creatures—huge great fishes—so new and wonderful I can’t explain. The inhabitants are queenly kind of creatures—all ruled by women—thinking out things ; they *seem* to feel. The women seek to create things—have charge over things. There are no houses, but great shelters, not quite houses, of reddish colour, clear like glass.”

There was some more of a personal interest which I leave out, otherwise nothing has been changed in F——’s writings or in what the crystal gazer said.

A week or so after F——’s departure the following paragraph in the *St. James’ Gazette* met my eye :

Mr. A. P. Sinnett, in *Broad Views*, mentions that in three different places Dr. Le Plongeon, the American explorer of Yucatan, has come upon direct written records of the tremendous cataclysm by which the last remnant of the Atlantean continent—itself a huge island as big, at all events, as all Central Europe—was swallowed up by the ocean about 11,000 years ago. One of these records is in the form of a manuscript known as the Troano MS., a document which survived the destructive habits of the Spanish conquerors in Mexico, and is still to be seen at some museum in Madrid. The all-important passage in this MS. is translated by Le Plongeon as follows :—

“In the year 6 Kan, on the 11th Maluc, in the month Zacm, there occurred terrible earthquakes, which continued without interruption

until the 13th Chuen. The country of the hills of mud, the land of Mu, was sacrificed; being twice upheaved, it suddenly disappeared during the night, the basin being continually shaken by volcanic forces. Being confined, these caused the land to sink and rise several times in various places. At last the surface gave way and ten countries were torn asunder and scattered. Unable to withstand the force of the seismic convulsions they sank with their 64,000,000 of inhabitants 8,060 years before the writing of this book."

I have quite lately read Mr. Donelly's interesting book on Atlantis and found that in many places he dimly indicates the things which F—— so clearly states. I think also that those who will read attentively *Genesis* vi.-ix., will find that they tally with the account here given of Atlantis and the Flood.

I hope at some future time to be enabled to write something more with T—— on this subject; but in the meanwhile I should be very glad if some of those who read these pages would add some knowledge of their own to this most interesting glimpse of antediluvian civilisation.

E.

A MORALITY

DATE: About 1863. TIME: Afternoon.

SCENE: Garden of a Suburban Villa.

Two young men discussing Darwinism. To them, enter their aunt; one of them (Mr. J.) makes a remark to her on something the other had said.

AUNT: William's a Unitarian, you know!

MR. J.: Well, I've known several Unitarians, and they were very good people.

AUNT: Yes, I believe they are generally very good moral people; but it's a sad thing for a young man to grow up with such a belief as that. Their morality won't save them, you know.

[A true story]

W. F. K.

A MASTER MYSTIC

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE WRITINGS AND PHILOSOPHY OF
JACOB BOEHME

II.*

THE PROCESS OF DIVINE MANIFESTATION

BOEHME's system goes back to the very origin and commencement of manifested Being. Beyond this, he says, it is not lawful nor expedient to press. The attempt to contemplate the Unmanifest God, beyond nature and creature, overwhelms and confounds the mind, and results in disaster.

So he contents himself with laying down a thesis which seems—to us—self-evidently true: that God, apart from manifestation, is a Still Rest, in which nothing, that we should call “anything,” is. It is a “No-thing,” for it is All Things in abstract potentiality; Being, apart from existence; Idea apart from embodiment, or even essence.†

In this Still Rest there is, or arises (how, we know not and must not seek to know), a Will to know what is in Itself. It is, in Boehme's conception, a purely abstract Will to discover the wonders potentially in Itself; which never can be discovered while the Will remains in the Still Rest, beyond nature and creature. In the Will there arises a desire, which gives definite direction to the Will. The Will is the mere abstract Will to behold Itself; the desire is the perception of the necessary “process” to effect this, and the impulse to set about it.

He says: “For in the Nothing the Will would not be manifest to Itself; wherefore we know that the Will seeks Itself, and finds Itself in Itself; and Its seeking is a desire, and Its

* See the last number for I.

† Boehme seems to understand by “essence” that which is setting itself to become. It is the first out-going of Being towards manifestation; the most rarefied of “conditions” but not the unconditioned, the pure Being.

finding is the Essence of the Desire, wherein the Will finds Itself. It finds nothing except only the property of the Hunger, which is Itself, which it draws into Itself; that is, It draws Itself into Itself, and finds Itself in Itself; and Its attraction into Itself makes an Overshadowing, or Darkness, in It, which is not in the Liberty, *viz.*, in the Nothing; for the Will of the Liberty overshadows Itself with the Essence of the Desire; for the Desire makes Essence, and not the Will."* That is, it is not the Will but the Desire that makes Essence.

In this Darkness there arise three forms, or qualities, which are the basal powers of all manifestation, and apart from which no manifestation could be. These forms, or qualities, are at first purely abstract properties; powers and dynamics to embodiment, but not themselves embodied. They are Astringency, Attraction, and Bitterness. We might perhaps express them in modern terms as homogeneity, heterogeneity, and friction; two contraries and the result of their contrariety.

The first seems to be an inertive force, resisting change and new combinations. The second is the progressive force, seeking change, pressing to new combinations. The more the second seeks to operate, the more the first seeks to withhold it; and in like manner does the second seek and strive to overcome the inertia of the first. The Bitterness, or Anguish, arises from this contrariety of the first two, which incessantly oppose, wrestle, and struggle with each other.

Proceeding to elucidate the original of these antagonistic elements, or powers, he says that the first Will in its desire to go out from Itself, from the Still Rest, finds that by doing so it brings Itself into a Darkness. Thereupon—misliking the Darkness—it seeks to turn back into the Still Rest, but cannot do so without (so to speak) *unwilling* Itself, for it is a Will to go out from the Still Rest. It thus begets in Itself a "re-conceived" Will to go back again; but the more the new Will seeks to return, the more does the first Will seek to withhold it; and thus the contrariety arises; and, out of the contrariety, the Bitterness or Anguish.

As the conflict increases, the tension increases; and at length

* *The Signature of All Things*, Chap. ii., Par. 9, 10.

generates the fourth form, Fire. We know that every exercise of energy produces heat ; and Boehme has anticipated the discoveries of modern science in thus predicating the original of fire from the strain and stress of the first three.

This Fire, he says, is, at first, a cold, dark Fire ; but as the opposition increases in intensity, it gets hotter and hotter, until at length a "Flagrat" or flash arises, as lightning breaks forth from the strain in the thunder clouds ; and thus is generated the fifth form, which is Light.

The first three forms, up to this point, have been in darkness ; and although they are all three out of the One and Only God, yet, because they are but parts and not the whole, they are not what the whole is, good. They are the *Power*, apart from the *Goodness* and *Love*, of God. Their conflict is terrible, horrible, titanic ; a source of fire. And it is, says Boehme, according to these first three forms that God calls Himself a "devouring fire" and a "jealous God."*

But when the Light arises, it effects a great change. At its uprising, the forms of the powers (the first three forms) sink down affrighted ; the Light quenches their fierceness, so that their energy, though still maintained, is no longer mere blind, undiscerning power, but becomes reasonable and understanding. Each, before the Light, works in itself, and as with a rage and fury against its opposites. The Light enables them to see that there is, in their interaction, a high purpose ; and they now (while opposing as strongly as before) yet oppose intelligently, and for the sake, not of self-maintenance, but of producing by their opposition the wonders and glories of divine manifestation. Their wrath is turned into love ; their fury, into joy.

The Light now produces or generates the sixth form—the Sound or Voice or Tune. Everything now finds its nature and quality, and sounds forth according to this nature or quality. All sorts of definite distinctions arise, though yet but in their spiritual idea, to the manifesting of the endless wonders of the Divine Wisdom. In this form arises speech in angels and men, and all sounds, tones, colours, scents, characteristics and properties in animate and inanimate nature. Every distinc-

* *Deut.*, iv. 24.

tion now finds its quality, and faithfully expresses it ; and the great orchestra of creation sounds forth the divine harmony. The coming of the Light acts as the coming of the conductor of an orchestra. Before, each performer blows, fingers, scrapes or beats his instrument without regard to harmonious result. But as the conductor lifts his wand, the discord ceases ; and then the splendid harmony bursts forth : the music of the spheres, the songs of the Morning Stars, the triumphant shouts of the Sons of God.

Boehme means a great deal by this sixth form. Not merely actual tones, as the voice or song in man, and the cries in birds and animals ; but the definite and expressed qualities of all things which find expression in ways other than sound. The scent and colours of plants ; the colours and properties of metals ; the universal properties of every "body" from the highest spiritual form to the lowliest dust of earth. Everything whereby any creature, or thing, expresses objectively its nature and quality is included in the significance of this sixth form.

The final and seventh form is (he says) the resultant of the foregoing six ; that in which they attain their completion and end. It is the Figure, the manifested form and body, which is the product of the interaction of the Astringency, the Attraction, the Bitterness, the Fire, the Light, the Sound.

There is not, he asserts, any creature, animate or inanimate, in which the six forms are not each of them present in its due degree and temperature ; each of the six contributing its quota towards the production of the seventh, which is the Figure, the creature, or thing. The first three of the seven give the *basis* of Being ; the last three give the *quality* of the Being ; and the distinction of quality (as good or bad) arises in the middle form, the fourth. The diversities arise from the differing proportions in which each is present, and the particular form that stands in the dominant position. The possibilities of variety are infinite, without end or number ; but in all creatures the six forms are all present in some degree, some more hidden, and some more manifest. And the creature in its spirit, body, colour, sound, and all virtues and qualities whatsoever, is the Signature of the operations of the six forms as they are present in it.

This is the best we can do in attempting to give some, we

hope fairly intelligible, presentation of the wonderful philosophy of creation set forth by our author. We do not pretend that it is full and complete; there is much that might be added. Creation, to him, is an endless band, or wheel; ever in revolution. The six forms in their interaction, revolving

In mystic dance, not without song,

form a sort of vortex, out of which issue, first the ideas of the creatures; then the souls; and then the bodies; which is interesting in view of the vortex theory of matter that has been promulgated in these latter times. But we think that this Master's main value is not in his more recondite theories of creation, but rather in his more practical pronouncement as to what is true life, true faith, true salvation, for man. We therefore content ourselves with this brief (and really insufficient) account of his theory of the seven forms of nature. Readers who desire to know more are referred to his works.

But though we do not desire to say more about the seven forms in themselves, we must yet say a good deal more upon the subject of manifestation, and of the Three Principles, and of his most interesting theory of how good and evil arise.

The first thing to be grasped is this. There must be, in every created thing, an unseen basis, and a seen quality. Wherever the divine order has been undisturbed, the first three forms constitute the unseen basis; and the last three constitute the seen quality. That is to say, that the Astringency, the Attraction, and the Bitterness, should be unseen, never allowed to appear as "qualities," giving nature and character to the thing. Thus applied they are not qualities of astringency, attraction and bitterness; they then only take on these characteristics when they are allowed to act as "qualities" instead of as "hidden bases." When thus in their right place, if they could at all be contemplated by the illuminated eye, they would be thought of as potentials, giving existence, vigour, strength; but not quality. For the mind of man, these are abstract ideas, never contemplated alone and apart. Our interest is in the quality or character of the existence, the vigour, the strength. If by his strength a man oppresses us, it is the way the strength acts, and not the abstract

strength, that impresses us; and the same is equally true if the strong man helps us. Abstract strength, apart from the way in which it acts, is a thing concerning which the human mind never enquires, and has no faculty for contemplating. If we would enquire, we can do so only by observing the quality or character of the way in which the strength is applied.

Our author always calls these first three forms of nature, Astringency, Attraction, Bitterness.* This is what they are *when manifested as qualities*, but when not manifested they have no name, they are hidden dynamics; and the whole question of good or evil depends on whether man will be content simply to say they are, and must be, there, but will refrain from seeking to know anything beyond this. The moment he wishes to know more than this, they at once present themselves to him as astringency, attraction, bitterness. They are dragged out of the hidden, unmanifested, condition; and appear, not as abstract dynamics, but as definite qualities.

Therefore it appears to us that when Boehme says that if Wrath were not, Love could not be, what he really means is that if that which *when manifested would appear as wrath* were not, love could not be. There is more than a mere verbal quibble in insisting on this distinction; for in dealing with such profound, metaphysical concepts, language cannot be too nicely weighed, and many a fine conception has failed to win acceptance just because this was not done, and the mind of the reader was left to recognise (if it could) refinements of meaning which are not always self-evident, and to which, therefore, it is much safer to draw definite attention.

But though the first three forms should be kept hidden, and never be allowed to manifest as qualities, they *can* be brought into view, and be manifested as qualities; and it is in the doing of this that they then, for the first time, become evil. Here, for the mind that can truly catch the principle indicated, there is found what, to us, is the grandest and most satisfactory philosophy of the nature of evil that has ever been presented to the world. It arises not from a *wrong thing*, but from a right thing

* He calls them indeed by many other terms, but they are always synonyms for the ideas expressed in these three.

in a *wrong position*. To get rid of it requires nothing but an alteration of arrangement.

This conception is of the highest spiritual importance ; and is worth all the pains and effort we may have to make to grasp it. In the grasping of it lies the solution of the profoundest problems of life, and providence, and human salvation.

It seems to us manifestly true that (as Boehme says) the Still Rest, beyond nature and creature, where no qualities yet exist, and in which there is neither good nor evil, cannot put Itself forth into manifestation save through the arising of contraries. But there are two sorts of possible contraries : first, the contraries of the hidden basis and the manifested quality ; and, second, the contraries of the evil quality and the good quality. The real necessity which brings about manifestation is the first of these, not the second. According to Boehme, there was a period, before the fall of Lucifer, when manifestation was accomplished, and yet where all was in perfect order. It is scarcely accurate, therefore, to say that manifestation requires the arising of the contraries of good and evil. For the evil is not in the first three forms, but in their being brought out of their right position as hidden bases, and becoming manifested as qualities. What is required is that that which, *when manifested*, becomes evil should be there ; but *it need not be there as evil* ; in its right place it is good, and the promise and potency of all the good works which require it absolutely as their basis, apart from which they could not come to manifestation. And (with the deepest submission) we venture to think that our author has not been sufficiently careful to make this, which we believe to be his real teaching, plain.

At the same time, it is true that for us men, as we now are in this external world of the third principle, the full knowledge of good is impossible without the knowledge of evil. But we are not here speaking of *fallen* capacity, but of *unfallen*, which we have no reason to suppose is as limited as ours now is. The requirement for "manifestation" was the arising of the contraries of a hidden dynamic and a revealed quality. The requirement for full comprehension by creaturely consciousness is, no doubt, the arising of the contraries of good and evil.

These first three forms, which, so long as they remain hidden bases, are good, Boehme calls the first principle. In their right place they have no name; for "name" expresses an apprehension of quality. But as, to speak of them, they must be called by some name, Boehme gives them the names that truly apply to them when they are brought forth into manifestation: Astringency, Attraction, Bitterness. Let the reader carefully remember that these are the names, *not of the things there, but of the qualities they immediately take on upon being brought out from the hiddenness into manifestation.*

The last three forms, Light, Sound, and that "whole" which is the resultant of them all, Boehme calls the second principle. And he says that the first principle is the principle of the Father, and the second is the principle of the Son. Here again it is very necessary to be sure that we have caught exactly what he means to convey; for there are large possibilities of misunderstanding him.

The best we can suggest is the following. There are passages in Scripture in which God speaks of Himself as an angry, jealous God, inclined to punish. God is thus, says Boehme, only according to the first principle; but he also adds that, in and for God, the first principle is never apart from the second, nor the second from the first.

There are concepts of which, unless we think and speak "after the manner of men," we should not be able to think or speak at all. We have two ideas of God to deal with: first, God as He is to unfallen faculty; and, second, God as He must be to fallen faculty. Fallen faculty cannot apprehend God in His inviolable Unity, but has, for all practical purposes, to regard the two inseparable sides of Him as separable and distinct. These two sides are as Father, and as Son; as the *power* of creation, and as the *quality* of the things created. To us, it seems perfectly natural to think that we can predicate the power without having predicated the quality; that is, that after we have got the power, we have yet to determine how this power shall be used,—whether wisely or unwisely, for good or for evil. To God, it is probable that there is no such alternative; for, to Him, power and quality (to us, two) are one.

Therefore when Boehme says that the first principle is the principle of the Father, we must take him to mean that this is so only to, and for, fallen faculty; because it is fallen faculty only that can think of the first principle as ever being apart from the second. Our false thought cannot affect God in Himself; but it can, and does, affect our apprehension of Him, the idea of Him that we form in our mind. If we take a false view, we must take also the false conditions that are proper to that false view; for to do so alone is consistent, and by sticking to consistency we are more likely to be led to recognise our fundamental error than by being practically inconsistent. Start out from a false hypothesis, and be consistent in arguing from it, and the "*reductio ad absurdum*" will soon be worked out; but inconsistent argument can lead to nothing of any value.

Therefore, as man has actually brought the first principle out into manifestation, and (through having done this) knows envy, hatred, and malice as qualities, it is better to be consistent, and suppose that these qualities are in God. Finding out sooner or later, as all must do, that these qualities do not conduce to blessedness and happiness, we shall necessarily be led to feel that they cannot be qualities in God; for God could not forbid us to cultivate anything that was a real *quality* in Himself. Then it will be easily apparent that we were wrong in thinking them *qualities* in God. That which *when manifested as quality*, must appear as envy, hatred and malice, is, when *not* manifested, that hidden, basal dynamic which is the fountain Power, apart from which nothing could come to manifestation. Here, it is in its right position, and is good. Nothing but ignorance, and (from the divine point of view) *insane* imagination, could ever regard it as in any other position.

So we see that *if* we perform the mental act, which ought to be impossible (and is impossible, save to limited faculty), and separate, in our thought of God, the Son from the Father, the quality from the dynamic, that which remains is abstract power. But it is impossible for us to conceive of power as abstract, and with no will. We have the decalogue, and know what God wills. If power is disobeyed and does not punish; then, either the power is not power, or the disobedience is of no consequence.

Both of these conclusions are absurd. Therefore we are obliged to conclude that the power will punish. Thus Boehme is right in saying that, *according to the first principle*, God is an angry, jealous God, of Whom it is rightly written, "Shall not He punish?" He also says that "God is not called God according to the first principle." Here he is speaking from the higher point of view. The key to the solution of all apparent contradictions, both in Scripture, and in illuminated writers such as Boehme, is to bear in mind that there are two points of view, and to be careful to determine which of the two is the one taken at the time.

We have said that the first three forms are the forms of the first principle, and the last three (the fifth, sixth and seventh) are those of the second principle. The question will arise, what of the fourth form?

Boehme says that it is in the fourth form that the distinction arises between good and evil. This is, of course, for the creature. The fourth form is the Fire, which may be either a cold, horrible fire, or a warm, grateful fire.

The Fire is, no doubt, Love; which may be love of self, or love of God and man. The great test for man is whether he will love himself with all his heart and mind and strength, and love nothing else, or whether he will love God with all his heart and mind and strength, and his neighbour as himself.

For it is in the fourth form that *quality* first arises; the first three forms should never be allowed to give quality. When quality arises, it must arise (for limited beings) as a question: of what quality? Yet it is also true to say that in far too many instances, it is not a question. For many are born in whom no conception of any quality other than self-love has yet arisen. They begin, and grow up, self-assertive, self-regarding, self-loving. This is the Fire, at once cold (for all "self" is cold) and scorching hot (for all "self" is also this), and dark (for self-regard is a blindness). As Boehme says, it rages horribly; consuming, without satiation; lusting, without ever being fully satisfied. Goethe described it when he wrote:

Thus in desire I hasten to enjoyment,
And in enjoyment, pine to feel desire!

Study any person subject to this spirit. If another is praised, or if any disparaging thing is said of himself, how this cold-hot-dark Fire at once flies up in fury, twisting all facts to the interpretation it is disposed to take, turning the most innocent meanings into the most malicious. Around, the sun may be shining, nature may lie fair and beautiful, the birds may sing, the flowers may smile, and everything whisper love and joy. But to such a person at such a time, all is black, everything wrong, the world a hell, unless he can get his will of down, down, into the dust, with the one who has offended him, and up, up high aloft, with himself.

This is the Fire of the fourth form unqualified by the Light of the fifth. What is required to amend it? That true Light which shows everything in its proper balance and relation. The false spirit says: "I am injured!" The true spirit replies: "How? Has God ceased to Be? Has access to Him been made impossible to you by what has been said? Are you less near to His Heart because a fellow creature has not taken you at your own estimation? What does the estimation of others really matter to you? If you are fulfilling your right function in the great whole, what men (who are not the ultimate arbiters) think or say, matters less than little. Prove to them that they are wrong by showing the true spirit of love. Care only for what God thinks of you. His sun still shines, His nature is still bright; which proves that nothing that really matters has happened."

Thus we see how it is in the fourth form that a man must decide whether he will drag the first three forms out into their manifestation as Astringent-harshness, Self-attraction and Bitterness; or whether, by the power of the true Light, he will let them remain in the hiddenness, and put his whole being and estimation into the mild love, that rises up, not in wrath, but in generosity; not in fierceness but in meekness; not in antagonism, but in sympathy. If he do so, then the dark Fire becomes tintured by the divine Light; sinks down in meekness; and the Light, and the Sound, and the whole man, stands as a creature of the second principle (the first remaining hidden), and so "continues in the Father and in the Son."

GEORGE W. ALLEN.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE PERFECT SERMON, OR THE ASCLEPIUS

A SERMON OF THRICE-GREATEST HERMES TO ASCLEPIUS

(CONTINUED FROM p. 249)

[VII. M.] AND now let us begin to treat of spirit and such things.

There was first God and matter,* which we in Greek† believe [to be] the cosmos; and spirit was *with* cosmos, or spirit was *in* cosmos, but not in like way as in God;‡ nor were there things [as yet] from which the cosmos [comes to birth] in God.

They *were* not; just for the very reason that they were not, but were as yet in that [condition] whence they *have had* their birth.§

For those things only are not called ingenerable which have not yet been born, but [also] those which lack the fertilising power of generating, so that from them naught can be born.

And so whatever things there are that have in them the power of generating,—these too are generable, [that is to say,] from which birth can take place, though they be born from their own selves [alone]. For there's no question that from those born from themselves birth can with ease take place, since from *them* all are born.

God, then, the everlasting, God the eternal, nor can be born, nor could He have been born. That|| is, That was, That shall be ever. This, therefore, is God's nature—all from itself [alone].

* The Greek *ὕλη* is here retained by the translator.

† *Grace*.

‡ The Latin translation is confused. The original seems to have stated that spirit and cosmos (or matter) were as yet *one*, or spirit-matter.

§ That is, presumably, they were in potentiality.

|| *Hoc*.

But matter* (or the nature of the cosmos) and spirit, although they do not seem to be things born from any source,† yet in themselves possess the power of generation and of generating,—the nature of fecundity.

For the beginning‡ [truly] is in [just that] quality of nature which possesses in itself the power and matter both of conception and of birth.§ This,|| then, without conception of another is generable of its own self.

XV.

But, on the other hand, [whereas] those things which only have the power of bringing forth by blending with another nature, are thus to be distinguished; this space of cosmos, with those that are in it, seems not to have been born, in that [the cosmos] has in it undoubtedly all nature's potency.¶

By "space" I mean that in which are all things. For all these things could not have been had space not been, to hold them all. Since for all things that there have been, must be provided space.

For neither could the qualities nor quantities, nor the positions, nor [yet] the operations, be distinguished of those things which are no *where*.

So then the cosmos, also, though not born, still has in it the births** of all; in that, indeed, it doth afford for all of them most fecund wombs for their conception.

It, therefore, is the sum of [all that] quality of matter which hath creative potency, although it hath not been [itself] created.

And, seeing that [this] quality of matter is in its nature [simple] productiveness; so the same [source] produces bad as well [as good].

* Again $\nu\lambda\eta$ in the Latin text.

† *Principio*, "beginning"; the same word as that used in the Vulgate translation of the Proem of the fourth Gospel.

‡ *Initium*.

§ This seems to make it clear that the idea "cosmos" is regarded under the dual concept of spirit-matter.

|| *Sci.*, primal nature, or spirit-matter.

¶ The Latin construction is very faulty.

** *Naturas*.

XVI.

I have not, therefore, O Asclepius and Ammon, said what many say, that God *could* not excise and banish evil from the scheme* of things;—to whom no answer need at all be given. Yet for your sakes I will continue what I have begun, and give a reason.

They say that God ought to have freed the world from bad in every way; for so much is it† in the world, that it doth seem to be as though it were of His own limbs.

This was foreseen by highest God and [due] provision made, as much as ever could have been in reason made, then when He thought it proper to endow the minds of men with sense,‡ and science and intelligence.

For it is by these things alone whereby we stand above the rest of animals, that we are able to avoid the snares and crimes of ill.

For he who shall on sight have turned from them, before he hath become immeshed in them,—he is a man protected by divine intelligence and [godly] prudence.

For that the ground-work of [true] science doth consist of the top-stones of virtue.

It is by spirit that all things are governed in the cosmos, and made quick,—spirit made subject to the will of highest God, as though it were an engine or machine.

So far, then, [only] let Him be by us conceived,—as Him who is conceivable by mind alone, who is called highest God, the ruler and director of God sensible,§—of him who in himself includes all space, all substance, and all matter, of things producing and begetting, and all whatever is, however great it be.

XVII.

It is by spirit that all species in the cosmos are [or] moved or ruled,—each one according to its proper nature given it by God.

* Lit., nature. † *Sci.*, evil or bad.

‡ Presumably meaning the higher sense. § That is, cosmos.

Matter,* or cosmos, on the other hand, is that which holds all things,—the field of motion,† and the that which crowds together‡ all; of which God is the ruler, distributing unto all cosmic things all that is requisite to each.

It is with spirit that He fills all things, according to the quality of each one's nature.

[Now,] seeing that the hollow roundness§ of the cosmos is borne round into the fashion of a sphere; by reason of its [very] quality or form, it never can be altogether visible unto itself.

So that, however high a place in it thou shouldest choose for looking down below, thou could'st not see from it what is at bottom.

It is because in many places it confronts [the senses], that it is thought to have the quality [of being visible throughout].||

For it is solely owing to the forms of species, with images of which it seems insculpted, that it is thought [to be] as though 'twere visible [throughout]; but as a fact 't is ever to itself invisible.

Wherefore, its bottom, or its [lowest] part, if [such a] place there be within a sphere, is called in Greek *a-eidēs*; ¶ since that *eidein*** in Greek means “seeing,”—which “being-seen” the sphere's beginning†† lacks.

Hence, too, the species have the name *eideai*,‡‡ since they're of form we cannot see.

Therefore, in that they are deprived of “being-seen,” in Greek they are called *Hades*; in that they are at bottom§§ of the sphere, they're called in Latin *Inferi*.

* Again ὕλη.

† *Agitatio*.

‡ *Frequentatio*.

§ *Cava rotunditas*; that is, presumably, concavity.

|| *Propter quod multis locis instat, qualitatemque habere creditur*. The Latin translation is evidently faulty. Ménard omits the sentence entirely, as he so often does when there is difficulty.

¶ Ἄ-ειδής, that is “invisible”; that is Hades (Αἰδης or Ἄδης).

** εἰδέν—? ἰδέν.

†† *Primum sphaeræ*; the top or bottom presumably, or periphery, of the world-sphere.

‡‡ εἰδέαι—? ἰδέαι; that is, forms, species,—but also used of the highest species, viewed as “ideas.”

§§ *Sci.*, at the centre.

These, then, are principal and prior,* and, as it were, the sources and the heads of all the things which are in them,† through them, or from them.

XVIII.

ASCLEPIUS. All things, then, in themselves (as thou, Thrice-greatest one, dost say) are cosmic [principles] (as I should say) of all the species which are in them, [or] as it were, the sum and substance of each one of them.‡

TRISMEGISTUS. So cosmos, then, doth nourish bodies ; the spirit, souls ; the [higher] sense (with which celestial gift mankind alone is blest) doth feed the mind.

And [these are] not all men, but [they are] few, whose minds are of such quality that they can be receptive of so great a blessing.

For as the world's illumined by the sun, so is the mind of man illumined by that light ; nay, in [still] fuller measure.

For whatsoever thing the sun doth shine upon, it is anon, by interjection of the earth or moon, or by the intervention of the night, robbed of its light.

But once the [higher] sense hath been commingled with the soul of man, there is at-one-ment from the happy union of the blending of their natures ; so that minds of this kind are never more held fast in errors of the darkness.

Wherefore, with reason have they said the [higher] senses are the souls of gods ; to which I add : not of *all* gods, but of the great ones [only] ; nay, even of the principles of these.

XIX.

[VIII. M.] ASCLEPIUS. What doth thou call, Thrice-greatest one, the heads of things, or sources of beginnings ?

TRISMEGISTUS. Great are the mysteries which I reveal to thee, divine the secrets I disclose ; and so I make beginning of this thing§ with prayers for heaven's favour.

* Or principles and priorities (*antiquiora*).

† *Sci.*, the "ideas."

‡ The Latin text is hopeless.

§ *Initium facio* ; or perhaps perform the sacred rite, or give initiation.

The hierarchies* of gods are numerous ; and of them all one class is called the noumenal,† the other [class] the sensible.‡

The former are called noumenal, not for the reason that they're thought to lie beyond *our*§ senses ; for these are just the gods *we* sense more truly than the ones we call the visible,—just as our argument will prove, and thou, if thou attend, wilt be made fit to see.

For that a lofty reasoning, and much more one that is too godlike for the mental grasp of [average] men, if that the speaker's words are not received|| with more attentive service of the ears,—will fly and flow beyond them ; or rather will flow back [again] , and mingle with the streams of its own source.

There are, then, [certain] gods who are the principals¶ of all the species.

Next there come those whose essence** is their principal. These are the sensible,—each similar to its own dual source ;†† who by their sensibility,‡‡ affect all things ;—the one part through the other part [in each] making to shine the proper work of every single one.

Of heaven,—or of whatsoe'er it be that is embraced within that term,—the essence-chief§§ is Zeus ; for 't is through heaven that Zeus gives life to all.

The sun's essential principal||| is light ; for the good gift of light is poured on us through the sun's disk.

The " Thirty-six," who have the name of Horoscopes,¶¶ are in the [self] same space as the fixed stars ; of these the essence-

* *Genera*.

† *Intelligibilis* (= οἱ νοητοί) ; lit., that which can be known by intellect (alone).

‡ *Sensibilis* (= οἱ αἰσθητοί) ; lit., that which can be known by the senses.

§ That is the "sense" of those who have reached the " Trismegistic " grade ; though of course beyond the range of the normal senses.

|| The text is faulty.

¶ *Principes*.

** The Greek original οὐσία being retained.

†† That is, presumably, essence and sensibility.

‡‡ That is, presumably, their power of affecting the senses.

§§ The Greek οὐσιάρχης is retained in the Latin.

||| Or, essence-chief.

¶¶ Horoscopi (= ὠροσκόποι) ; generally called Decans ; compare the Fragment so entitled.

chief, or prince, is he whom they call Pantomorph, or All-form-maker,* who fashioneth the various forms for various species.

The "Seven" who are called spheres, have essence-chiefs, that is, [have each] their proper rulers, whom they call [all together] Fortune and Heimarmenē,† whereby all things are changed by nature's law; perpetual stability being varied with incessant motion.

The air, moreover, is the engine, or machine, through which all things are made—(there is, however, an essence-chief of this, a second [air])—mortal from mortal things and things like these.‡

These hierarchies of gods, then, being thus and [in this way] related,§ from bottom unto top, are [also] thus connected with each other, and tend towards themselves; so mortal things are bound to mortal, things sensible to sensible.

The whole of [this grand scale of] rulership, however, seems to Him [who is] the highest lord, either to be not many things, or rather [to be] one.

For that from one all things depending,|| and flowing down from it,—when they are seen as separate, they're thought to be as many as they possibly can be; but in their union it is one [thing], or rather two, from which all things are made;—that is, from matter, by means of which the other things are made, and by the will of Him, by nod of whom they're brought to pass.

XX.

ASCLEPIUS. Is this again *the* reason, O Thrice-greatest one?

TRISMEGISTUS. It is, Asclepius. For God's the father or the lord of all, or whatsoever else may be the name by which

* Παντόμορφος *vel* omniformem. See Chap. xxxv. below.

† That is, Fate, εἰμαρμένην.

‡ That is, the region of things subject to death. The text is faulty. The "second [air]," the essence-chief of the air, is presumably "cosmos," which in its turn is the "second god" from above. Cf. with this "engine" the "cylinder" of the "Virgin of the World" Fragment (10).

§ *Ab imo ad summum se admoventibus*; compare with this "*genus admotum superis*," Silius Italicus, viii. 295.

|| See above, the beginning of Chap. iv. and the note.

He's named more holily and piously by men,—which should be set apart among ourselves for sake of our intelligence.

For if we contemplate this so transcendent God, we shall not make Him definite by any of these names.

For if a [spoken] word* is this:—a sound proceeding from the air, when struck by breath,† denoting the whole will, perchance, of man, or else the [higher] sense, which by good chance a man perceives by means of mind, when out of [all his] senses,‡ —a name the stuff of which, made of a syllable or two, has so been limited and pondered, that it might serve in man as necessary link between the voice and ear,—thus [must] the name of God in full consist of sense, and spirit, and of air, and of all things in them, or through, or with them.§

Indeed, I have no hope that the creator of the whole of greatness, the father and the lord of all the things [that are], could ever have one name, even although it should be made up of a multitude—He who cannot be named, or rather He who can be called by every name.

For He, indeed, is one and all; so that it needs must be that all things should be called by the same name as His, or He Himself called by the names of all.

He, then, alone, yet all-complete in the fertility of either sex, ever with child of His own will, doth ever bring to birth whatever He hath willed to procreate.

His will is the all-goodness, which also is the goodness of all things, born from the nature of His own divinity,—in order that all things may be, just as they all have been, and that henceforth the nature of being born from their own selves may be sufficient to all things that will be born.

Let this, then, be the reason given thee, Asclepius, wherefore and how all things are made of either sex.

G. R. S. MEAD.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* *Vox* (=name), presumably λόγος in the original; a play on "word" and "reason," but also referring to the mysterious "name" of a person.

† *Spiritu*, or spirit.

‡ *Ex sensibus*=presumably, in ecstasis.

§ The text of this paragraph is very unsatisfactory.

MYSTICISM

IN the early centuries of Christianity, as we know from the writings of many of the Fathers, and more surely by the occult Records, there existed in the bosom of the Christian Church the venerable institution of the Mysteries, in which the purified met superhuman Instructors, and learned from the lips of the Holy Ones the secrets of the "Kingdom of Heaven." After the Christ had thrown off His physical body, He taught His disciples for many years, coming to them in His glorified subtle body, until those who knew Him in the flesh had passed away. So long as the Christian Mysteries endured, Jesus appeared at them from time to time, and His chief disciples were constantly present at them. So long as this state of things continued, the exoteric and the esoteric teachings of Christianity ran side by side in perfect accord, and the Mysteries supplied to the high places in the Church men who were true teachers for the mass of believers, being themselves deeply instructed in the "hidden things of God," and able to speak with the authority which comes from direct knowledge. They, like their Master, "taught as having authority and not as the scribes."

But after the disappearance of the Mysteries, the state of affairs slowly altered for the worse, and a divergence between the exoteric and esoteric teachings showed itself ever increasingly, until a wide gulf yawned between them, and the mass of the faithful, standing on the exoteric side, lost sight of the esoteric wisdom. More and more did the letter take the place of the spirit, the form of the life, and there began the strife between the Priest and the Mystic that has ever since been waged in the Christian Church.

The Priest is ever the guardian of the exoteric, the recipient of the faith once delivered to the saints, the officiant of the sacraments, the custodian of the outer order, the transmitter of the

traditions, becoming more authoritative from age to age. His to repeat accurately the sacred formulæ; his to watch over a changeless orthodoxy; his to be the articulate voice of the Church; his to hand on the unaltered record. Great and noble is his task, and invaluable his services to the evolving masses of the populace. It is he who consecrates their birth, sanctions their marriage, hallows their death; he consoles them in their sorrows and purifies their joys; he stands by the bedside of the sick and the dying, and gilds the clouds of mortality with the sun of an immortal hope. He brings into sordid lives the one gleam of poetry and of colour that they know; he enlarges their narrow horizon with the vistas of a radiant future. He gladdens the mother with the vision of the Immortal Babe; he saves the desperate youth with the tenderness of the celestial Mother; he raises before the eyes of the sorrowful the crucifix that tells of a sorrow that embraces and consoles their grief; he breathes in the ear of the dying the pledge of the Easter resurrection. Ill could Humanity tread the earlier stages of its journey without the Priesthood that directs, rebukes, and comforts; the universality of the office tells of the universality of the need.

Far other is the Mystic, the lonely dweller on the mountain-side, climbing in advance of his race, without help from the outer world, listening ever for the faint whisper of the God within. Humblest of men as he faces the depths of divinity around him and the unsounded abysses of the divinity within, he seems arrogant as he withstands the edicts of external authority, and rebel as he bows not his neck to the yoke of ecclesiastical order. With his visions and his dreams and his ecstasies, with his gropings in the dark and his flashes from a light supernal that dazzles more than it illuminates, with his sudden irrational exaltations, and his equally sudden and unreasoning depressions, what has he to oppose to the clear-cut doctrines and the imperial authority of the exoteric creed? Only an unalterable conviction which he can neither justify nor explain; a certainty which leaves him stuttering when he seeks to expound it, but remains unfaltering in face of all rebuke and all reprobation. What can the Priest do with this rebel, who places his visions above all scriptures, and asserts an inalienable liberty in the face of the demand for

obedience. He has no use for him, no place for him ; he disturbs with his curbless fantasies the settled order of the household of the faith. Hence a continued struggle, in which the Priest for awhile seems to conquer, but from which the Mystic emerges victor in the end.

The combat seems an unequal one, since the Priest has behind him the strength of a splendid tradition, of a centuried history, of a changeless authority, and the Mystic stands alone, unfriended. But it is not so unequal as it seems ; for the Mystic draws his strength from That which gives birth to all religions, and he bathes in the waters that regenerate, in the flood of eternity. So in the ever-recurring conflict, the Priest conquers in the world material, and is defeated in the world spiritual ; and the Mystic, rebuked, persecuted, crushed, while dwelling in the body, becomes the Saint, after the body has dropped from him, and becomes a voice of the Church that silenced him, a stone in the walls that imprisoned.

In the Roman Catholic Church this combat has been waged century after century, with the same result continually repeated. Teresa, rebuked and humbled by her confessor, arises as S. Teresa for unborn generations. Many a man, and many a woman, regarded askance, treated with scorn by their contemporaries, become the cynosures of countless millions of eyes, eyes of the faithful, descendants of the faithful who decried. And on the whole it is as well that it should be so, until the stern training of old is re-established ; else would every dreamer be taken as a Mystic, and every hysteriac as a Revealer. Only the true Mystic can walk unblenching through the fire of rebuke, "even in hell can whisper, 'I have known.'" Moreover, the Roman Catholic Church alone has preserved a systematic training within the "religious life," a real preparation for the occult life, ever recognised in theory even if challenged and suspected in practice. Hence has she so many Saints, and such grace and tenderness of spiritual beauty, that one is fain to pardon her the cruelties of her Priesthood for the sake of the rich streams of spiritual life poured by her Mystics over the arid deserts of the outer world. And one can understand, while reprobating, the fierceness with which she guarded the ground that made such growths of

saintliness possible, and made her deem the superstition and bigotry of the masses but a small price to pay for the keeping sacred from profane touch the inner seeds which flowered out into the world as the Saints.

In Protestantism there has been no systematic training, and hence no soil in which the rare flower might readily root itself and grow. Few and far between are the mystics in the Protestant community, though Jacob Boehme rises, splendid, gigantic, as though to show that even the absence of all training cannot stifle the divinity of the Spirit which is Man. More than any other phase of Christianity does Protestantism need the presence of Mystics in its midst, the touch of the living Spirit to save it from the arid letter. But this is a subject that needs separate treatment, which shortly I hope to give.

Theosophy is the reassertion of Mysticism within the bosom of every living religion, the affirmation of the reality of the mystic state of consciousness and of the value of its products. In the midst of a scholarly and critical generation, it reproclaims the superiority of the knowledge which is drawn from the direct experience of the spiritual world, and, facing undaunted the splendour of the accumulated results of research, historical and scientific, facing undaunted the new and menacing Priesthood of Science and of Criticism, it affirms the greater splendour of the open vision, and the royalty of the Kingdom into which may pass alone "the little child." The primary experience of Mysticism is direct communion with the unseen, the recognition of the God without by the God within, the touching of invisible realities, the passing with opened eyes into the worlds beyond the veil. It substitutes experience for authority, knowledge for faith, and it finds its guarantee in the "common-sense" of all Mystics, the identity of the experiences of all who traverse the grounds untrodden by the profane.

The results of mystic experiences show themselves in a method of interpretation, applied to all doctrines and to all scriptures, a method which justifies itself by the light it throws on obscurities rather than by reasoned arguments. It is, in all ages, the method of the Illuminati.

An example will show the method better than efforts at

explanation. Let us take the doctrine of the Atonement. The Mystic sees in this Christian doctrine one of the ways in which is told the ancient but ever new story of the unfolding of the human spirit into self-conscious union with God. It sees the Atonement wrought by the unfolding of the Christ in man, as the reflection in the human consciousness of the Second Aspect in the Divine Consciousness gradually shines out into clearness and beauty. As the Christ in man matures so is the Atonement wrought, and it is completed when the Son, rising above separation, knows himself as one with Humanity and one with God, and in that knowledge becomes a veritable Saviour, a true Mediator between God and Man, uniting both in his own person, and thus making them one. The Mystic cares not to argue about the dead-letter meaning of any dogma ; he sees the heart of it by the light of his own experience, and to him its true value lies in its inner content, not in its outer history.

So also with Scripture. It may, or may not, have an outer accuracy as history ; its value lies in its exposition of the facts of the spiritual world. Whether a physical Israel did or did not wander through a physical desert seems to him to be of infinitesimal importance ; many nations have wandered through many deserts. But the spiritual Israel wanders ever through spiritual deserts in its search for the promised land, and this is ever fresh, ever true, and he reads the story in the spiritual light and finds in it much that consoles, much that illuminates. He sees a Moses in every prophet of humanity, pillars of fire and of cloud in every guidance of a nation. Nor is the Mystic without justification in thus reading the Scriptures ; for S. Paul in *Galatians* iv. has thus dealt with the story of Abraham, Sarah and Hagar, Isaac and Ishmael ; and all the early Fathers of the Church sought the inner meanings and cared little for the outer words.

For the educated Christian of to-day, who would not cut himself wholly off from the old moorings, this method of interpretation is vital, and only by the direct knowledge gained in the mystic state of consciousness can he preserve his religion amid the changes brought about by modern research. The Higher Criticism is undermining all his authorities ; subtly, but in deadly as hion, its burrowings have taken the ground away beneath their

feet, and only a thin crust remains, which at any moment may give way, and let the whole structure crash down into irretrievable ruin. The Church can no longer be built on historical authority; it must build itself on the rock of experience, if it would survive the tempest which roars around it. Mysticism can give it the surest certainty in all the world, the certainty of mystic experience continually renewed. The Christ within is the only guarantee of the Christ without, but no further guarantee is needed. Because the Christ lives undeveloped in every human spirit, the Christ developed is a historical fact, and those in whom the mystic Christ is developing can look across the gulf of centuries, and recognise the historical Christ; nay, can transcend the limitations of the physical, and know Him in His living reality as surely, and more fully, than His disciples knew Him when He walked by the lake of Genneseret.

ANNIE BESANT.

CONCERNING TOLERANCE

Never shall I believe any two souls were made
 Similar; . . . each soul of every grade
 Was meant to be itself, pure in itself complete
 And, in completion, good.

Fifine at the Fair.

THE one link which binds together the widely differing individuals who form the Theosophical Society is the belief in "brotherhood," with the consequent desire to aid its outward manifestation.

The illuminating idea which explains the brotherhood of fool and sage, of criminal and saint, by the difference in age of individuals who all alike possess the divine spark, has enormously widened our sympathy and made possible a true understanding and tolerance for those *evidently* more ignorant and less developed than ourselves.

But this theory affords less help to that much more difficult form of tolerance—tolerance for those of our own age. For further aid we may turn to another idea found in our literature, that of the inherent differences of type. The bearing of this idea

on tolerance has not, so far as I know, been touched on in our books, though many of us may have found it of great utility in our lives.

We may take it for granted, I think, that the great majority of our members are about the same age. They have reached a certain stage in the apprehension of truth, and their desires are definitely directed to the same high goal. Individual manifestations of that apprehension and those desires may be very imperfect and even mutually antagonistic, but, broadly, we have all attained to a certain "standard" in the school of life.

One point is to be noted about the "standard" we have reached; it is one marked by specialisation. We have passed through common experiences and can look with tolerance on those following behind, but now, our paths diverge. And to each of us his path becomes more and more absorbing; as it widens and becomes a province—nay, an empire—of boundless possibilities, it shuts out from our view the other paths, familiar to us in their narrow beginnings.

According to the scheme of things referred to above, inherent differences of type arise from the fact that the "divine spark" can only reach the matrix of matter through some intermediate agencies—Rays of Light, who are called Sons of Mind. Each of these great Sons of Mind has his own individual characteristics. It is they who furnish the outbreathed human monads with what is known as the causal body. Distinct individual characteristics thus impart to these bodies, made of the delicate film of the causal matter, the soft lines of differentiation. The colours of the causal body thus furnished are indicative of the lines of least resistance, so to say, the lines along which the "spark" may best develop its latent powers. Along these lines the individual must travel *until he has outgrown the causal body*.* In the more familiar words of St. Paul: "Unto each one of us was the grace given according to the measure of the gift of the Christ . . . *till we all attain* unto the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the fulness of the Christ."†

* Much condensed from the *Yoga of Discrimination*, pp. 19, 20, 21. The italics are mine.

† *Ephesians*, iv. 7 and 13.

This brief summary of the teaching is, I think, sufficient to bring out my two points, first, that differences of type are inherent, and second, that their limitations last till the individual outgrows the causal body.

I do not wish to exaggerate, or to represent that types are few, and their boundaries hard and fast. We find infinite individual sub-types. Indeed, it is the existence of numerous overlapping sub-types that is our snare. We share in so many interests, we dream we are capable of all. We all possess emotions; therefore we think we can understand all emotions. Words are symbols we all use; we are apt to think they can express everything. We forget the limitations of our type. And so we find in our Society the emotional regretting the ice-cold attitude of the intellectual, the intellectual deploring the exuberance of the emotional, the ethical conscientiously striving to "put a stop to" what they consider too great curiosity as to occult phenomena on the part of another type. Can we not be wide enough to allow each to develop along his lines of least resistance and humble enough to suspend our judgment of our brothers? Can we not have faith enough to refrain from "saving the Society from narrowness" by urging our own ideal as suitable for all? To my thinking we should have breadth enough to include apparent narrowness as well as breadth, and to view sectarianism with absolute tolerance.

Yet we must by no means refuse to exercise our reason concerning the actions of our brothers. To do so would be to forego a valuable portion of our experience. Only we must realise that we judge from the point of view of our own type, using our intellectual foot-rule or our ethical scales, etc.—measures capable of accounting for only a portion of the whole.

J. H. E.

OCCULTISM is not the acquirement of powers, whether psychic or intellectual, though both are its servants. Neither is Occultism the pursuit of happiness, as men understand the word; for the first step is sacrifice, the second renunciation.—H. P. BLAVATSKY.

ASTRAL ILLUSIONS

IN looking over the correspondence on this subject I am irresistibly reminded of a story which used to be current in Dissenting circles in the days of my youth. A popular preacher of the day went out for his holiday; a devout lady of his congregation followed him from place to place, lest she should miss a single sermon of his—as devout ladies sometimes did then, and I dare say still do. Now he was a practical man, and as he preached each Sunday in a different town, he made the same sermon do duty all round. The lady endured it for a few Sundays, but at last met him at the vestry door to complain. “H-m,” he replied, “of course by this time you must be familiar with it. Can you give me an outline of it?” Confusion and silence. “Well, can you give me the first head—the second—the third? No? Well, *you must hear it again!*”

What brings it to my mind is the curious, but not astonishing, fact that not one of my critics has taken the trouble to read my paper with sufficient care to know what I *did* say. I had observed that certain novelties as to our condition after death seemed to be taking their place amongst us as matters of what has been denominated Theosophic Orthodoxy; and I felt it needful to put on record my protest that this should not be done without full enquiry and discussion—not concealing that the result of my own consideration was unfavourable. In reply, I am solemnly rebuked for rebelling against “ascertained facts,”—for, “striving to build upon the shifting sands of time a house of creed and dogma,”—and, last and funniest of all, for “wishing to interfere with the destruction of old forms to make way for the new life,”—something even more comical than the now exploded bugbear of “interfering with the law of karma”! Had a prophet foretold this to me I should not have believed it; I could not believe it now but for the damning evidence in print, signed too

by good names who should have known better. Did it never occur to any one of my critics that they were calmly *assuming*, as an agreed and admitted fact, needing no mention or discussion, the very thing I *did* question? It is not a personal matter—there have been seers before Mr. Leadbeater, and there will be seers after him, who will certainly see differently from *him*, as *he* sees differently from all who have gone before. The very mischief I feared was that it should be taken for granted that the vision of the latest seer is to be *blindly* accepted as the “ascertained fact,” the “life” which has a right to break up all previous knowledge as “outworn forms.” It is the natural error of every solitary *voyant*; we have seen it in our own times in Mrs. Kingsford, Lake Harris, Laurence Oliphant, and how many more! Each in turn has believed himself to speak with authority; an authority superseding all previous visions, giving out for the first time the actual *facts* of the astral plane. It is no true service to Mr. Leadbeater for his worshippers to set him beside these; to draw him back by their unintelligent devotion from the far higher position which is his rightful goal.

In my first paper I spoke of this as a possible, nay, a threatening danger; my critics have taken much pains to show that it is no imaginary one; that already a *sect* has been formed in the Society which resents every hesitation to yield blind obedience to their chosen authority. I feel it necessary, before proceeding farther, to fortify myself with the wise and (surely?) unquestioned statement of a recent writer in the *Theosophical Gleaner* that: “Every member of the Theosophical Society is free to hold *any* opinion on this—or any other subject.” With this claim premised, I proceed to let our friends “hear it again.” I don’t honestly believe the failure to understand was my fault, originally; I think what was possible *was* done to present my view clearly; this time what is impossible *shall be* done (according to the old French jest), and if *this* fails I can do no more.

Firstly, what do we mean when we speak of “facts” on the astral plane? Mr. Leadbeater himself has given us a most interesting and valuable study of this plane; are we entitled to treat this as a sort of Baedeker’s Handbook, and assume that everyone, whatever his position on the scale of evolution, will find on

reaching the Astral everything exactly as there described? Surely not. From the earliest times we have been taught that on that plane men actually *make* their own surroundings;—that apparent “facts” change with every thought of the beholder. Thus, the Christian after death will in all probability find himself in the Heaven he expects; nor will the golden streets and pearly gates be wanting, if only he *pleases* to make them by his thought. Similarly, a devout member of the New Jerusalem Church will make a Swedenborgian Heaven for himself and share it with his friends; and even Mrs. Kingsford’s quaint vision of herself in the Greek Heaven, and of Mme. Blavatsky rolling her cigarettes in the Buddhist Heaven close by, is not without its touch of verisimilitude. It is clear, therefore, that we can grant without hesitation that if a pupil of Mr. Leadbeater dies with his mind full of the details he has learned from him he will almost certainly *find* things so when he wakes into the new consciousness, much to his comfort and happiness. It will be seen in its proper place hereafter that I am ready to go even farther in this direction; but, still, I ask: Does all this require us to assume any greater “actuality” in Mr. Leadbeater’s experience than in that of others? More: are we forced to believe that such “actuality” is to be found *by us* on the astral plane at all?

I am inclined to answer both questions in the negative. There *is* a sense, of course, in which “astral facts” there must be; for the astral plane has its laws just as much as the physical; and to the Masters, who look down upon its ever-shifting waves from above, everything is doubtless clear. But what the astral “reality” can be which underlies the monstrous creatures of which Mr. Leadbeater has told us—creatures which a brave heart can dissipate into space by a thought, but which have power to crush and destroy the dastard—is something which no Master, higher or lower, can possibly make us humans understand in our physical consciousness. And of one thing I am certain, that the craving for “ascertained facts” in a plane above and beyond our own is a mischievous one—an attempt at “fixing the volatile,” materialising the spiritual,—the very thing which has, so far, been the ultimate ruin of every form of religion in the world—Christianity least of all excepted.

Next, let us take up Mr. Jinarajadasa's claim for his individual teacher *against* the Masters—for it is no less. He tells us that he accepts all that has hitherto been taught us as “so many fragments of knowledge contributed by men and women who have studied more deeply than we have. But these men and women speak with no authority, though they speak with certainty; and that *facts ascertained later* should contradict what they declared in no way diminishes the value of their labours as pioneers” (? of Mr. Leadbeater).

Set against this an early statement of H. P. B.'s: “It has been explained repeatedly,” she says, “that the *continuity* of occult knowledge amongst initiated adepts is the attribute about it which commends their explanations absolutely to the acceptance of those who come to understand what initiation means, and what kind of people adepts are. From Swedenborg onwards there have been many seers who profess to gather their knowledge of other worlds from actual observation, but such persons are isolated, and subject to the delusions of isolation. Any intelligent man will have an intuitive perception of this, expressing itself in a reluctance on his part to surrender himself entirely to the assurances of any such clairvoyants. But in the case of regularly initiated seers it must be remembered that we are dealing with a long—an extraordinarily long—series of persons who . . . constitute a vast organised body of seers who check each other's conclusions, test each other's discoveries and formulate their visions into a Science of Spirit.” (See the whole passage in *A Modern Panarion*, p. 493.) This “continuity of knowledge” it is which we are called upon to set aside in obedience to Mr. Leadbeater's isolated vision—no less.

Here come in two important qualifications. First: No one respects, nay, reverences Mr. Leadbeater's powers more than myself, and few with better reason. I should be sorry to have it supposed that I attribute to him *personally* that idea that “all before him were thieves and robbers,” which is so naïvely expressed by his innocent pupil. *He* knows better and has told us so, times innumerable. And once more: I must not be misunderstood (as some of my critics have chosen to misunderstand me) as denying any possible “development of doctrine.” We

have, and shall have for æons to come, very much to learn. As one example out of many, I may say that it is evident to us *now* that the summary given at first by our Indian Masters to H. P. B., and through her to Mr. Sinnett, was compressed to a degree of which neither had at the time any idea. Like some greater and many smaller people, our dear H. P. B. could not bring herself to admit that anything was ever unknown to her; but (familiar as I am with all she has written in her later years on the subject) it is quite impossible for me to maintain that any correction of misprints can make *Isis Unveiled* show a trace of our doctrine of reincarnation, as at present understood. Those who then instructed her, to whom Time is a mere illusion and who are necessarily unacquainted with the working of the European mind, did not think it needful in that first sketch to explain to her that the reincarnation of a soul upon earth is a matter of many successive lives and many thousands of years. It seems curious to us, but so it was. And indeed our Teachers have many times warned us that our present knowledge is equally fragmentary and, on many points, defective. No one dare dispute that there is abundant room for new revelation. The question is only: Does it fit into the old—is it in harmony with what we have already received?

Let us then place the two views, as I understand them, side by side, and leave our readers to judge for themselves. Shortly, omitting details here unnecessary, the ancient doctrine, hinted at in the older mystic teachings, given more fully in the Masters' statements—the result of the “continuity of knowledge” of which H. P. B. speaks—is, that after death the Man's business in Kâma Loka is as quickly as possible to disentangle himself from the Kâma-Manas, which has to be left behind as an astral corpse. That, this finally completed, he proceeds to Devachan to enjoy the fruits of his labours, his kârmic reward. That during this life on the higher planes he has no business with the earth at all, nor with karma; his occupation being by study of his past experience to evolve the powers needed for doing still better in his next earth-life. It is indeed allowed that if his attention be unluckily drawn back to earth, he *may* add to his karma good and bad (oftener bad) whilst on the astral plane; but this is

regarded as a misfortune and a serious hindrance to his progress, which, in that life, does not lie in "making karma" at all.

In *The Other Side of Death*, Mr. Leadbeater sweeps this whole system aside, and replaces it with a logical conclusion that "since on the astral plane we are one step nearer to reality" we must be able to make more and better karma there than in the physical body, and that this (chiefly by work in the astral body on the physical plane) is our appointed means of advance.

Now I have said, and I repeat it, that considering only the life after death of the members of such mixed assemblies as those to which Mr. Leadbeater is teaching and preaching, this last view makes the whole system taught by H. P. B. and the Masters utterly void; for in *their* view, when arrived on the astral plane the Man lives and progresses in a region entirely beyond and above karma; what of the karma survives the personality comes into play solely as the new body is formed and ensouled for the next life. I have also said, and need not now repeat it in detail, that the disembodied soul of Mr. Leadbeater's conception not only is *not* the soul of H. P. B.'s conception, but *is* completely the "dear departed angel" of our spiritualistic friends—a great advance for them, but for us a falling back.

Mr. Hoult, in his very carefully thought-out paper, taking up a suggestion I dropped in my first letter, opines that "in the future, when we attain a power of ordering our lives on the astral and mental planes similar to what we have on the physical," we may *then* be able to progress in the way Mr. Leadbeater describes. Against this I have nothing to say. I think it exceedingly probable. Nay, I have no doubt that Mr. Leadbeater himself will prove a shining example of it. He has habituated himself, in this life, to live and move and make good karma for himself on the Astral; there can hardly be a question that when he finally drops the physical body he will simply continue what he has so well begun, and that this *will be* his means of advance. But this will be Mr. Leadbeater's own private, personal astral plane, and most emphatically *not* that of the O.Ps. who listen to his lectures and read his books—*they* must be content to pass on in the old way till they get upon the Path. I have granted to Mr. Hoult *his* position,—I don't see how he can refuse *mine*. My com-

plaint of Mr. Leadbeater (and I am not the first to make it) is that he is mixing up matters, and teaching as *present* truths secrets which have no relation to our present normal life at all, and can only do mischief—to the “many”!

There is a very natural, and apparently universal, misconception which befalls the Seer and his followers, which has much to do with such troubles as these. It seems unavoidable that he and they should feel that “he is the first that ever burst into that silent sea,”—that everything which he gains is *new* knowledge. To the world outside it may be so, but not to us. Loyalty to the Masters requires us to recognise that we are *not*, under Mr. Leadbeater’s pilotage, entering upon a new and uncharted ocean,—*not* marking out a new and untried path through a desert where all his predecessors have perished. The Masters who have taught him to see are familiar with every step of the way, every sight that meets his eyes; and if for a moment his followers forget this, and set his vision *against* Their knowledge, it is for us, as H. P. B. warns us, to look round for the “delusion of isolation” which has led him aside,—the “personal equation,” the unconscious habits and prejudices which have modified his revelation. In this case they are not hard to find. To those who remember Mr. Leadbeater’s account of the origin of Spiritualism, given in *The Astral Plane*, and his own experiences before he became a Theosophist, so pleasantly recounted for us in *The Other Side of Death*, it is obvious in what direction his natural leanings lie. If we remember, further, his Spiritualist surroundings in America, and the amiable habit rightly noted by the German critic “to take great pains to avoid everything unpopular with his audience,” we shall not wonder that sometimes he has unconsciously stretched the new Theosophy even too far towards his older faith. Of the effect of the amiable longing to say what pleases we have had a strange example since I began this correspondence. Pitying the bereaved mother’s grief, he has committed himself to the statement that “in *all* cases the early death of a child is a benefit and not a disadvantage to the ego animating the infant body.” Evidently if this be so, the baby farmer (or as our German friends more picturesquely entitle her, the Angel-Maker) is a distinguished benefactor to Society. He has already felt the

necessity of furnishing arguments to prevent grown-ups from suiciding the sooner to reach his too fascinating astral plane ; he must now add reasons why a loving mother should not show her unselfish devotion to her child's true interests by putting it to death with her own hands ! Surely everyone must see and acknowledge that this is indeed amiability, but certainly not infallibility !

I think I have said enough to place my position this time beyond the possibility of mistake. I sympathise entirely with the feelings of my critics. For those who have yielded to the temptation to deliver their whole thinking over to an infallible authority (and what a Place of Peace *that* is, if you can only attain to it, no one knows better than I, who have spent so many years of my life in trying,—and failing—to reach it !) it is, I admit, a very vexatious thing that a cantankerous outsider should insist to them that there are other revelations in the world besides those of their chosen prophet, and much light and life which does not flow forth from his new “form.” I do not complain that under this provocation they have spent sundry hours in crying with one accord : “Great is Diana of the Ephesians,”—for that is what their letters all come to, in the last analysis. It is they, and not I, who are “resting in one form, and crystallising into ramparts of dogma and creed.” Against them I claim for myself and any who may agree with me, the right to criticise and, if needful, to reject anything in *anybody's* revelations which does not meet the test of our reason and intuition ; the permission to fulfil the duty which lies upon every member of the Society, the duty so repeatedly enforced on us by Masters and seers alike—not least by Mr. Leadbeater himself—to “prove all things, and hold *fast* that which is good.”

ARTHUR A. WELLS.

Tous, nous devons travailler à la libération de la pensée humaine, à l'élimination des superstitions égoïstes et sectaires, et à la découverte de toutes les vérités qui sont à la portée de l'esprit humain.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

HAECKEL AND RELIGION*

ONE does not usually associate the name of a notorious Materialist with religion of any sort ; and Mr. Mories himself shows that he is somewhat conscious of the incongruity in his title by discussing at some length the meaning of the word "religion," which he uses in a subjective sense. The "essence of religion," as he calls it, is a life, a native principle in the mind, which, while it apprehends God as transcendent, yet knows Him specially as immanent in Nature, and in human consciousness. The ego flings itself, unreservedly and wholly, into the immanent Divinity, and seeks therein the complement of perfection.

The act of doing this is Religion. That is to say, a man's essential religion consists in uniting (*religare*, to bind together) or identifying his being and will with the inner Higher Will, and in blending his human consciousness, as it develops, more and more with the immanent Divine Self.

If such, however, is the essence of religion, then surely Haeckel's doctrines can have little concern with it, for he is a sheer Materialist and rejoices in the fact. Take the following passage, for instance, in the beginning of his *Evolution of Man*, and there are hundreds of similar passages scattered through his books. Haeckel writes :

"We shall see, in the course of our enquiries, how, through Darwin's reform of the doctrine of evolution, the most wonderful problems, hitherto deemed unapproachable, of the organisation of man and animals, have admitted of a natural solution, of a mechanical explanation."

This interpretation of causation as exclusively mechanical, and of all energy—thought included—as mechanical force, would seem to put religion, howsoever defined, entirely out of court ; and

* *Haeckel's Contribution to Religion*, by A. S. Mories. London : Watts & Co. ; 1904. Price 6d.

so it would, if "matter," "mechanism," "mechanical force," and so on, did not have a sense, when used by a Monist, which the words do not bear on the lips of other people.

Haeckel, it should not be forgotten, is a Monist, out and out. When others, Dualists, speak of matter, they mean the antithesis of spirit, as when they speak of spirit they mean the antithesis of matter. With them matter and spirit are two absolutely opposed things; and they loosely take for granted that when Haeckel talks of mechanical causes, he is thereby denying spiritual causes. In reality, being a Monist, he is not doing anything of the kind. Monists see in the two only the opposite poles of that one Universal Substance, of which both stones and thoughts are alike essentially composed,—so that, whichever of the two terms, matter, or spirit, is employed in their argument, the reasoning does not carry with it a denial of the other.

Besides, Haeckel is an Agnostic. He and his school glory in the confession that they do not know the nature of substance. It is unknowable.

Now what men do not know, they certainly cannot properly name; so that when, in the expression of metaphysical relations, Monists find themselves obliged to call the Universal Base by some name or other, it is of little importance what they call it. Upon their own confession of agnosticism, the name they give is not one of definition. That is to say, Monists may designate as matter that which Dualists call spirit, and no particular harm is done. Haeckel, according to his own showing—and he ought to be given credit for this—means by matter nothing but an unknown quantity. "Mechanism," in his philosophy—when he does not forget himself—is simply x ; "mechanical laws" are x laws; "mechanical forces" are x forces.

It follows, and this is the point, that owing to Haeckel's being a Monist, his so-called materialism, which consists in speaking of the cosmic laws and forces as "mechanical," does not of itself prevent his scientific reasonings from rendering, as Mr. Mories believes they do, a certain contribution to religion.

But let us look at his teaching a little closer, and try to discover just how much religion owes to Haeckel and his school.

The burden of his parable, as everybody knows, is Darwin's

doctrine of evolution; and the judgment that Theosophists at least are compelled to pass on the disciple, as on the master, while it is not the same as that passed upon him by the Christian traditionalist, nevertheless goes to the extent of regarding his philosophy as insufficient, and as no more than half true.

The cosmos is pervaded everywhere by circularity of movement, which the earth receives and communicates to all its contents. Nevertheless the Darwinians find in these contents, in the life of the vegetable, the animal, the man, no circular movement whatever, nothing in fact but a straight line. This according to them rises upward from a base. Its beginning and end are alike unknown.

Now the mystery of the universe—and what are philosophers for, but to explain mysteries?—the mystery of the universe is the phenomenon we call growth. But the mystery of growth consists in its *physical* absurdity—in the continual emergence, that is to say, of the larger out of the less, the oak out of the acorn, the chicken out of the egg, the man out of the thread-like spermatozoon, etc.

So far, however, as the copious writings of Haeckel go, this problem remains as utterly unsolved as if he had never written a line. He does not even see that there is a problem. His discourses do nothing more than recount the visible story of the mystery, over and over again, in the terms of particular organisms. This or that object, he says, this or that organ, this or that species, “grows” by evolution. But in what manner the physical impossibility of the larger coming out of the less is accomplished, by what power a tree thirty feet high passes through and comes out of a seed the size of your thumb-nail,—as to this, which constitutes the essential mystery of the cosmos, and of our own world, all the way from the infusoria to man, neither Haeckel nor Darwin have a word of explanation to give.

It is true that what we have called the physical absurdity implied in the act of growth is somewhat veiled to ordinary people by several circumstances. For one thing, it is concealed by the universality of its occurrence; for another by the fact that the increments of motion involved in growth occupy an inappreciable amount of time, and are not discernible from one instant

to another, any more than the motion of the hour-hand of a clock; for still another thing, the physical anomaly of the growth of living creatures is obscured by a certain confusion in the ordinary mind, which thinks that not only some but all of the elements of increasing bulk in a growing body enter it from without,—so that a mature oak is simply an acorn, plus contributions of soil and air, and a mature man is simply a baby, plus twenty years of bread and meat.

These are some of the circumstances that, as I said, veil the marvellousness of growth to ordinary people. But surely philosophers who assume to supersede all other teachers, ought to be aware that the element of time, whether a second or a century, has nothing to do, creatively, with the growth of anything; as they also ought to know that, biologically, neither man nor any other creature grows by bread alone.

Look at the physical anomaly again. A pine tree enters at the outset into a bequeathed inheritance of generic form and size, and finds this heritage of peculiar form and enormous bulk, fifty feet of height, it may be, stored up and waiting for it, in an almost invisible speck of matter.

Or—to put the same thing in a somewhat *bizarre* fashion. A man of twenty-five having inherited his father's peculiar build of body, his peculiar gait and walk, his characteristic mode of utterance, and expression of eyes, already possesses these from the earliest beginning, while he is but a cell. And this is only another way of saying that he has his father's gait and walk while as yet he has no legs, his father's manner of speech while he has neither mouth nor tongue, his father's expression of eyes before he has a head. Physically, of course, the thing is absurd. Nevertheless, there it is!

Now, I repeat that as to this physical anomaly, which is the essential problem offered by every growing object, and which is the point above all others where the necessity of some reasonable creed comes in, Haeckel and his school have no contribution to make,—absolutely none.

It cannot be denied, however, that in their discussions of the origins of things, although they cannot be said to explain, or even recognise, the problem, they nevertheless render unconsciously a

serious contribution both to science, and indirectly to religion, and in this way.

The doctrine of evolution, by its terms, differs from creationism in so far as it denies any stationary point anywhere from which the career of life begins, and in so far as, accordingly, it insists that the minutest germ of being is never otherwise than in a state of motion or progress.

According to evolution the motion involved in the development of species is uninterrupted, and has no breaks. Seize growth at any point and there are no missing links before or after ; so that what we call the initial germ of any form or species is but a covered avenue, as it were, through whose enclosure continuous energy keeps flowing from beyond. A railway train must surely have entered a tunnel *from the other side*, before it can emerge on this.

Now according to Monists, not of Haeckel's school, but according to Theosophists for instance, an immanent and creative energy, which we prefer to call life, pervades the universe. It descends to the lowest molecule of the most condensed substance, and rises to the highest of the most attenuated. It is the Alpha and Omega. Its movement throughout the cosmos, without beginning or ending, is in the figure of a circle, with descending and ascending arcs. Growth is the result of identification with this force which is the life of nature ; while our human consciousness, whose function consists in thinking, being a part of nature, is, like all else, permeated with its energy, and in proportion to development, thinks its thoughts ;—so that the human mind is not merely in touch with the Divine Life, but is itself actually divine.

Now when we speak in this way our underlying contention is that life produces form. Haeckel contends, upon the contrary, that form produces life. He devotes his books to this idea, and offers the statement in innumerable shapes ;—a line of argument all the easier to pursue safely, in the details of biological research, inasmuch as life and form are everywhere subtly connected together, as the within and the without, the back and front as it were, in all processes of growth.

But for those who have eyes to see, truth shows itself at the window, as it were, even in the philosopher's own discourses. He says that form produces motion. Now observe :

Form consists of coherent parts, otherwise it were no form. And this coherence of parts is the opposite of motion, otherwise it were no coherence. On the other hand, evolution is motion, otherwise it were no evolution.

Form, then, *quâ* form, does not contain motion, and, therefore, cannot bestow it.

In this way, as it seems to me, creation by evolution lets the truth escape, *viz.*, it is not the form that creates the motion, energy, or life—for the present argument they are exchangeable terms—it is not the form that creates the life, but the life that creates the form.

To put the same thing otherwise. Haeckel asserts the origin of life, will, and consciousness out of inorganic substances by means of evolutionary motion. But all motion necessarily points backward to anterior motion. A form without a form behind it, is conceivable. Form may have a beginning. But motion without a motion behind it is inconceivable. Every motion must be caused by a motion. Motion, *quâ* motion, cannot have a beginning, and motion which has no beginning—and that eternally contains in itself all sequences of life and form that are in the universe—what is the other name for that?

We cannot help thinking that Haeckel himself conducts us to this point, so that if essential religion consists in our identifying ourselves with the inner Life of the universe, and in surrendering ourselves to all its motions without reserve, then the apostle of the doctrine that evolutionary motion is the source of everything, has himself pointed out to us the inner Life, the divine Life with which we are to identify ourselves, and to whose current we are to surrender our being, and thus has made on the scientific side, though without knowing it, no mean contribution to essential religion.

C. G. CURRIE, D.D.

THE eyes of wisdom are like the ocean depths; there is neither joy nor sorrow in them; therefore the soul of the occultist must become stronger than joy, and greater than sorrow.—H. P. BLAVATSKY.

A SCIENTIFIC FORECAST

HAVING read in a recent issue of the *Daily Express** that a doctor has just discovered the human "aura," and has transmitted an account of his discovery to the *Lancet*, I thought that the readers of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW might be interested to have a forecast (prepared by a patent method of my own invention) of the principal scientific discoveries which will be made during the next forty years or so.

1904. The *Daily Express*, with the help of a London doctor, discovers the human "aura."

1905. Pause to recover breath.

1906. The Editor of the *Daily Mail* discovers the science of palmistry, without any help whatever.

1907-1910. Interval for applause.

1911. Experiments in the new art of thought-transference carried on between the *Spectator* and the less respectable among her readers. Results bound up with dog-stories, and to be obtained, on application, at the Office.

1912-1920. This period occupied by serious dissensions in ecclesiastical circles, culminating in the latter year, in which the Bishop of London takes his first official ride in his astral body, accompanied by the editorial staff of *Punch*.

1921. The Czar, in a Peace-Conference held at Spitzbergen, announces that he has been led to believe in the universal operation of a "Law of Nemesis."

1923. The *Standard* prints a leading article in which it calls the attention of the Dames of the Primrose League to the value of hypnotism for political purposes.

1925. Sundry members of the Salvation Army effect cures by "laying on of hands." Great emotion in the Metropolis.

* See the interview and correspondence under "Character Rays" in the issues of November 14th and 15th.

1930. *Home Notes* discovers phrenology.

1933. An obscure member of the "Smart Set" stumbles over an earth-elemental in the dark.

1937. The historian Tacitus discovers the doctrine of reincarnation by reincarnating.

1940. The world, when it is too late, discovers the existence of the Theosophical Movement.

1945. The Editor of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW is satisfied that astrology is not a relic of barbarism.

1946. The purpose of the Universe being now completely fulfilled, no further paltry excuses for its continuance are offered.

ROBERT CALIGNOC.

FROM A STUDENT'S EASY CHAIR

ONE of Fiona Macleod's "Spiritual Tales" tells very beautifully the legend of Saint Bridget: how, in ancient Ireland, she left her milking of the kine, and went down into the valleys and heard the singing of a white merle. She came to where the quicken-trees grow; and through the quicken-trees she passed straight to Bethlehem to be the foster-mother of Jesus. Partly because of this tale, and partly because of the poems of Fiona Macleod, there seems a purer halo of simplicity about Saint Bridget than about any other saint. She milked her kine in the fields, and the stable in Palestine was just over on the other side of the hedge. She still milks the white kine of heaven and her life is as lovely there as it was on earth.

Give up thy milk to her who calls
Across the low green hills of Heaven,
The stream-cool meads of Paradise.

Saint Bridget is not the only one who has crossed time and space and reached the Manger with the Holy Child. Impossible to count those who have at least come as near to it as the shepherds abiding in the fields; many have been able to approach the door, and to feel the light fall through; some there are who have

gone inside. All these would tell what they have seen ; but one lacks skill ; another has seen imperfectly, and forgets ; another has not come near enough, and invents ; and another again " sits here," to use Andrea del Sarto's tragic words :

Their works drop groundwards, but themselves, I know
Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
Enter and take their place there, sure enough,
Though they come back and cannot tell the world.
My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here.

The story of the Nativity is the simplest story in the world. The earliest representations of it are the simplest of all—old German wood-carvings and primitive pictures—and they hold more truth than the elaborate complexities of modern times. The bronze gates of the cathedral at Hildesheim, dating from the tenth century, tell the story of Christ in squares of picture bas-relief ; the Nativity, however, presented difficulties of perspective, and so the craftsman gave a bird's-eye view of the scene. He looked down as it were from above upon the swaddled Child lying full-length in one corner of the panel, and on the Virgin lying full-length in another. It is birth in its simplest terms ; and birth in its simplest terms is divine. Is this the lesson that Mr. Yeats would have us gather from his puzzling story "The Adoration of the Magi,"—which recounts how three men of Ireland follow the star to Paris, and worship at the bedside of a woman of ill-fame who has just given birth to a child ? Indeed, Mrs. Besant claimed in her recent lecture, "Is Theosophy Anti-Christian ?" that the story in the Gospels is "the ever-renewed history of every human soul that climbs out of darkness into light, out of death into immortality, out of sin into righteousness, and out of man into God."

It was above all the sweetness of motherhood that the early Italians felt and put into their paintings. There is a breathless stillness about their works—an overwhelming pause ; the radiance of the sky pales behind the intense colouring which they use to picture intense emotion. They tried to paint spirit, and they knew one certain thing about spirit,—that it is infinitely quiet ; and the regions they have made are soothing and exquisite "as the touch of beloved fingers." Despite the convention of

the altar-piece necessitating the formulæ of thrones and crown,—these pictures have most of them the essence of simplicity, and the Babe is always a funny little Italian baby, like any one of the myriads that their mothers worshipped in those mediæval towns. And here we remember a strange saying on the simplicity of the Godhead in Coventry Patmore's ode, "Legem Tuam Dilexi":

For, ah, who can express
How full of bonds and simpleness
Is God,
How narrow is He,
And how the wide, waste field of possibility
Is only trod
Straight to His homestead in the human heart.

It was a later thought that set the Christ Child apart by making light proceed out of His body, and though a few Nativity pictures built on this theme are beautiful, yet they suffer generally from a too aggressive chiaroscuro, a too self-conscious grouping. And yet these faults are by no means inherent in the theme; for that light proceeds from man's body is no longer a mystical doctrine only, it is a scientific fact. William Blake has painted a picture of the Nativity,—one of the loveliest and simplest ever painted,—in which the Child is a gleam of light, floating at birth into the arms of Saint Elizabeth, while the Virgin falls back exhausted.

As Saint Bridget passed through the quicken, so this Christmas we would go through the holly, with its thorns and its blood, through the mistletoe, with its moons symbolic of an older religion, to the dim stable of which William Blake has told us, lighted through its one small window with the great light of the star; we would feel all about us the fields and the cattle, and brood on the mystery of birth that brings fire out of heaven to change the world.

D. N. D.

SINCE writing the "Watch-Tower" notes, we find that Mr. H. Irving Hancock has just had published a new volume, entitled *Jiu-Jitsu Combat Tricks*; his previous volumes include *Physical Training for Women*, and *Physical Training for Children*, both according to Jiu-Jitsu (Putnam's).—G. R. S. M.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

UNDER the heading "An Important Indian Institution," Lilian De Gruyther contributes an exceedingly appreciative article on the Central Hindu College to the pages of the November number of *The Empire Review*. Indeed, we get from her pen a more graphic picture of its appearance and daily life than we remember to have seen elsewhere, and this alone would make the article well worth reading by all who are interested in our colleague's special labour in India. But this is not all, for Miss De Gruyther proceeds further to bestow high praise. She says:

In Praise of the
Central Hindu
College

In the present condition of affairs it is most essential that young India should learn many things not included in examinations. If anywhere they can be taught these things it is at the Central College. The elevated form of Hinduism supplied by the Theosophical Society appears to be exactly what is wanted to keep religious, that is moral, training in line with mental culture. While the constant association with European ladies and gentlemen, possible in no other institution in the country, is of incalculable benefit, such teaching as Mrs. Besant offers removes from the path of the educated Hindu stumbling-blocks of details in which he could no longer believe without touching fundamental laws.

The paper is finally concluded with the following enthusiastic paragraph:

It is this drawing together of East and West, this training of Indians to become loyal, upright, self-reliant, this eliciting and developing of all that is best in Hindus, and eliminating all that hinders their moral and material progress that makes the College so deeply interesting to the general public. It is as a social more than as an educational experiment that it attracts special attention. So far the success has been striking. The question is, will it be maintained? If so, the benefit will not be confined to the Hindus, but extend to the Empire. The improvement of a part affects the whole. Better citizens make a better city, and better Hindus a better Hindustan.

* * *

WE are glad to notice that our industrious colleague N. F.

Bilimoria, of Bombay, has brought out a second edition of the rare Gujarati translation of three Theosophical tractates from the Old Persian (*Kadim Fârsî*), which were originally translated by Mobed Dosabhai Sorabji Munshi and published by the late Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, the first Pârsî Baronet, in 1848, for the enlightenment of his fellow believers. These tractates are described as follows by Mr. Bilimoria :

Three Old
Persian Essays on
Theosophy

The *Khistâb* is a highly metaphysical book, containing as it does the higher mathematics of the divine wisdom. It contains logic without the science of logic, and reason without the philosophy of reason. It acquaints us with the Self-Existent and the Necessarily-Existent ; teaches concerning the Motions, Lights, Elements, and gives reasons why the Self-Existent should be one, in the negative sense ; and treats of the possibility of the soul's knowing the Self-Existent, and kindred subjects.

The *Zaredast-afshâr* contains information regarding various spheres (*âsmâno*), their motions, nature, intelligences, etc. It mainly treats of intelligences who exist on various planes.

The whole of the *Zindeh-rod* is devoted to the nature of Âtman, its eternal existence, the necessity of reincarnation, the difference between the soul of man and that of an animal, their different states, the powers of a perfect soul, and such matters.

The importance of these tractates is that even in their Old Persian form they are said to be versions or commentaries of some remote Zend or Pazend works, going back to the Sassanid period or even to an earlier date. It is to be hoped that these interesting tractates will be translated into English with a critical introduction, for it is not enough to dismiss the matter by labelling the contents Sûfî, and so shelving the problem of their differing from modern Zoroastrian ideas. If they are Sûfî, then this form of Sûfism seems to be rooted in old Magian ideas, and the modern Pârsî tradition is but a part of the old faith, as is now generally admitted by those acquainted with Cumont's labours on the Western tradition.

THE Theosophical Publishing Society has sent us for review *The Shu King*, by Walter Gorn Old, and Mrs. Besant's latest work, *A Study in Consciousness* ; as, however, they reached us only a few days before going to press, our reviewers have not had time to deal with them in the present issue.—EDS.

FROM MANY LANDS

FROM SCANDINAVIA

THIS Autumn the work of the Section is being carried on with greater energy and success than ever. In addition to the regular lectures, classes and branch meetings, new courses of study have been begun in Stockholm, in which non-members as well as members share. A new centre has been formed at Falun, in central Sweden.

Mrs. Besant's visit to the country has been of great importance and has had much influence not only in the places she visited but far beyond. There is growing a keen interest in Theosophical ideas, showing itself to some extent in the attitude of the press, but even more in the new literature. A book just published under the title *Hvadan ach Hvarthän* may serve as an example. Its author is Oscar Busch, an officer of high rank in the Swedish army, who has for many years studied spiritualistic phenomena. He writes of his book as a fragment of an ancient and now forgotten conception of the world based upon the three great laws of reincarnation, karma and evolution. Its eighteen chapters deal with such questions as the condition of the life after death, occult memory, the real meaning of the forgiveness of sins, and contains quotations from the *Ancient Wisdom*.

FROM FRANCE

The re-opening of the Headquarters after the summer holidays took place on October 10th and in a somewhat new way. Instead of the usual lecture a social meeting was organised to talk over the work and the movement generally and especially the visit and the work of Mrs. Besant in France.

The Thursday classes began on the 20th of October with a course of lectures by Prof. Desaint, on the Constitution of Matter, Energy, the Conditions of Matter in Space, States of Matter, Gunas, Tattwas, Tanmâtras; and those which have so far been delivered have been of great interest. The winter course of public lectures was opened on November 6th by M. Revel on "Theosophy and the Teaching of St. Simon."

Dr. Pascal has taken the opportunity of a visit to the South of France to deliver a series of lectures to the branches at Marseilles, Toulon and Nice. In Toulon the work seems to go especially well.

Work in Switzerland began in the early days of October, and through the energy of Mme. Pahon and MM. Reelfs and Selleger Theosophical ideas are spreading from three new centres in French Switzerland by means of series of fortnightly lectures at Lausanne, Montreux and Neuchatel.

In the realm of thought in France there is much to interest the Theosophical student. *La Vie future, devant la Sagesse antique et la Science moderne*, by M. Louis Elbé, seeks to prove that the results of modern scientific research confirm the hypothesis of a future life. With much knowledge and impartiality M. Elbé reviews ancient and modern religions and philosophies, and devotes two chapters to a most careful and unbiassed consideration of Spiritualism and Theosophy. He points out the great difference between these two systems, though both are based on a belief in the survival of physical death and assert the action of invisible beings upon the physical world. For Spiritualism the actual life is an atonement; for Theosophy, on the contrary, it is, above all, a necessary stage in the journey towards the Infinite. For the former man is the fallen angel who remembers, for the latter he is a god in the making, the future god who will ascend into Heaven. In the later chapters, when considering the many modern sciences, he shows how all meet in the end at the same goal—the goal of the Ancient Wisdom.

In *Opportunité*, a translation by the Abbé F. Klein of a book by Mgr. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, U.S.A., is to be found a very high conception of the law of karma and a strong appeal for serenity, tolerance and goodness; this little book appears to be in great demand by young Catholic priests.

In the *Revue Scientifique*, for October, M. Gustave Le Bon, well-known for his careful study of the phenomena of Radio-activity, began a remarkable series of articles dealing with the materialisation of energy, various forms of dematerialisation of matter, and the world between matter and ether. M. Le Bon at the outset strikes a note of warning and urges the necessity of a becoming humility in the face of great mysteries. We are, he says, very far from those unknown regions where dwell the first reasons of things, and matter still remains a something deep and mysterious. We begin only to realise the bulk of the illusions we had about it. We know now that it is neither

inert nor eternal nor subject to very simple mechanical laws. New roads are opening for future inquiries. It is a great thing to be no longer ignorant that these roads exist, and that science has before it a vast new world to explore. In spite of their infinite smallness the atoms of all bodies appear to be like real planetary systems, ruled in the enormous speed of their motion by tremendous powers, by unknown laws.

FROM HOLLAND

It has always seemed somewhat remarkable that till recently the "psychic wave" had not touched Holland. Lately, however, matters have somewhat changed in this respect, and books dealing with the inner—not the inmost—side of things are beginning to be studied. Unfortunately, the less desirable kind of psychic literature is published in larger quantity than the better kind. Books on the art of gaining wealth, health, or love, by the use of personal magnetism, are mainly mischievous. The only use we can see in them is that they help, undesirable though their method of helping may be, to waken people to a consciousness of the reality of these powers, and of their "effectiveness" for good or ill. The higher possibilities of psychism, however, are also beginning to gain recognition, and the more serious students are drawing together in order to study the results of psychical research, some members of the Society taking an active interest in their work. Since the "psychic wave," once it has come, is not likely to recede but rather to gather force and volume, it is to be hoped that the Theosophical element will make itself more strongly felt in the new movement.

For some years several of the Masonic Lodges here have shown an interest in Theosophical ideas by inviting members to lecture. This winter the Haarlem Lodge has led the way by asking the General Secretary, Mr. Fricke, a Mason of many years' standing, to speak on Theosophy.

FROM GERMANY

The third Annual Convention of the still youthful German Section has been recently held in Berlin. It abundantly proved that two years of incessant work have brought their due measure of results in spite of the many obstacles that lay in the way. The number of members has far more than doubled; six new branches and several new centres have added greater life and strength to the Section, and, most important of all, a strong tendency towards greater unity has

shown itself, the essential need everywhere, but especially in this great empire but recently made out of many separate kingdoms.

The delegates, who had come from many parts of the country, expressed with warmest thanks their appreciation of the share their General Secretary had taken in this work, and of his untiring devotion and energy. Several delegates remained in Berlin for some weeks to take part in the life and work there, so that they might return to their own fields of labour with fresh stores of experience.

To his weekly lectures, in the Architekten Haus, Dr. Steiner draws an increasingly appreciative audience; his lectures on "Theosophy and Tolstoi" and "Theosophy and Darwin" being especially successful. On Mondays he treats of the mysteries of the Apocalypse in a series of well-attended public addresses, and he has been asked to lecture on mysticism to the Freie Hochschule. So that, however much materialism may have spread, there is little real cause for the student of mysticism to be pessimistic over the country of Jacob Böhme, of Angelus Silesius, of Cardinal Cusa, and of many others. Their spirit has not died.

In his recently published book on the creation of the world, Dr. Wilhelm Meyer, director of the Urania Observatory in Berlin, puts forward some interesting suggestions. Speaking of the origin of life on earth, he says that we must admit the possibility, nay, the necessity that the elements of life which pervade the Cosmos from all time have been carried from planet to planet, vivifying each in turn. Life came to us from other planets—at least, we cannot conceive it otherwise; it began its work on earth in the infinitesimally small and rose from the lowest forms of consciousness to the consciousness of man. We know of no limit either above or below in the sequence of Nature's unfolding; may we not, therefore, rightly conclude that there is no end to its upward climbing? And may we not see the working out of this? It has been said that the world would come to an end when a certain degree of cold had been reached, and it is true that the rotatory motion of the atoms inside the molecules would cease; but would that of necessity mean a death which knows no resurrection? Might it not be the beginning of some higher evolution for the atoms?

X. Y. Z.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

THE SUFFERING OF THE "RIGHTEOUS"

The Problem of Suffering in the Old Testament. By Arthur C. Peake, M.A. (London: Robert Bryant; 1904. Price 2s. 6d.)

IN his latest volume Professor Peake describes the attitude of the Prophets towards the great question, the non-correspondence in this world between human character and human fortune: "Why is God so indifferent to the suffering of the righteous, and to the triumph on the other hand of the godless oppressor?" He illustrates the subject by a somewhat connected history—with occasional graphic descriptions—of the national conditions which presented the problem to the successive Hebrew seers, and also devotes a chapter to the individual aspects of righteous men's suffering, as these are delineated in the book of Job.

Among the ancient Hebrews national disasters were neither more nor less than tokens of divine anger. Fortune was supposed to follow the rule: "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword. The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

On the discovery of the Deuteronomic law in the seventh century B.C., Josiah carried through a drastic reformation, which was confidently expected to lead to public righteousness, and thus to a high degree of national prosperity. The illusion, however, was shattered by a series of disasters, the unhappy country sank still deeper in misfortune, and the problem became continually more acute.

Our author eloquently and distinctly traces the nation's decline and fall, down to the brutal realities of a Capital in flames, and a whole people in slavery.

The question of questions was now: Are the ways of Jehovah equal or not equal? The man in the street replied to it by saying that their ruin was the result of their fathers' sins, the fault of Manasseh, and of other rulers like him. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes,

and the children's teeth are set on edge." The ways of Jehovah are not equal.

Ezekiel denied the charge, so that the conception of national solidarity fell for a time into the background, and a doctrinal reaction ensued on the side of individual responsibility. Moral vicariousness is impossible, it was said. "The soul that sinneth it shall die,"—that soul and no other. Though these three men Noah, Daniel, and Job were in the city, they should deliver but their own souls by their righteousness.

Thus the problem of the suffering of the good and the triumph of the wicked remained unsolved. Even the pious began to despair of Jehovah's moral government. "It is in vain to serve God, and what profit is it that we have kept his charge, and that we have walked mournfully before the Lord of Hosts?"

A curious variety in their misery was the feeling which now arose—absorbed without doubt from their surroundings in Babylon—that such reiterated misfortunes as had fallen to their lot could only be caused by some great spiritual enemy, some powerful influence working against them in the Divine Court. For this influence they borrowed from their neighbours the name of Satan.

Professor Peake instructively points out that in *Zech.* iii. and in *Job* i. Satan is not the devil. The devil belongs to a much later period. Satan is one of the Sons of God. He belongs to the order of Elohim. He is the zealous servant who exists to do Jehovah's will; and his function, apart from which he has no significance, is to expose men who claim to be righteous, and to drag their hidden wickedness out of darkness into light. Satan is the Adversary, the Arch-enemy of humanity before God's tribunal.

But this explanation was felt to be as worthless as the rest. Practically there was no solution at all, so that pious people found their only satisfaction in bracing their courage by what they called Faith or Trust. The Psalms abound in its expression, and the people found in it not only consolation but support. This "emotional and volitional assumption," as it has been called, "that it is all right with the world" is for noble natures an infinite strength in time of trouble. The assurance it gives, though not intellectual, is nevertheless assurance. It is like the assurance felt by the eager explorer mentally shaping in anticipation the form and features of the unknown province he is about to explore. It is an assurance that, though waiting upon discovered truth for its confirmation or dissipation, involves at the

same time that passionate imagination and hope and will, without which truth would never be pursued and the explorer would never start at all. "Such faith is a tongue of the central fire that burns at the heart of the world."*

And it was this that sustained more or less the heart of the Remnant during their darkest days,—the problem all the while, however, becoming more insoluble than ever, since in proportion as the goodness of God grew plainer to good men's imagination and faith, His moral indifference to the suffering of the righteous and to the triumph of the oppressor became the more unaccountable.

The nearest thing to an Old Testament solution is found in the Psalms, and especially in the lxxiii., of which the author gives an excellent translation. The Psalmist declares that after having been baffled by the prosperity of the wicked he discovered the explanation when he was initiated into God's mysteries and therein perceived the destiny of the godless after death. "I pondered how to know this (impunity of the wicked); misery it was in mine eyes, till I penetrated into God's holy secrets, and considered their (evil men's) destiny. Surely thou settest them in slippery places, castest them down in ruins. How are they become a desolation in a moment, hurried away, ended by terrors!"

Our Authorised Version gives us for the 16th and 17th verses: "When I thought to know this it was too painful for me: until I went into the sanctuary of God, then understood I the end of these men." Professor Peake says of "sanctuary": "The word is plural, 'sanctuaries,' and it yields a much finer thought if with Hilzig and other scholars we take the word to mean God's Sacred Mysteries (it obviously could not mean the temple)." He adds, though not sympathetically, that the eminent scholar Duhm inferred that the poet was actually initiated into mysteries which gave instruction on the life after death—a supposition which, considering where he was, in Babylon, is surely natural enough.

We have already considerably exceeded our space in dealing with this eloquent and scholarly book. The notes are admirable. The chapter on the "Servant of Yahveh" in the "Second Isaiah" is peculiarly good, though we prefer to see in the great sufferer "by whose stripes we are healed," not so much the "ideal Israel" as the Archetypal Man, the Lamb slain before the foundation of the

* See "Faith and Knowledge," by G. L. Dickinson, in the *Independent Monthly* for November.

World. Jesus, because so highly evolved, was the Son of that Man—"the Son of Man"—the Sacrament in flesh of the transcendent Man who, outside of time and in the eternal Now, "taketh away the sins of the world."

C. G. C.

DE ARTE ASTROLOGICA

Astrology for All. Part II. By Alan Leo. (London: *Modern Astrology Office*; 1904. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS volume, in continuation of the series called *Astrology for All*, by Mr. Alan Leo, is devoted entirely to the various ways in which students of astrology may make the calculations necessary for erecting a correct map of the heavens at any place and at any time. It may be, therefore, at once frankly admitted that for the lovers of the art, and for those who are familiar with the astronomical information so ably presented, it is much less interesting than some of Mr. Leo's previous volumes, which were concerned with the reading of character, appearance, events, the future and the past, from the positions of the luminaries and planets at the moment of birth of any individual. Nevertheless, the present book is exceedingly useful, and for those who really desire to understand the astronomical basis on which the physical side of astrology is built it can be strongly recommended both for the clearness and simplicity of the language and for the thorough way in which each point in turn is dealt with and fully explained.

No one who possesses this book should fail to comprehend the meaning of the astronomical terms employed, or to become in a great measure independent of the usual annual ephemeris and tables of houses when erecting a map of the heavens. Of course these useful aids to present-day astrologers are too handy, inexpensive, and easily obtained to make it likely that the most ardent follower of the science will cast them aside in favour of the tables given in this book, neither does Mr. Leo suggest that any of his readers should adopt such a comparatively laborious method when casting a horoscope, but he does say, and most truly, that those people who intend to become astrologers, or even those who study astrology as a hobby rather than as a profession, should be able to make their own calculations in case of need, and not work with sets of tables by rule of thumb while being for the most part totally ignorant of the calculations on which the information is founded. Mr. Leo's remarks in this connection

should be well considered by all who intend to take astrology seriously.

Included within this volume and taking up half its space are a condensed ephemeris embracing a period of fifty-five years, from 1850 to 1905 inclusive, the Moon's position for every day tabulated for the same period of time, tables of ascension up to 60°, the usual tables for turning degrees into time, correction between mean and sidereal time, tables of houses for the latitude of New York and London, as well as various tables of logarithms. The most important item in the above list is the condensed ephemeris. This shows the places of the Sun, Planets, and Dragon's Tail calculated for every seventh instead of for every day, except as regards Mercury, whose position is given for every third or fourth day. This is a very convenient ephemeris to have at hand, and calculations made from it are practically sufficiently accurate for any horoscope in which the time of birth is not known absolutely to a moment.

We have, therefore, before us a very complete and instructive guide to all that may be regarded as the technical and clerical side of astrology, invaluable to the novice and useful to the more advanced student. It is the aspect of the science that is the least attractive to the experienced and intuitive professor, but none the less such a one must have a mental grasp of the rudiments and physical structure of astrology before he can begin to exercise those higher faculties of the soul without which no true interpretation of a nativity can be wholly successful. Part II. of *Astrology for All*, then, should be specially welcome to those who are intending to interest themselves in the study of the art.

P. S.

THE AWAKENING OF THE HEART

The Crown of Asphodels. Written down by H. B. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1904. Price 1s. net.)

THE nature of this small treatise of fifty pages may be gleaned from the headings of the chapters. The "Crown of Asphodels" is said to be formed of "five blooms": (i.) The Dawn of Soul Life; (ii.) The Awakening of the Heart; (iii.) The Opening of the Sense of Sympathy which makes the Soul, hitherto solitary and possessive, a part of the whole; (iv.) The Unfolding of the Spirit into the ethereal spaces; (v.) The Final Flower, which is the divine part; when that blooms they form the crown of man.

The whole booklet is written somewhat after the manner of *Light on the Path*, many sentences being strongly reminiscent of the phrasing of that very beautiful contribution to Theosophical literature. The best chapter, in our opinion, is that on "The Awakening of the Heart." Dr. Helen Bouchier, however, does not explain why the crown is of "asphodel," which among the Greeks was the peculiar plant of the dead, its pale blossoms covering the meadows of Hades. But Oliver Wendell Holmes has a line which runs :

The banks of asphodel that border the river of life—

and this perhaps is an indication of the symbolical sense in which the title is to be taken.

G. R. S. M.

THE FAITH OF F. W. H. MYERS

Fragments of Prose and Poetry. By Frederic W. H. Myers. Edited by his wife, Eveleen Myers. (London : Longmans, Green & Co.; 1904. Price 9s. net.)

MRS. MYERS tells us in her preface that her husband did not wish the autobiographical chapters of this collection to appear until three or four years after his death. These are certainly the pages which will be most closely scanned by all who have followed Myers' work in matters psychical; the rest of the volume consists of eight able and appreciative "obituary notices," on Gurney, Sidgwick, and others, and a number of poems which well maintain the high standard of the already published work of one who refers to himself as the somewhat incongruous blend of "a minor poet and an amateur scientist."

In the autobiographical chapters we are introduced to a man with an overmastering passion to discover something of certainty concerning the other side of death; this was his life-quest, and his work is known to all our readers. At the end he sums up his creed in his chapter on "The Final Faith" as follows :

"I look upon Christ as a Revealer of immortality absolutely unique, as the incomparable Pioneer of all wisdom that shall be learnt concerning unseen things. But, like the Norseman's discovery of America, his work grows more and more remote, and there are no sure sea-marks for others to follow along that legendary way. A new discovery is needed,—to be made by no single Columbus, but by the whole set and strain of humanity; by the devotion of a world-wide labour to the deciphering of that open secret which has baffled the

too hasty, or too self-centred, wonder and wish of men. And such an inquiry must be in the first instance a scientific, and only in the second instance a religious one. Religion, in its most permanent sense, is the adjustment of our emotions to the structure of the Universe; and what we now most need is to discover what that cosmic structure is.

"I believe, then, that Science is now succeeding in penetrating certain cosmical facts which she has not reached till now. The first, of course, is the fact of man's survival of death.

"The second is the registration in the Universe of every past scene and thought. This I hold to be indicated by the observed facts of clairvoyance and retrocognition; and to be in itself probable as a mere extension of telepathy, which, when acting unrestrictedly, may render it impossible for us to appear as other than we are. And upon this the rule of like to like seems to follow; our true affinities must determine our companionships in a spiritual world.

"And finally, extending to that world the widest law thus far found applicable to the world we know, I believe in a progressive moral evolution, no longer truncated by physical catastrophes, but moving continuously towards an infinitely distant goal. This short creed, I think, is all that existing evidence warrants; and is enough for the needs of life. It proves to me that it is to my interest to live at my best; it inspires the very strongest hopes which can excite to exertion. On many men, I feel sure, it will exercise a most striking effect. And be it noted that whatever effect this creed does exercise it will exercise inexorably and persistently;—with the inexorable persistence of known and permanent fact. Nay, since there is this *reality* in the creed, it will be most powerful in those profoundest crises when any inward uncertainty of belief leaves the victory to the passions of men. I have myself thus found that in strenuous need the efficacy of my belief has become not less but greater."

It is a curious subject for reflection that nowhere is there to be found more appreciation of Myers' labours than in the Theosophical Society, and yet this Society was while he lived his special *bête noire*. We hope that he has now learned to think otherwise and to see more clearly on this point than was possible for him in his last body. But even if he should still think otherwise, it will make no difference to our estimation of his life-work. We shall continue to labour, and he will continue to labour, and as our goal is the same we shall eventually meet in friendship.

G. R. S. M.

INDIA AND THE EMPIRE

New India. By Sir Henry J. S. Cotton. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

THE name of Sir Henry Cotton as that of a lover of India is familiar to all readers of contemporary Indian history. In the volume before us he deals with various pressing problems in an able and sympathetic way.

Beginning with expressing his good opinion of the Indian National Congress movement, he goes on to strike the keynote of his work :

It is easy to administer uprightly the affairs of a docile and subject people; it is easy, with the power of British bayonets at our back, to coerce refractory rajahs, and to settle by secret diplomacy the conflicting interest of native states; it is easy to lead our victorious armies among imperfectly armed and semi-savage nationalities, to annex provinces, and by despotic rule evolve order out of chaos. It is a sublimer function of imperial dominion to unite the varying races under our sway into one empire, "broad-based upon the people's will"; to fan the glowing embers of their national existence; to wait upon, foster, and protect their instinctive tendencies; to afford scope to their political aspirations, and to devote ourselves to the peaceful organisation of their political federation and autonomous independence as the only basis of the ultimate relationship between the two countries.

Sir Henry Cotton remarks, quite truly, that the English in India do not usually come into contact with "the best type of Indian gentlemen," with "the real leaders of opinion." These remain "wise in their own reticence, dignified in their self-respect," leaving to the more pushing the ostentatious welcome of officials. The youth of India are learning to follow their natural leaders, and it is the "striplings of the present generation who are the fathers of the next." Our author speaks with sad gravity of the increasing bitterness of race feeling between Indians and English—a truly evil portent, and unhappily, fostered instead of softened by the ladies belonging to the official class. Sir Henry gives some melancholy instances of the insolence displayed by small men "dressed in a little brief authority." Chapters follow on Land, Economic Problems and Administration, and the policy of Lord Curzon is justly estimated. In dealing with Political Reconstruction and the Social and Moral Crisis, the value of the caste system is noted, and the organisation of small states with princes at their heads is advocated.

The final chapter on the Religious Tendencies of India is strangely disappointing, but one recognises that whereas Sir Henry Cotton was

before speaking with knowledge, he is here speaking in ignorance. Still the rest of the book makes amends for the failure of its last chapter.

ANNIE BESANT.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

Theosophist, October. After another instalment of the President-Founder's pleasant chats about past history, Mr. Stuart concludes his "Historic Theosophy," a very interesting and important study, which shows how much of what we now call Theosophy was known and taught by the Greek philosophers and even as far on as the Middle Ages. Mrs. Burnett's "Science of Food" is also concluded. It is a question of proportions; if we will only grant to her that the "food-vibrations" of which she speaks are of such importance that it takes the whole life-energy of the eater to bring them into accord with his own, we must needs follow her to her conclusions; but there is also room in the Wisdom for the view that the whole matter is of very trifling consequence, one way or the other—that one single *thought* of a man does more for (or against) his progress than all the food-vibrations ever felt. Each must judge for himself. Next we have Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on the "Science of Mesmerism," short articles by P. V. Rangacharya and N. K. Ramasawmy Aiyar treat of the inexhaustible questions of Monism, Advaitism, and Pantheism; and a most encouraging account by Dr. English of the Temperance movement, which seems just now to be flooding Ceylon with the overwhelming power of a tidal wave, concludes a good number.

Theosophy in India, October, is made up of four serious and valuable papers. "The Offering of the Heart and the Head" furnishes us with the four stages of human progress, thus: "*First Stage*: Complete ignorance of what is true and what is false—want of differentiation betwixt the vesture and the wearer of the vesture. *Second Stage*: A delusive identification of the wearer of the vesture with the vesture itself. *Third Stage*: A medley of two antagonistic notions, now making for the vesture, now making for the wearer of the vesture; and even with the conviction that the body is but the instrument of God, failure to realise the truth supervenes from the impulse of past words, thoughts and deeds. *Fourth Stage*: Conviction and practice no longer kept apart, and the man's SELF is the wearer of the vesture." Happy those who, in all the trouble and confusion of the third stage,

keep in mind for their encouragement that "nature knows no defeat. Every partial discomfiture of the will betokens a success in the near future." Next comes a study of Good and Evil, as they present themselves to us at the different stages of our progress, from which I do not quote, as I would recommend all to read it through for themselves. A short paper on "Practical Ideals," and the conclusion of the Dreamer's article on the "Theory of Individuality" complete a very important number.

Central Hindu College Magazine, October. In the "Crow's Nest" of this number is a very curious and interesting comparison of the peculiar ceremonies in use amongst the Australian savages with the Hindu customs, leading to the conclusion that "all these things go to prove the continuity of Hindu civilisation from the days of Lemuria, when India and Australia were connected by land." But who *were* the Hindus of Lemuria—surely not Âryans? The probability seems to be what is suggested—that much, even of the present Hindu civilisation, goes back to pre-Âryan times. It is only the modern English, with their exclusive and narrow Christianity, who can live as the conquering race for hundreds of years in a foreign country and learn nothing from its inhabitants. We are glad to see this magazine taking more and more the character of a Hindu magazine, instead of one written *for* Hindus—a very different thing; it is a testimony to the reality of the work done by the College.

Theosophic Gleaner, October, is an interesting number of a magazine which deserves more circulation than it attains. "Three Old Persian Essays on Theosophy" raises the question whether or no the Zoroastrian religion in its best days was not a much wider and more comprehensive affair than our modern re-arrangement of the fragments which have come down to us will admit. It can hardly have been otherwise, to have been the world-religion which at one time it was. "A Swami's Description of Jesus Christ" is curious,—as much for the light it throws on the Swami himself as for the description, quaint as that is.

East and West, and *The Indian Review*, have much good reading but nothing which calls for special notice.

The Vâhan, November. In the "Correspondence" and "Stray Notes" there is more of interest than usual. The discussion of the relations of Theosophy to music is bringing out a good deal of information. The "Enquirer" is proportionately reduced. G. R. S. M.'s rather unfavourable opinion of Magic is vigorously controverted; and

the same writer gives us a useful summary of the views as to the exact meaning of the phrase in the Lord's Prayer "Give us this day our daily bread."

Lotus Journal, November. Mrs. Besant's "The New Psychology," and Mr. Leadbeater's account of "The Mormons and their City," still form the main contents. There is an Irish story with an illustration, and Miss Mallet's "Outlines of Theosophy" will, when concluded and published in book form, make a study, thoroughly adapted for children, which should be in all Theosophic households. In the "Golden Chain Pages" we can't help smiling (somewhat anxiously) at a letter from Benares from a schoolboy who has completed his first year of College life, and has absolutely not a word to say about his studies but writes only of the prizes gained at football and tennis. That these were obtained not only "through the untiring energy of Mr. Banbery," but also "by their own great perseverance" is the most encouraging part of the matter.

Revue Théosophique, October. Here the Editor good-humouredly grumbles a little that what he calls the "Review of Reviews" of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW remarks now and then on the fact that some of them depend chiefly on translations, and roundly declares that the reproduction and diffusion of the writings of our leading teachers is a "primary duty" upon all. Amen, with all our heart! But we *do*, for all that, regret that the fulfilment of that duty should be allowed entirely to prevent all expression of original thought; and most of all (if one may say so without offence to the rest) in Paris! What our French brethren think of Theosophy, and the way in which they adapt its expression to the needs of their own national thought, is a matter of importance far beyond the limits of their own country and *should* be expressed in their Sectional Magazine, not only for their sakes, but for ours. It surely can't be an offence that we express our honest desire to learn from them what *they* have to teach *us*!

Sophia, October. We are the more encouraged to say this as our Spanish friends contrive to meet both duties with a considerable amount of success. Not omitting the obligatory reproductions from H. P. B. and Mrs. Besant, they do their best to speak to their own countrymen in their own language. If our readers will try to imagine how it would be if all *our* instruction were dependent upon translations from the Spanish, we think they will understand what we mean. It is not enough to translate the foreign *words* into our own language—the mode of thought, the logical connection, the way of looking at the

world, all remain foreign still. For the ordinary reader the foreign thought needs not only translating but *digesting* before it can fully appeal to him. A translation in this number, in measure but unrhymed, of Rossetti's "Sister Helen" is an illustration. Sometimes this succeeds well, as in the case of a French version of Dr. Holmes' "Last Leaf," quoted in his Life, which gives the effect with singular felicity. No one who has not dabbled in literature himself can appreciate the difficulty of the task the translator has attempted; of his success no one but a Spaniard can judge; we hardly dare to say that *to us* it seems well done, for how should *we* understand?

Theosofisk Tidskrift is the only other European magazine to hand; its contents a translation of Mr. Leadbeater's "Vegetarianism and Occultism"; a lecture by Gustaf Lindborg on "Religious and Social Questions from the Theosophical Standpoint"; and a notice of Mrs. Besant's visit.

Theosophic Messenger, October, announces with a regret we all share that Mrs. K. B. Davies will be laid aside from all work for at least six months in consequence of her recent accident. We venture to promise that all will help by their good thoughts and wishes in her recovery. Mr. Leadbeater's Address at the recent Convention gives a very encouraging picture of the progress of Theosophy in America these last few years.

Theosophy in Australasia marks itself out by an "Outlook" always lively and interesting. The original Questions and Answers also form a useful feature. Of *The New Zealand Theosophical Magazine* the same may be said; and the three pages "For the Children" are delightful, both the little ones' letters and "Chitra's" replies. We recommend them to the Editors of the *Lotus Journal*. We have also received two numbers of the *Theosofisch Maandblad*, and two of *La Iniciacion*, a little newly started magazine of the "Bhakti Gyan" Lodge, Sancti-Spiritus, Cuba; to which we wish all good success.

We have also to acknowledge: *La Nuova Parola*; *Modern Astrology*; *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*; *St. Ethelburga's Magazine* for October, with a very striking and effective defence of Theosophy from the Christian point of view by Dr. Cobb, the well-known original and outspoken Rector. Of his originality no one can doubt who reads the few words we take from his Introduction. "The number of adherents of the Church of England who have been influenced by Theosophy is far larger than the casual observer would imagine, and they very often hold fast to its spirit without knowing it. . . Hence it is a

duty of the Christian teacher to say what he can, whether by way of warning, of stimulus or of restraint. But whatever he may say, two futile things he should not do—he should not declaim about the Catholic Faith, nor should he quote Bible texts. He is dealing with a force which is impervious to any spear which Ecclesiasticism can wield.” *O si sic omnes !*

Concerning H. P. B. is a reprint of an excellent address delivered by S. Studd to the Melbourne Branch T.S., discussing fully the “so-called proofs of fraud on the part of Mme. Blavatsky.” The ill-named “Investigation,” by the S.P.R., is now forgotten in England except by a few members of that Society; it seems to be still alive in Australia, and anyone who is met by it cannot do better than fortify himself with Mr. Studd’s very complete defence.

Popular Stories and Legends, by Leo Tolstoy (Free Age Press, London, 1s. net). We heartily commend this little collection. It contains nine short stories, opening with the well-known tale of Martin Avdéitch. No one has ever worked so touchingly and impressively as Tolstoy the old superstition (coming down to us from the Hebrew prophets) that to be good is to be happy; and the most remorseless realist can only sigh and smile and wish it were so! A shilling can hardly be better spent than upon this little book.

From Rome we have received four pamphlets written by members of our Society, *Towards Occultism*; *Towards the Unity of the Human Race*, an anonymous lecture delivered to the Roman Branch; *The Religious Idea of Marsilio Ficino*, by Giuliano Balbino, paralleling the utterances of this well-known teacher of the Florentine Renaissance with the doctrines of Mrs. Besant; and Prof. Alberto Gianola’s *Pythagoric School of Crotona*. We have read them with great interest and an increased respect for the character of the Italian movement. Theosophical ideas are evidently taking their due place as part of the native thought, not as a mere importation from abroad; and the keen Italian intellect, working with these as its material for thought, may fairly be expected to bring out, in no long time, results which may set Italy once more as the teacher from whom we may all be glad and proud to learn.

W.

THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

WE have at last come across a passage which, we believe, affords us an objective point of departure for a reconsideration of Mr.

C. W. Leadbeater's statement in his *Christian "Pontius Pilate" Creed* (London; 1898), p. 45, that "Pontius Pilate" is a pseudo-historical gloss for *πόντος πηληγός* (*pontos pilētos*), the "dense sea" of "matter," into which the soul is plunged. (See for a discussion of this hypothesis *Did Jesus live 100 B.C.?*—pp. 423 ff.)

In the extracts made by Stobæus from the lost Trismegistic treatise, generally known as "The Virgin of the World," the disciple ("Horus") is represented as receiving instruction in the stage of discipline immediately preceding the mysterious new-birth. The teacher ("Isis"), as the introductory words tell us, is represented as pouring forth for him "the first draught of immortality" only, "which souls have custom to receive from gods"; he is being raised to the understanding of a daimon, but not as yet to that of a god.

* * *

Now all of this seems to have been part and parcel of the Isis

mystery-tradition proper, for as Diodorus (i. 25), following Hecataeus, informs us, it was Isis who "discovered the philtre of immortality, by means of which, when her son Horus had been plotted against by the Titans, and found dead beneath the water, she not only raised him to life by giving him life (or soul), but also made him sharer in immortality."

From the
Mysteries of Isis

Here we have evidence to show that in the mystery-myth Horus was regarded as the human soul, and that there were two interpretations of the mystery. It referred not only to the rising from the dead in another body, or return to life in another enfleshment, but also to a still higher mystery, whereby the consciousness of immortality was restored to the memory of the soul. The soul had been cast by the Titans, or the opposing powers of the subtle universe, into the deep waters of the Great Sea, the Ocean of Generation or Celestial Nile, for as the mysterious informant of Cleombrotus told him, as related by Plutarch in his treatise *Concerning the Cessation of the Oracles*, these stories of Titans concerned daimones or souls proper and not bodies.

From this death in the "sea of matter," Isis, the Mother Soul, brings Horus repeatedly back to life, and finally bestows on him the knowledge of immortality, and so raises him from the "dead."

Here, then, apparently we have the faint indications of a point of contact between one factor in the subjective mystical exegesis of the Christian symbol which has been put forward by Mr. Leadbeater as founded on his clairvoyant researches, and the objective evidence of contemporary texts. Let us hope that further research on both sides may make this indication clearer.

* * *

IN explanation of the Bushido custom of *harakiri*, to which we referred in our last number, it will be of interest to quote from a very sensible letter of a Japanese gentleman on "Missionary Labours in Japan," which appeared in *The Times* of November 11th, and in the Weekly Edition of November 18th. This letter is written from the standpoint of the widest tolerance, and deserves quotation in full, but we have only space for that part of it which refers to the custom of *seppuku*. The writer does not in any way

In Defence of
Harakiri

criticise Christianity but animadvert solely on the over-zeal of missionary propagandists, an over-zealousness which, he says, "is the fruit, I am sure, of the best possible intentions," though he courteously refrains from adding the old adage which makes of the latter an excellent paving for a locality that shall be nameless. Speaking of this over-busy interference by missionaries with the cherished convictions of his fellow-countrymen, the writer says :

Among other things I have of late been assured that they are busily engaged in disseminating among my country people the idea that to die by one's own hand on the battle-field or on the deck of a warship is under no circumstances whatever permissible. This doctrine is laid down, in fact, in the journals published in Japan that are devoted to the spread of Christianity. I am willing to admit that the contention may be fully warranted on the basis of the Christian faith, but it is, nevertheless, indisputable that the bulk of the Japanese people do not approve of this teaching, and those who seek to inculcate it do so to the detriment of their real influence for good. The truth is that to us the theory is irreconcilable with the duties of a soldier, and the conclusion reached is, moreover, illogical. Frankly speaking, we Japanese are no more in a hurry to die than as a rule are Europeans, but we are taught from infancy to recognise that there are things which we should value far above our own lives. And then it is for the majority of my countrymen exceedingly difficult to understand why a brave soldier who dashes upon his enemy in the face of a deadly hail of bullets from machine guns, knowing that he is rushing to certain death, should be exempt from blame for what is virtually, indeed actually, despite its element of noble self-sacrifice, a deed of self-destruction—the terms are here synonymous—and yet stigmatise as a "suicide" the man who, having fought desperately to the very last, despatches himself lest, by surrender, he should fall a prey to an enemy by whom he might, and probably would, be ignominiously treated. The distinction is altogether too fine for our comprehension, and, if we accept the *dictum* that he who may die under such conditions by his own hand commits a sin, then the soldier who advances to the attack under an avalanche of fire is equally a man to be condemned. Needless to say, wanton self-destruction for ignoble reasons is totally repugnant to our creed—quite as much so as it is in the West—but to condemn, *ab initio*, every act of suicide without regard to circumstances as sinful, simply because it is at variance with preconceived notions, is intolerant and bound to do violence to Japanese susceptibilities.

That suicide, in spite of *harakiri*, moreover, is less prevalent in Japan than elsewhere may be seen from the statistics given by a writer in the *Monthly Review* for November, according to whom

the average number of suicides per million inhabitants is in France 246, in Denmark 238, in Switzerland 233, in Germany 206, but in Japan only 177.

With regard to the admirable article on Bushido to which we devoted the major part of our "Watch-Tower" notes last month, we are pleased to see that *The Times* has now printed it apart as a pamphlet under the title "The Soul of a Nation" (price 2d.), and that it has already run into a number of editions.

* * *

WITH regard to the extraordinary religious revival in South Wales of which we have heard so much lately, and which owes its initiative to a young Calvinistic Methodist student named Evan Roberts, it is of great interest to us, as students of psychology and the phenomena of religious enthusiasm, to learn the nature of the personal experience which decided the young preacher that he was a chosen instrument. At the concluding meeting of a week's mission at Pontycymmer Mr. Roberts closed his labours with a dramatic narrative of a vision seen by him while at school in Newcastle Emlyn before his departure on his crusade. He is reported to have said as follows (*Times*, November 21st):

"A few days before I left Newcastle Emlyn, I was lamenting over the apparent failure of modern Christian agencies, and I felt wounded in the spirit that the Church of God should so often be attacked. While in the slough of despond I walked in the garden. About four o'clock in the morning, with remarkable suddenness, I saw a face in the hedge, full of scorn, hatred, and derision, and heard a laugh as of defiance. It was the Prince of this world who exulted in my despondency. Then there appeared with equal suddenness another figure, gloriously arrayed in white, bearing in his hand a flaming sword borne aloft. The sword fell athwart the first figure, and it instantly disappeared. I did not see the face of the sword-bearer. Do you not see the moral?" asked Mr. Roberts of his huge congregation. "It is the Church of Christ which will be triumphant." He added: "There was no mistake about the vision, and, full of the promise that vision conveyed, I went to Loughor, Aberdare, and Pontycymmer. What do I see? The promise literally fulfilled, the sword is descending on all hands, and Satan is put to flight, Amen." The congregation thereupon burst out with one accord, "Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise the Lord!"

* * *

WE do not for an instant doubt the truth of Mr. Roberts' narra-

tive ; but if all of us who had visions of a similar nature were instantly to set to work to stir up the hopes and fears of our fellows with such feverish insistence as Mr. Roberts has done, the long-suffering world would soon be plunged into a hysterical state that would speedily submerge all reason in emotion. Visions are two-edged swords ; they have ever been so. Mr. Roberts, confirmed by his vision, has certainly been the means of liberating very powerful forces of a revivalist nature, and strange things are happening owing to his ministrations ; but if these fevers are not cooled by some common sense, if they are allowed to run riot, madness follows their path, and the toppers are left drunk and incapable with the excess of their emotions. So we read in the *St. James's Gazette* of November 24th :

Besides the two religious revivals in Wales, there is one in the Midlands. This unhealthy excitement is having its natural result. Mr. Edward Edwards, a brick manufacturer of Rhos, a mining village of Denbighshire, and leading deacon of a Methodist chapel, attended all the meetings without intermission for four days, and read the Scriptures when he should have been asleep. Yesterday he was found under the bed, shouting wildly about "Salvation," and two policemen were called in to restrain him. He fought so violently that six more men were called in. He was pacified by being allowed to write words of exhortation on the floor, and he declared that he had performed a sacred task imposed upon him by an angel in a vision. A doctor examined him with a view to his removal to a lunatic asylum, but he was so ill that this was deemed inadvisable. Fears of a similar fate are felt for an insurance agent and a young woman.

* * *

BUT what absurdities will not be indulged in when untrained folk "let themselves go" in religious enthusiasm without the remotest conception of the alphabet of psychic science ? Ecstasis Corybantic revels and Bacchic orgies, the whirling of the Dancing Dervishes, and the perpetual bowing of a Simon Stylites, are all phases of the same phenomenon. Endless are the records of this thing. There is a psychic drunkenness physically engendered, very different from the philosophic ecstasy which Philo describes as practised amongst the Therapeuts, ending his description with the words : "Thus drunken unto morning's light with this fair drunkenness, with no head

heaviness or drowsiness, but with eyes and body fresher even than when they came to the banquet, they take their stand at dawn, when, catching sight of the rising sun, they raise their hands to heaven, praying for sunlight, and truth, and keenness of spiritual vision. After this prayer each returns to his own sanctuary, to his accustomed traffic in philosophy and labour in its fields."

* * *

Look on this picture, and on this which is to follow,—a graphic and humorous report of the performances of a new sect which have invaded the "wilds" of Camberwell from that great Western city of ever-new sensations called Chicago. We take it from *The Daily Mail* of December 3rd, which heads its account somewhat moderately with the following superscriptional combination: "Pentecostal Dancers: Audience bewildered by the new 'Revival': Shrieks and Ecstasy." Its rival, *The Daily Express*, is less restrained, but unwittingly more intuitive, for its heading is the "Holy Cake Walk," and the so-called "Cake Walk" is the degenerate descendant of the original Mystery Dances of the West-Coast Africans. Here, then, is the picture as caricatured by the reporter, but not ill-naturedly:

The Pentecostal Dancers had a moderate audience at the Camberwell Public Baths last evening. From the dressing-boxes a stony audience gazed unmoved at the laboured contortions of the Rev. Mr. Kent-White, the whirling jig figures of the Rev. H. L. Harvey, and the solemn or ecstatic perpendicular jumps of the ladies.

"We were told," Mr. Kent-White explained to a representative of *The Daily Mail*, "that Camberwell was about the toughest section of this City. So we reckoned to open the mission right here. Seems to me it's a ripe harvest."

But it has resisted so far the appeal to its emotional side which the Pentecostal Dancers do their best to address. The cake-walk, the fling, the hop, the set-to-partners, the breakdown, and all the rest elicited only gasps of utter bewilderment, which gave place later to laughter and delighted applause. The Pillar of Fire and the Burning Bush are going to have a magnificent vogue when their fame has gone thoroughly abroad.

The meeting opened with a hymn, and the dancers went straight to business. No sooner were the first notes sounded than the Rev. H. L. Harvey slipped himself from leash, and went down the stage, singing

vociferously and giving a good exhibition of the sand dance. Mr. Kent White, known to local fame as Obadiah, stood aside for a while and confined himself to the hymn, but when Miss Sadie Walker (of Chicago, Ill.), joined in the mazy dance he became infected, and yielded to the seduction of the moment. His was the kind of step dance which is performed by jumping slowly from one foot to the other, a performance sensibly enhanced by the iron gravity of his face all the time.

A slender little woman in brown, who carried off all with a face radiant with sheer ecstasy, hopped into favour at once. She is going to India as a missionary, and is qualifying to astonish the natives. She pirouettes with an almost professional grace, and now and again relieves pressure with shrieks. Those in the dressing-boxes testified their sympathy by shrieking weirdly also. . . .

The sermon which Mrs. Kent-White delivered was, to say the least of it, a fine example of the direct style. She told of converts to the order who recollected with grief days when they had omitted to pay their fares on tramway-cars.

She has no patience with the baser side of Church life.

"Chicken suppers an' doughnut socials an' oyster stew—oh, my dear people, I do hope 'n trust you don't hev' none o' them over hyar.

"Seems to me most of the holiness that's abroad has gone into the cookin' business."

Of divorce, she admitted: "In America we have thousands of divorce cases—the rottenest cases you ever heard." The audience cheered this.

The Pentecostal Dancers are a sect claiming parentage from the Methodists. They are some three years old, and their headquarters are in Chicago, where the Rev. H. L. Harvey shares control of the order with a convinced and converted banker.

* * *

THE following extract from Rudyard Kipling's latest volume, *Traffics and Discoveries*, will speak for itself to all readers of

Theosophical literature. It is taken from a

Kipling and the
Aura

beautiful and pathetic story, called "They."

The persons of the dialogue are a blind lady, blind from early childhood, and the teller of many tales. Something she has said has made him wrath within, righteously wrathful with the "brutality of the Christian peoples" who know not the things of the soul.

"Don't do that!" she said of a sudden, putting her hands before her eyes.

"What?"

She made a gesture with her hand.

"That! It's—it's all purple and black. Don't! That colour hurts."

"But, how in the world do you know about colours?" I exclaimed, for here was a revelation indeed.

"Colours as colours?" she asked.

"No. *Those* Colours which you saw just now."

"You know as well as I do," she laughed, "else you wouldn't have asked that question. They aren't in the world at all. They're in *you*—when you went so angry."

"D'you mean a dull purplish patch, like port wine mixed with ink?" I said.

"I've never seen ink or port wine, but the colours aren't mixed. They are separate—all separate."

"Do you mean black streaks and jags across the purple?"

She nodded. "Yes—if they are like this," and zig-zagged her finger again, "but it's more red than purple—that bad colour."

"And what are the colours at the top of the—whatever you see?"

Slowly she leaned forward and traced on the rug the figure of the Egg itself.

"I see them so," she said, pointing with a grass stem, "white, green, yellow, red, purple, and when people are angry or bad, black across the red—as you were just now."

"Who told you anything about it—in the beginning?" I demanded.

"About the Colours? No one. I used to ask what colours were, when I was little—in tablecovers and curtains and carpets, you see—because some colours hurt me and some made me happy. People told me; and when I got older that was how I saw people." Again she traced the outline of the Egg which it is given to very few of us to see.

"All by yourself?" I repeated.

"All by myself. There wasn't anyone else. I only found out afterwards that other people did not see the Colours."

This is the highest compliment that Mr. Leadbeater has as yet had paid to his "Man Invisible." If only our seers had a Kipling to word-paint what they see!

I HAVE noticed that when one is painting one should not think. Everything then turns out better.—RAPHAEL.

THE FUNDAMENTAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SWEDISH PEOPLE

ONE day, during the last summer of his life, when the sky was blue over Ekeliden's green trees, Viktor Rydberg wrote the poem that was to be his last greeting to the Swedish people :

Thou wondrous, mystic cloudlessness,
Thou heavenly blue, that smilingly
Stoops down to me, and lifts my soul
To spaces cool, and holy calm.

In this poem, over which broods the wonderful transfiguring glow of prescience, the reflection of the poet's premonition that he stood at the gates of that Salem for which during his whole life he had so longed, the rhythm, through which we can hear the far-off echo of celestial bells, is broken by another, through which thunders the jubilant echo of the triumphal song, to whose sound the warrior hopes to die :

I know myself your kinsman, sons of heaven !
With Âryan blood, the purest and the oldest,
Ordained a Swede, by some kind Norna given.
My race, for symbol of their fathers' story,
Have heaven's blue in the fair eyes of childhood,
And heaven's blue in standards crowned with glory.

With these words, among the proudest and most beautiful ever penned by Swedish hand, has Viktor Rydberg—he, who during the latter half of last century has been, of all others, the one to point our people to the road that leads to the Jordan of the ideal—told us, what we ought never to forget : that every race, in its desert wanderings, has *its own* road to travel ; that the ideal striving must also be the national striving ; that our race belongs to the nobility of humanity, and that it must be faithful to its lofty lineage, so that the true-hearted, blue childish eyes may ever be able to look up with the same unflinching pride to Svea's " standards crowned with glory."

No parting words of more deep and significant meaning have ever been uttered to the people of Sweden by any seer. For we had half forgotten that a people, like an individual, must learn to listen to the inward voices, if it is ever to reach that lofty goal which for the nation, as well as for the individual, glitters on far-off golden pinnacles.

The inward cohesion of a nation, the significance of blood, lineage, and mutual ideals, has been long enough relegated to the category of those truths which the strife of the hour, and the material hubbub of the day, have caused us to forget. It is time that we should listen to the words of the seer, that we should seek to make the truths he has taught us bear fruit. For Viktor Rydberg is a seer, a prophet, an educator, for his people; he is the Armourer who has forged for us weapons against materialism, the Bard who has for us seen heavenly visions. We are still too near him to be able rightly to appreciate him; the visual angle is still too great. But when comes that day in which we are able to survey the mighty work he has wrought, in which we shall fully comprehend the war he waged, and the victories he won, then it will be clear to us all that he was, in veriest truth, a real educator, one of those prophets whom the Lord in all ages has sent to His chosen peoples. It is thus that we should seek to understand him. But in order rightly to understand what manner of man he was, who is perhaps the choicest expression which the Swedish national spirit has ever assumed in the history of the civilisation of the North, we must first endeavour to form a conception of the character of this people, of its formation and its development, before it could give itself such an expression as Viktor Rydberg.

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At an early date, among the people who inhabited the country between the North Sea and the Baltic, that trait was prominent which, of all others, is the sign of nobility among the Âryan races,—the perception that there is another world than that of the senses, a higher goal for which to strive than the earthly goal,—the *religious feeling*, which from a dim natural mysticism develops into ever-increasing brightness. That this feature, even at the very earliest dawning of the Swedish

national feeling, was for our race the over-mastering sentiment, is evident from the manner in which Olaf Trygvason—although abusively—characterised his Swedish adversaries in the fight at Svoldern, according to Snorre Sturloson; but in later history, this feature was expressed in a clearer and better fashion. It is seen in our ancient laws. It was this indwelling conviction in our race—that there is something which is *right*, and something which is *wrong*, that there are laws according to which mankind is commanded by God to live—which made our forefathers regard a code of laws as the first necessity of society, and which made them devote their highest mental powers to legislation and administration. The circumstance that Sweden possesses more numerous and better regulated codes of law than Denmark, Norway and Iceland all put together, is only an expression of a sense of justice, arising from a living feeling of religion—a feature which, at an early date, distinguished the Swedish people from the other Northern races.

But law-giving was not the only expression of this feeling. There was a wealth of legends, songs, and stories, now lost, but which we can still plainly trace. We had no Snorre Sturloson or Sæmund, and so these treasures were not preserved, and the myths of our fathers have crumbled into ruins. But doubtless, in Svithiod also, songs were sung in honour of the gods, songs which had their own peculiar Swedish ring. It was the natural features of the country which gave birth to the singers. It was the eternal mystery of nature, the thunder of the cataract, and the sighing of the fir-tree, in the “great, wide forest, wide for sixty miles,” which gave to the character of the Swedish people that mysterious leaning towards the supernatural which ever afterwards—even in the days of over-powering spiritual indifference—distinguished its foremost typical figures.

But ancient Sweden was not merely a vast inland forest; it possessed also extensive coast-lines, where the free, boundless, blue sea rushed up into the deep bays, and where the roar of the strong winds made ceaseless music for the heart of mankind. And here, nature brought forth another type, of equal primeval antiquity in the character of the Swedish race. This was “*derringdo*”—the longing for brave ventures, for fields for

brilliant exploits; and it found an early expression in the Viking cruises—the voyages to Holmgård, Gårdaríke, and Miklagård, to the Särkland of romance—the country of the Saracens. It was not alone by visible means, as on the old marble lion at the Piræus, that these Swedes graved their runes. They graved them in their actions as well. The stories of the Varärger dominion in Novgorod and Kijev, of the Väringer in Byzantium, preserve in history the memory of these early manifestations of Swedish power of action. When the introduction of Christianity put an end to these expeditions this characteristic found expression in other ways. The Swede was not slow to act when it was a question of defending what was dear to him. Engelbrekt took up the sword for right and freedom. In this, the warfare of the Swedish peasants, the goal of the ideal—the country's freedom—bestowed for the first time on the outward expression of the national fundamental character a gleam of spiritual brightness. Its two chief characteristics are no longer opposed to each other. During the strife for the existence of a political Sweden, the Swedish national spirit increases its internal unity.

If, during the days of the Vikings, the lust of action was the overmastering feature of our race, in the Middle Ages it was the mystical, religious characteristic that was most prominent. The spirit of the age was first and foremost a spirit of a religious feeling; and it was therefore natural that the bent of the Swedish people in this direction should at this period reach its highest pitch of development. The first time that the Swedish name arrested the attention of the whole of Europe was by means of a woman widely renowned for her piety and her visions, Saint Birgitta. But we had already had before her a mystic of the purest type in Petrus de Dacia.

Our own time, which is animated by the same spirit of enquiry that distinguished the Renaissance, has called forth the saintly Gotland Dominican from the tomb of parchment in which, for six hundred years, in the church at Jülich, had been preserved the work whereby he—as Dante for Beatrice—idealised the heavenly bride of his heart, the maiden from Stumbelen, Saint Kristina. The pure, simple tale of love—if, indeed, such words may be applied to it—which was told in the little German

village about the year 1266, has touched us all. We have seen, as on the canvas of some Pre-Raphaelite master, the youthful, dreaming, innocent, affectionate Petrus de Dacia, by the glow of the evening fire, or in the tender light of the spring evening, conversing with the visionary, wondrous peasant-maiden concerning God and the Saints. and the innermost essence of love; and when we have read his letters, from which breathes a mystic flame, our thoughts have been irresistibly drawn to that almost contemporaneous work, so near akin, the *Vita Nuova* of Dante. But only the most clear-sighted of us have seen, in the dreamer's labours, the first distinct expression of one of the choicest features of the soul of the Swedish people.

And this feature was even more distinctly marked in the personality of Saint Birgitta; but it developed itself in a practical direction, that of working for the good of humanity. In her case, the religious feeling is combined with the love of labour, the tremendous energy which aroused the admiration of the time. She makes a pilgrimage to Spain, to the tomb of San Diego at Compostella; she sternly reproves Magnus Erikson, King of Sweden; and in spite of every difficulty, she organises a crusade against the Russians. Not content with influencing the politics of Sweden, she attacks, with her fearless tongue and the whole force of her revelations, no less a person than the head of the Christian Church, the Pope himself, now the tool of the French Kings at Avignon. In order to persuade him to quit his ignominious position and return to Rome, and with the view of obtaining the consent of the Holy Father to her favourite plan, a new Swedish conventual system, she sets off for Rome, to which, after seventeen years of waiting, she at last sees Urban V. return. Two years later she receives his consent to her conventual system; and finally, at the age of seventy, she undertakes a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

But her naturally weak and sickly body is urged to all this tireless labour by a soul of fire, whose burning enthusiasm is kindled by an inflowing spiritual power. Her inward sight is made clear; she sees wondrous visions, and dictates them to her confessor. Through the revelations of Saint Birgitta, the noblest feature of the spirit of the Swedish people for the first time

beamed forth over Europe. Of her, as of Dante, it may be said that she was "the voice by which speaks a people, who for ten silent centuries have held their peace." Hers is the first personality which, from the midst of the deeply religious, and dreamy, mystically-minded race of the far north, emerges on the broad highway of the world's history; and the nimbus of the saint surrounds a head of pure Swedish type.

The Church which received the dust of the aged pilgrim, enshrined her name amongst those of its saints. The story of her life and her visions is read in Catholic countries to this day; but it is no longer read amongst her own people. This is a pity; for she is one of the noblest, most typical figures of our race.

Towards the end of the Middle Ages the course of events led the Swedish nation to tread a path that, for a people of lesser vital force, right-mindedness, and power of achievement, would have been the road to ruin. But happily for her Sweden possessed a race of peasants who knew, it is true, that right, honour, and freedom are ideal things—but that it is still worth while to die for them and for one's country. Happily for Sweden there were men who, in the hour of storm and peril, did not hesitate to grasp the helm of circumstance, and who understood how to steer the course which, steadily pursued, would finally lead to deliverance.

Engelbrekt, the man of the people, and the two Stures, the noblemen, are the brightest Swedish figures of these dark times. A living faith, and a never-failing trust that God would ultimately give victory to the right, were the steadfast foundations of their achievements. But their progress was not continuous, the fruits of conquest were not lasting. The clouds closed in ever more darkly, and ruin seemed imminent. But suddenly a youthful hand grasped the helm of the disabled ship. The helmsman belongs to the purest, fairest type of the nobility of his race. The daring of the Viking glows in his face; and through all the perils of the breakers, he brings the vessel safely to her desired haven.

Gustaf Vasa—he who saved his country from ruin, and who built up the Swedish state from the very foundations—gave to the world the first brilliant token of what Swedish strength of

purpose was mighty to accomplish. He was a man of deeds, such as before him had arisen none—a man of never-flinching courage, and of tireless power of labour.

Beside his glorious name shines another—the name of a personality in which the second fundamental feature of our race found expression. Gustaf Vasa's power of action was equally matched by the religious feeling of his chancellor, Olaus Petri. The sermons of Luther at Wittenberg kindled in his soul the sacred spark. He brought to Sweden tender shoots of the green olive tree of the 'young Reformation, as it was before internal discords had begun to gnaw its roots. In his native land, Olaus Petri planted these shoots, from among which should hereafter spring so mighty a tree. He was animated by that never-resting desire to declare the truth, to guide the wanderer into the right way, that is the mark by which every true reformer may be known. The fundamental principle of the new teaching set forth by him was, that the direction of the will, and its outward expression in the life, is the decisive factor of the last importance to the eternal lot of mankind. Of his great works, the greatest was that of making God's Word—the only real clue to the true life—the property of the whole people.

Gustaf Vasa gave our nation its political freedom, and laid the solid foundations of the Swedish State, on which was afterwards raised the proud edifice of our political greatness. Olaus Petri delivered the Swedish people from the yoke of the Roman Church, and laid the foundations of Sweden's position as a great religious power, which has a glory of its own not less than that of external politics.

Here, for the first time in our history, we see side by side, working together, even if sometimes in sharp conflict, two representatives of the deepest, most typical features of the Swedish people. This united labour brought forth great results; but, at the appointed time, the spirit of the Swedish race was to produce something even yet more mighty.

And this came to pass when, for the first and only time in our history, the noblest and the greatest features of Swedish nature stood revealed in the soul of *one* man. This man was Gustaf Adolf. And now the hour of Sweden's greatest achieve-

ment had struck. Our day in the history of the world had dawned.

Between December 26th, 1611, when the king of seventeen for the first time greeted the parliament of his kingdom, and with them decided that it was better to continue the perilous war with Denmark than to conclude an ignominious peace, and that November day at Lützen, are twenty-one years of reign, which meant for Gustaf Adolf an unbroken sequence of arduous labours, of burning zeal for the good of his kingdom, as a commander in the field, a lawgiver, and an organiser. When he is not, either in his own or foreign boundaries, fighting at the head of his army, he is too often, as was said, "occupied at home with an unbroken peaceful retreat."

But his whole activity is ever directed towards the goal of the ideal. He feels himself to be the defender of the Lutheran faith; to be the foremost champion of the new religion is the precious vocation inherited from his father and his grandfather. To be worthy of this vocation, inwardly as well as outwardly, is the object of all his striving; for to him, this was the same thing as being worthy of the kingly crown to which he had been called by God. It was thus that he first rose to the highest point of his greatness at that hour when his mighty power of action was able to grasp directly that great combat upon which depended the very existence or non-existence of the Lutheran faith.

No Swedish king, also, has so thoroughly understood the Swedish people as Gustaf Adolf. He knew the faults of the nation; but he knew also its brilliant gifts. He knew that under the indifference of daily life, under the grey ashes of inertness, there ever glows an unquenched fire, which only needs a powerful blast to make it once more burst forth in full flame. He knew there is nothing the Swede dreads so much as "wearing his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at"; and that under cover of spiritual indifference lies hidden a ceaseless longing for eternal beauty and endless truth. He knew—so it has been said—that the passion for adventure of the old Viking days has never entirely disappeared from the blood of our people; that the Swede, when he is reduced to passive idleness, becomes timid

and indifferent, and that he is first restored to himself again when he hears the roar of the storm and the whistling of the winds, which tell of swelling sails, of bent bows, and of drawn swords.

Gustaf Adolf called Sweden to a Viking cruise, the greatest in its history—a Viking cruise for the spiritual freedom of the people. With him begins that wonderful period of our history, which has been called the time of Sweden's greatness—that age when the poor northern country, which did not contain one-fifth of the inhabitants of the Sweden of the present day, was in truth a great power—a remarkable circumstance, capable only of explanation in *one* way. Sweden possessed an inward greatness, a spiritual greatness, a wealth of men of great minds. It was the most brilliant epoch of the true Swedish nature, when the people's power of action found no aim too lofty for it, when a deep religious feeling permeated our whole nation, from the King and his councillors to the soldier and the peasant.

To have possessed a greatness, founded upon other factors than mere numbers, and material resources, is not only the proudest memory of our race, but also a hostage for great possibilities in the future; for our people are at heart still the same to-day as in the days of Gustaf Adolf II. Centuries no more change the character of a race than do years change that of an individual. Viktor Rydberg, indeed, goes so far as to say that he considers it unreasonable "to apply the Darwinian idea of evolution to so short a period of time as a thousand years, and to imagine, for example, that the nature of our Swedish people could during that time be changed to anything essentially different and more lofty."

When we study the life-histories of the Swedes of that great time, we feel that they are "flesh of our flesh," even if it is our best qualities that predominate in them, and this in a manner hardly conceivable in our day.

The consuming desire for activity, the tireless power of labour, with a background of true religion, are the characteristics of the great men of that age.

Where shall we find an iron zeal like that of Axel Oxenstierna, a man who bore alone upon his own shoulders such a load of

government, able to grasp the smallest details of administration, without losing one iota of the statesman's world-embracing glance? Or where shall we find a man of more tireless, many-sided nature than Olaus Rudbeck? he who at the age of twenty-two was already one of the foremost anatomists of the day, and who, after becoming a technic of the highest rank, became the natural philosopher whose wisdom succeeding ages must admire equally with his imagination—and all this, one may say, during the time he was mastering as good as all the learning of his day, while, as an engineer, he was a Swedish Leonardo da Vinci.

It was being rich in such men that made great the Sweden of the great age.

But the second innate Swedish characteristic—the religious, the mystic—had also its representatives during this period, which, before all else, was a time of action. The greater number of these is to be found within the boundaries of the State Church.

But there were other men besides Churchmen—men such as Burens and his disciple Stjernhjelm—who hearkened to the wondrous mystic tones that a true Swedish nature has always recognised in the natural features of our country, and in the memorials of our people.

But it was not until the sunset hour of the day of Swedish greatness, that these fundamental characteristics of the Swedish people—the nature of the Viking, and the nature of the seer—were destined to attain their highest development in two different personalities.

In the one, the Swedish people joyfully recognised from the very first that trait which, before all others, they desire to find in their bannermen; in the other, the representative of the deeper, more mysterious features of the national character still remains not understood.

Once did their two paths cross each other. It was in Lund, in 1716, that Karl XII. met Svedenborg. It was a memorable day when Sweden's most renowned son, the hero-king, in whose guise the Swedish Viking nature dazzled the world, as never heretofore, encountered the man in whom all that our race has within itself of wondrous mysticism, of prescient dream-life, found its world-renowned expression!

When set the conqueror's blood-red sun, arose the star whose mild northern rays were to shed their light far and wide, destined to become for many a guiding-star amid the darkness of night.

At the time of Svedenborg's meeting with Karl XII. he was twenty-eight years old; he was still at that period of his life when, like Faust, possessed by a quenchless thirst for knowledge, he was seeking to penetrate the secrets of natural science. To such a point had his strivings brought him, that had he died before his sixtieth year, we should have erected a statue to him, as we have done to Linné and Schéele. But from that time he turned from the exploration of the outer, visible world, to the highest of all sciences, the knowledge of God—from the problems of mathematics and physics to the problem of the origin of evil, to the eternal riddles of life; and during the four-and-twenty years which still remained to him in this life, he gave to humanity, in his writings, a new philosophy and a new religion.

It was by no mere chance that the most deeply religious personality of the age of Voltaire was a Swede.

That he was not understood by the crass rationalism of his day, or by an imitative, materialistic, after-age, only bears witness to his greatness; but there have been men in all times, who have not been contented with the verdict of the multitude. By such, he is appreciated. Such a one was Höpken, who said that he had "never known a man of more unchangeably virtuous character than Svedenborg": and such a one was Kant, who complained, in one of his published letters, that Svedenborg had made all his philosophy superfluous; and in later days, such a one was Emerson, who saw in him one of the most wonderful personalities of all time.

The day will also come when occurrences, apparently supernatural, will no longer be denounced as conscious or unconscious deceptions, and when the Swedish people will no longer blush to recognise Svedenborg as one of their foremost sons. When the Swedish race has really learnt to know itself, it will recognise in him, in its deepest form, the noblest feature of its own soul—the eternal, the mystically-religious.

The influence of Svedenborg on the spiritual development

of our people is, none the less, greater than has been generally recognised. If one studies the matter deeply, it will be found that nearly all the thinkers and poets of the period of our literary greatness have, either directly or indirectly, been influenced by the teachings of Svedenborg ; and the more deeply we examine the more we shall see that this influence extends even to our own days.

First and foremost, the connection has never yet been developed between these teachings and the deepest expression that the typical Swedish ideal feature has found in our century—the Boström philosophy. But when the newly-awakened national current in our race has passed beyond the surface, we shall find that in Svedenborg's writings and Boström's philosophy we possess a fountain of wisdom and truth, springing from the inmost hidden depth of the spirit of the Swedish people, such as belongs to no other land.

With the decline of Sweden's political greatness, however, was in no wise quenched that Viking trait whose most distinguished representative was Karl XII. It found vent in the admiration accorded to him after his death, and in such poems as "Sinclair's Song" ; and it was by means of constantly harping on this national string, that the Hat Party was able to gain a hearing for its policy of adventure. In spite of renewed opposition, the longing for the brilliant and the adventurous was not stilled. With Gustaf III. begins a new era, which, by reviving the national glory, notwithstanding the accompanying shadows, allowed the Swedish people for a while to bask in a new day of sunshine. But during the latter years of his reign the clouds once more gathered ; and under Gustaf Adolf IV. it seemed for a moment as if the sun of our glory had set for ever. But the hope of a new day of victory did not desert our people. The election at Örebro of an heir to the throne, in 1810, was in reality only an expression of the longing of our race to make good their losses under a brilliant leader, and with fresh conquests to efface the remembrance of defeat. But this desire is linked with another essentially Swedish trait—the demand to be governed by a real master. To attain this end the Swedish people unhesitatingly laid legitimacy and the national feelings on the altar of sacrifice.

This choice of an heir to the throne, unique in the history of the world, is also still further indicative of two other national Swedish characteristics—the power of being hastily taken possession of by a passing mood, and the evident absence of deeply-rooted conservative ideas and feelings.

The man to whom the Swedish people gave the crown of the Vasas may have had his faults ; but in many respects he was just the ruler whom Sweden needed. He possessed in the highest degree the personal authority which the Swede loves to find combined with that of the sceptre. He put down with a strong hand the half-mutinous, revolutionary spirit that had been aroused by the Age of Freedom ; and he restored to the Swedish name more of its departed military glory than anyone could have dared to hope in 1809.

This new state of things is the fundamental supposition for the reason of the scientific and literary *renaissance* that distinguished the reign of Karl Johan XIV. Only in a Sweden that held her head high could Esaias Tegnér have struck his lyre. With him, for the first time, the ancient Swedish Viking trait entered the world of modern poetry, and at once took its place in the literature of the world. In the figure of Axel, and still more in that of Frithiof, was reflected that defiant, manly courage, that strong desire of adventure, which are as truly Swedish features as that mysterious longing for countries beyond time and space, which, in the form of melancholy, is not wanting in the hero of the saga.

But it was not until near the close of the nineteenth century that this second fundamental Swedish trait was to find its interpreter. This interpreter was Viktor Rydberg.

It is thus that we must consider Viktor Rydberg as the exponent of the highest form of culture of our land—as the one who, with the certainty of his prayer being heard, could pray : “ Put into my lips the words which shall advance manliness, honour and goodness among my people ; and let the image of eternity shine upon their path towards the goal, beyond the centuries ! ”—as the seer, as the prophet of his race—as, in the highest meaning of the word, an *educator*.

OSWALD KUYLENSTIERNA.

LIMITATIONS

HORACE in the first and one of the best known of his *Satires*, inquires of Mæcenas how it is that everybody considers another person's lot in life happier than his own. The old soldier, worn out with the hardships of war, sighs, "O fortunate merchants!" while the merchant, whose ship is caught in a storm, says, "It is better to be a soldier. They charge; and death or victory comes at once." The countryman would like to be a townsman, and the townsman sighs for the pleasures of the country. But if God offered them the opportunity of changing their lot, they would not care to do so. Horace then proceeds to point out the disadvantages both of greed and prodigality, and counsels moderation and contentment, but adds: "We seldom find a man who says that he has lived a happy life, and is content to depart from his life as a satisfied quest."

History repeats itself, and our own age, like that of Horace, is one of widely-spread scepticism, and widely-spread dissatisfaction; and large numbers of people, as in Horace's time, imagine, either that they would be happier under other circumstances, or that they have mistaken their "vocation," as it is called. Like so many of the evils of the present day, this cannot but be due to the loss of the balancing ideas of reincarnation and karma; without which it seems difficult to realise any rational conception of a future state, which is tacitly ignored by many who profess to believe in it, their notions being so vague as to have comparatively little practical influence on their lives.

Have we not often heard it said, even by very good people, who would have been shocked at the suggestion that they did not believe in "Heaven": "We have only one life,"—as an excuse for some trifling self-indulgence? It is not always easy, however, even for those who have unreservedly accepted these great doctrines, to acquire the calm and patience which will

reconcile them fully to the vicissitudes and restraints of life ; and they will be happier when born into communities where these ideas are as fully recognised as were the ordinary notions of religion prevalent fifty years ago, when many, even among Unitarians, still believed in the historical credibility of the Bible, the possibility of Eternal Punishment, and other doctrines (of course with the exception of the Trinity) which have been practically abandoned by most thinking people at the present day.

But the causes of discontent with one's lot are very various, reaching far back into the past, as well as far forward into the future. It may be taken for granted, I suppose, that in order to attain even moderate "Perfection" and to join the "Assembly of the Prefect," as one of the newspapers mis-printed it the other day, it is necessary to pass through a considerable variety of studies and experiences, far more than is possible, under any conceivable advantages and circumstances, in any single life. Sooner or later, these must be pursued, either till the lesson needed is learned, or till the desire for that particular experience is exhausted ; or more technically, till the "rafters and the roof-tree" have been broken down in each particular direction.

On the other hand, the necessities both for needed variety of development, and for breaking new ground, must often lead to our being placed in what appears to us uncongenial circumstances, when we should prefer to follow out our old pursuits, to which we are accustomed, and to which we shall doubtless return, under, let us hope, improved conditions, in some future life or lives. It is, however, imprudent to fix our desires too ardently on the realisation of any particular advantages or course of life which we think we specially desire, lest the force of our will should realise it before our guides think us ready for it, and it should consequently be attended with such disadvantages that we should find we had only been grasping at unripe fruit.

As John Stuart Mill says, "It is hard to die without ever having lived" ; and it cannot be a real consolation to tell anyone who desires some particular form of experience that he will later on attain to something better, which he does not yet understand sufficiently to appreciate. One might as well tell a child who was crying for cake at Christmas, that he shall have some straw-

berries next summer, if he is a good boy. And whatever people may say or fancy, I am convinced that the "Heaven" that most of us really desire is not Nirvâṇa but Devachan. Nirvâṇa may come in its own good time, but by all means give us Devachan till we can appreciate something beyond.

Even Zanoni said "Humanity is sweet," and there is something very pathetic in Edgar Poe's longing for a more human, if a lower, Paradise than the orthodox "Heaven":

And there, O may my wearied spirit dwell,
Apart from Heaven's eternity, and yet how far from Hell!

Another evil result of the loss of the doctrine of reincarnation appears to be the difficulty of sympathising with those in other circumstances than ourselves, since under the "one-life theory" we cannot even conceivably imagine ourselves as changing places. How can rich and poor, husbands and wives, or even parents and children, truly comprehend and sympathise with each other, if they believe that the present relations are the only ones which will ever subsist between them in any world even remotely resembling the present?

The wonder is, perhaps, that so much genuine sympathy should exist in our ignorant western world; though it is probably largely innate or instinctive, just as there has been so much fighting in the world for so many hundreds of thousands of years (not to say millions) that most people must have been killed in battle over and over again, and soldiers instinctively realise that death is no evil, and that the great saying of Kṛiṣṇa to Arjuna is literally true: "He who thinks he slays, and he who thinks he is slain, are both equally deceived. There never was a time when thou and I and yonder chiefs did not exist, and there never will be a time when we shall cease to exist."

Scientific men are probably right in thinking that the love of travel and adventure, especially noticeable among the seafaring nations, is the inherited development of the Viking age. Theosophists say that our writers of adventure draw unconsciously on their own previous experiences for their tales of piracy, smuggling, etc. Bulwer Lytton somewhere says that he always had an extremely definite mind-picture of the Nile, which he never saw, and that he did not doubt that it accurately represented the

reality. Not only "Saxon and Norman and Dane are we," in a truer sense than Tennyson ever realised, but also Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and further back still.

As regards travel and adventure, I believe many young men who are debarred from it by circumstances, would gladly give half a dozen years of their lives to realise it, though many might not find the reality in accordance with their expectations. Others, however, with unlimited facilities for travelling in the most interesting countries, voluntarily prefer to remain at home, and to occupy themselves with pursuits which appeal more strongly to their inclinations. We often find that advantages for which those who do not possess them would give almost anything, are not valued by those who actually possess them. In the latter case, it is perhaps more probable that the experience has been lived through and exhausted than that it lies forward in the future.

For myself, I do not feel inclined to take up again the special line of scientific study to which I happen (partly by force of circumstances) to have devoted much of this life, though it continues greatly to interest me, and probably will do so as long as I live. Perhaps I may take up music in some other life, which I must have greatly neglected, though I am fond of poetry. Music is said to be an abstract study, carried on from one life to another, so that everyone is apparently born with all the music he ever possessed; and I was born without much more idea of music than a blind man has of light. Consequently, I regard it as a study which lies, for me, not in the past, but in the future.

As an instance of the force which former pursuits may exert on the present, I may instance the case of a friend who told me that he once had some visions of his past life; and that when he saw a vision of himself in a study or laboratory in the Middle Ages, he experienced an uncontrollable longing to return to that life and that room. Such an instance furnishes us with another argument for the necessity of passing through the river of Lethe between life and life, as otherwise both our progress and happiness would certainly be largely interfered with by the recollections of our former lives.

This does not interfere with the instinctive love or dislike that we often experience towards those whom we meet during

our present life for the first time. It is certain, however, that dislike is not always due to actual enmity, but sometimes to painful and persistent recollections of troubles with which particular persons have been associated, perhaps not by any actual fault of their own.

This is true even of the present life; and here, again, the difficulty of living down either enmities or personal dislikes would be much greater if they were perpetuated by memory from life to life. It would be difficult to imagine anything more painful and disastrous to all concerned. On the other hand, Anna Blackwell has well written: "The stranger, the foreigner, the dependent, may be, and often is, the nearest and dearest friend of a former life." (I quote here from memory, but the exact terms are of no consequence.) Those who know the real meaning of love at first sight will know that this is true; others would not understand it.

At present, the proportion of women is largely in excess of men in many parts of the world, and the obvious inference is that at this period a woman's life is either a better or a more necessary training for the majority of people than a man's. It may also be reasonably supposed that its restraints are frequently useful to help to counteract the racial Viking tendencies to which I have already alluded. Hence it is not surprising that the restraints of their sex should press so heavily on some women that they often express the wish to have been men. This is often genuine, as in the case of a girl I once knew whose greatest desire was to be a general in the army.

The converse is rare, but I have heard of a case of two married sisters, one of whom desired boys, and the other girls. The lady who desired boys had only girls, except two boys who died in infancy, but the lady who desired girls had only boys. However, the eldest son would have much preferred being a woman, and could hardly look at a pretty girl without envying her. In this unusual case, the mother's desire for a girl seems to have brought about a peculiar form of psychical hermaphroditism.

It may be suggested that such a person had been, and probably would be again, happier as a woman than a man; but that special necessities or circumstances led to his being

born a man in a particular life. In fact, his mother, though not unkind, was injudicious and unsympathetic, and if she had had a girl, might very probably have trained her up to be a most unhappy woman. It may be added that in this case the father was considerably older than the mother.

As people are sometimes born apparently out of their proper sex, so are they frequently born out of their religion. I have known a clergyman who would much have preferred being born either into the old Greek religion, or into pre-Reformation Catholicism. Another man once said to me that he wished he was a Catholic, and the older he grew, the more he should wish it. Yet he had not the slightest idea of joining the Catholic Church.

As people progress, they are very liable to fall into errors opposite to those which they seek to avoid. Some children do not take up the pursuits of their parents, not from disinclination, but because they see the disadvantages attending them; for every avocation must needs have its advantages and disadvantages. Other children, in trying to avoid the errors of which they are conscious in their parents, fall into opposite extremes. Thus, if the parents pay too much attention to appearances, the children may neglect and undervalue them. I am even of opinion that the greater asceticism of the teaching of Buddha as compared with that of Christ, is partly due to the probability that the original high station of the Prince gave him a greater (and perhaps overstrained) contempt for the vanities of the world than was felt by the son of the carpenter.

Those who are trying to cure themselves of meanness and selfishness are not unlikely to fall an easy prey to others who have not outgrown the stage of selfishness and dishonesty. In time, this will cure itself, for those who progress faster may probably drop the others out of their lives, with no disadvantage to either party.

Without reincarnation, the doctrine of karma, so earnestly insisted on by Christ, remains useless, like one blade of a pair of scissors; and leaves the whole social system of the world, as we know it, a mere chaos of inextricable confusion, as if it were the work of a mocking fiend rather than of a God.

W. F. K.

RICHARD ROLLE AND WALTER HILTON

TWO EARLY ENGLISH MYSTICS

BURIED in the British Museum, hedged about by the difficulties of old English language and orthography, is, I believe, a number of valuable writings of those whom I would call the British Fathers of the Church. There appear to be numerous manuscripts containing mystical writings, sermons, epistles and religious poems of sufficient interest to justify an attempt to make them better known among Theosophical students.

In the Thornton Manuscript, and in others, for instance, are copied the writings of Richard Rolle of Hampole, and his better-known disciple Walter Hilton. Both were monks of Yorkshire, and Rolle particularly seems to have been in the vanguard of the religious thought of his time, and to have added to his following many years after his death.

Very little is known about their lives; but that they carried out their teachings into practice is very evident, for there are records of Rolle at war with the selfish spiritual culture of the monasteries and with the undiluted worldly ambition of the people among whom he mixed freely. He spent his best years—from nineteen to thirty—fighting himself in a hermit's cell, subduing the evidently powerful passions of his lower nature by the force of his greater desire for holiness, for "nothing is strong enough to impose oughts on a passion except a stronger passion still." Then he left his solitude to wander about Yorkshire and the neighbouring counties, preaching, not in a spirit of reform or censorship, but that, by his life and his words, he might show the possibility of using duties, social relationships and passions, so that out of vices, virtues might grow, and chains might be hammered into weapons.

To read the books of these simple but profound writers is not to tread the highways of the intellect, but to breathe the rarer

atmosphere of affirmation. They look down from the heights upon the toilers below and are able to give them directions because they see beneath them the mapped-out plan of the world. They cannot make the workers see from the same position, and whether they can make them even listen, depends upon the number of times they descend to be the gazing-stock of their fellows, and also upon the amount of faith their hearers possess. Faith to these mystics means the power to see an ideal state of existence, not with the mind's eye, but with the eye of the Will, a deliberate choice of a mode of life, and grit and courage enough to pursue it through all temporary changes of mood.

Union with Christ, identity with Christ, is the end-all of the mystic's striving. We, as Theosophists, would say, union with the Higher Self, but the meaning of the mystical Christ has been discussed often enough. The mystic wills to be filled with a burning love, which shall destroy all other interests and pleasures and cause the mind to be set solely on becoming a "worker together with Christ," so that, believing that all things are rightly and sweetly ordered, he, as Epictetus says, "seeks not to have things happen as he choose, but rather to choose them to happen as they do."

This is the explanation of the "living-death" of the mystics. This love, this union, they know, cannot be won by good works or by intellectual comprehension, but simply by willing for it. True meditation is for them the concentrating of the will upon Christ; the act of desiring, the consummation of which is as the "coupling of the lover and the beloved." To them, contemplation is life; yet here they are exiled in a world of action, which can only appear to them to separate them from their Christ. All their writings are full of the sadness of the poem of Richard Rolle, part of which, for the sake of its beauty, I have translated.

Almighty god in trinity,
Father, son and holy ghost,
That is one god and persons three,
One soothfast lord of mightiness most.
Give us grace sin to flee
And well to live and keep us chaste,
That so our soul's ready be
For god when we the death shall taste.

He may well be called witty
 That can well live in this exile
 Whoso lives here right wisely
 He works well after god's will.
 He that makes him for god ready
 And lives well shall not die ill,
 And all others may have dread
 But he that well can live through skill.

All our life that we here lead
 Is nothing but a death living,
 And death is nothing else to dread
 But a passing of life failing,
 For from beginning of our childhood,
 Even day to day, . . .
 This life is failing for our need,
 For whiles we here live we are dying.

The mystics are very bold. Believing as they do that this life is a death in life, that no action of theirs can lead them one step nearer to that union they desire so ardently, they yet accept the conditions of their exile and in their own minds decide how they shall best pass away the time. Certain that earth life is part of the plan and the objects of sense created by Christ, they act as lovers, whose devotion and desire is stirred to greater intensity by the sight or touch of something belonging to the Beloved.

Very quaintly Walter Hilton describes good deeds as the sticks which are kindled by the live coal of devotion.

"It may fall sometime that the more troubled that thou hast been outwardly with active works, the more burning desire thou shalt have to God and the more clear sight of ghostly things by the grace of our lord in devotion, when thou comest thereto. For it farest thereby as if thou hadst a live coal, and thou would make a fire therewith to make it burn. Thou wouldst first lay thereto sticks and overhaul the coal, and though it seem for a time that thou shouldst slake the coal with sticks, nevertheless, when thou hast waited a while, and after blowing it a while, anon springeth up a great flame of fire, for the sticks are turned to fire. Right so it is spiritually. Thy will and desire that thou hast to God, it is, as it were, a little coal of fire in thy soul, for it giveth to thee

somewhat of ghostly heat and ghostly light ; but it is full little, for often it waxeth cold and turneth to fleshly rest and sometime into idleness. Therefore it is good that thou put thereto sticks that are good works of active life."

Having first made clear that this life is only an almost aimless wandering in the wilderness, aimless because of the many by-ways down which we all wander, the mystics describe three main roads. They are the active, the contemplative, and the mixed lives. Hilton uses the allegory of Jacob and his two wives to illustrate these. The man living the contemplative life is married to Rachel. He spends his time brooding upon God ; such a life is the hermit's life, it is beautiful but barren. The man of action, engrossed in business, helping to push the world round, has Leah for his wife ; she is unlovely but fruitful. Hilton himself would choose the mixed life, in which action and contemplation are combined.

Charity has two objects, God and man, and this mode of life provides for activity towards both.

"For a man to devote himself entirely to devotion and meditation is to kiss the mouth of Christ and to perfume his head, while his feet, the members of his church, are all befouled."

The mystics are distinct from the philosophers because they give rules for living. They know the common tendencies of man, his down-fallings and his uprisings, and they have keen wits to discover the right medicines and the right tonics. These they detail in their writings, trusting to common-sense to recognise their value. The philosopher, on the other hand, states the principles round which life must turn, and trusts to individual reason to discover their bearing upon actual life.

Plato takes up such a position when he refuses to legislate on business or strictly personal affairs, arguing that if the citizens have been trained to understand the few first principles of living "they will have little difficulty in discovering all the legislation required."

It is unnecessary for me to enter into any minute description of the rules laid down by the two mystics whom I have had in my mind while writing. My object will be better fulfilled by translating another passage from Hilton's "Epistle of a Mixed

Life," and letting it plead the cause of these old Christian mystics.

"One night after thy sleep, if thou wilt rise for to serve thy lord, thou shalt find thyself fleshly, heavy, and sometimes lusty. Then shalt thou dispose thyself to pray and think some good thought . . . and set all thy business first for to draw up thy thoughts from worldly vanities and from vain imaginings falling into thy mind. . . . There be many manners of thinking, which are best to thee I cannot say. . . . If devotion come not with mind of the Passion strive not nor press after it. Take easily what will come and go further to some other thought. Also others that are more spiritual, as for to think of virtue and for to see by light of understanding what the virtue of meekness is and how a man should be meek. Also, what is patience and cleanness, righteousness, chastity, sobriety, and others, and how a man shall get all these virtues, etc. If with thy thoughts thy soul has been fed and comforted, and it passes away by itself, be not busy for to keep it still by mastery, for it shall then turn to pain and bitterness."

"Such things that are above thy wit and thy reason, seek not, and great things that are above thy might ransack not."

M. L. B.

THE Heaven-honoured One says, "All ye Heaven-endowed men, who wish to be instructed about the Perfect Tào, the Perfect Tào is very recondite, and by nothing else but Itself can it be described. Since ye wish to hear about it, ye cannot do so by the hearing of the ear:—that which eludes both the ears and eyes is the True Tào; what can be heard and seen perishes, and only this survives. There is (much) that ye have not yet learned, and especially ye have not acquired this! Till ye have learned what the ears do not hear, how can the Tào be spoken about at all?"

THE CLASSIC OF THE PIVOT OF JADE, i. 1.

KARMA

FAR in the forest stands the ancient shrine
 Where none may enter, save the king alone,—
 And he but once, when he is crowned the king,
 To bow him down before the central shaft,
 Wrought like a palm-tree, which upholds the roof.
 Lost in deep darkness, from the column's head
 In palm-leaf-shape the widespread vaulting springs,
 Until it droops into the walls around.
 One window, only, pierces, from the East,
 The silent circle of the masonry;
 Formed like an eye, at break of day it sends
 A kindling glance upon the hidden name,
 The name engraven deep into the heart,
 Of that high shaft which bears the sacred shrine.
 Within the pall of dust upon the floor
 Footsteps remain,—the steps of bygone kings,
 The last imprinted three-score years ago;
 And now, behold! another king draws nigh,
 Harshly the key jars in the rusted lock,
 The door swings open, and the hermit-priest
 Who guards the shrine, yet never, till this day,
 Has looked within, upon the threshold stands.
 "Enter, O King! High Heaven guard thy steps!
 Lay down thy crown and sceptre at the foot
 Of yon gray palm-tree, rising through the gloom,
 And bow thine head before the mystic name
 Engraven breast-high on its marble stem."
 The king approached, a youthful prince, well pleased
 With all the pomp and splendour of the day,
 Yet half impatient of the ancient rite
 Which, for a moment, bade the revels hush.
 "An empty form,—vain relic of the times
 When priestcraft ground e'en kings beneath its heels.

Yet, since the people hold the shrine in awe,
 And cling to custom, we must needs obey.
 Whose is the name engraven on the shaft ? ”
 “ Hearken, O King ! ” the hermit made reply,
 “ The stone has crumbled, and the name has passed.
 Call on the name thy spirit holds most high,
 And, bowing down, fulfil the ancient rite.”
 But, when the king, with scornful smile, drew near,
 And laid his crown and sceptre in the dust,
 Behold ! the pillar bent, as though, indeed,
 It were a palm-tree in a mighty wind,
 It bent, and brake, and thund’ring from on high
 Its leaves of stone crashed down upon the king.
 Then shrieked the crowd, and running forward, drew
 Forth from the ruins of the shrine their lord,
 Who writhed in death, and, groaning, cried aloud :
 “ What fault is mine to merit such a doom ?
 Is this your justice, ye eternal gods ? ”
 The hermit stood, in deep amazement lost ;
 Before his eyes the Veil of Time was rent ;
 The Present darkened, and the Past shone out
 As when, eclipsed, the sun is wrapped in gloom,
 And night’s pale stars, forgotten since the dawn,
 Gleam, for a while, upon a noonday sky.
 Then from his lips flowed forth a murmured chant,
 Breathed in a voice like that of one who wails
 At eventide, far off, among the tombs.
 “ Yet for a moment, ere thou partest, hark !
 Yet for a moment be life’s dying spark
 Fanned into flame and quickened by my breath,
 Ere thou descendest through the doors of Death.
 Upon this ground . . . O King, ’tis even so ! . . .
 We met this day, a thousand years ago.
 I, then, was young,—ay ! young as thou to-day ;
 Thou, King, wast old, as I am now, and gray.
 Through years of bloodshed heavy lay thy hand
 Upon these realms, till thou hadst seized the land,
 Till here, with sword ensanguined, thou didst claim
 A kingly crown.—‘ Whose, tell me, is the name
 On yonder shaft ? ’ Thus didst thou ask, and I

Made answer thus : ' The name of the Most High,
 The name of Bramah, Lord of Heaven and Earth.'
 And then, O King ! and then, with impious mirth,
 ' Let Bramah keep his Heaven ! ' didst thou cry,
 ' But on this Earth I only am Most High.
 Let Heaven be his,—I care not ! But this shrine
 Henceforth shall bear no other name but mine.'
 Then did thy slaves the Holy Name erase,
 And deeply carve thine own name in its place,
 Deeply, ay ! deeply ! On the selfsame day
 Thou slewest me, for that I sought to stay
 The sacrilege. But Bramah saw and laughed.
 Deeply, so deeply, graven was the shaft
 That from thy name decay did slowly spread.
 Year after year, not once the daylight fled,
 But from thy name a loosened atom rolled.
 Year after year, not once the molten gold
 Of sunrise filled the mystic Eye of Morn,
 But in its ray another mote was borne.
 Thus, one by one, the centuries crept past ;
 The scar grew deeper, till thy name at last
 Sank out of sight, yet ever gnawed its way
 Into the stone, nor rested night or day,
 Till now the slow-revolving Wheel of Time
 Has brought thee back to expiate thy crime.
Thy name has worn the marble into dust.
 Die, then, and, dying, know the gods are just."

LLOYD WOLLEN.

Lão the Master said, Scholars of the highest class do not strive (for anything) ; those of the lowest class are fond of striving. Those who possess in the highest degree the attributes (of the Tào) do not show them ; those who possess them in a low degree hold them fast (and display them). Those who so hold them fast and display them are not styled (Possessors of) the Tào and Its attributes.

THE CLASSIC OF PURITY, ii. 1.

A MASTER MYSTIC

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE WRITINGS AND PHILOSOPHY OF
JACOB BOEHME

III.*

OF THE WORLDS OF THE THREE PRINCIPLES

HAVING spoken in the previous article of the principles and powers involved in the process of manifestation, we turn now to the definite outcome of the operation of these. The first result was the arising of the world of the second principle. By "world," of course we do not mean "globe," but the whole universe of that principle, with all its content.

In this world of the second principle, the first principle was there, but hidden. Without the first principle no manifestation can be; just as abstract quality cannot be apart from something whereby it manifests. This "something" is hard to define, and, in fact, never ought to be defined. It is the mysterious "basis," which we can only call "strength," "vitality," "substance"; that in, and through, which the quality manifests itself. It is as the root to quality; and quality is as the fruit to it. It is as the mind, which thinks; but must be there before thought can be. It is the analogue of the unmanifested God, Who, as unmanifested, has no quality. We learn His quality only through His works, which are His self-manifestation; but yet these works could not be if the unmanifested God were not. Thus we see how truly Boehme speaks when he says that it is the *power*, as apart from the *love*, of God.

Therefore, as the first principle was hidden, the manifested quality of that world was the true light of divine love; which, so far from trying to bring evil to light, hides and covers it. We see this power of love to veil and hide evil, in the acts of Christ.

* See the last two last numbers for I. and II.

When the woman who was a sinner came to Him, the Pharisees would fain drag forth this character of hers, and proclaim aloud what she was. The Lord veiled it. He did not deny the fact, but He closed it up with forgiveness, and so put the first principle, whose appearance as quality had been the cause of her sinning, back into the hiddenness. Then that which had been the manifestation of the quality of false love became the power of much true love ; for as soon as the first principle is hidden, the second manifests. What a difference it would make to the world if we could catch and apply the principle involved in this perception !

How may mortal man hope to speak of the world of the second principle ? It seems hopeless ; yet Boehme strongly affirms the possibility. He says in effect, " It is not a strange, nor far-off, world to you. It is the world of God ; but if God is your Father you can look into His world ; for every creature sees into that which is its origin. You cannot do this in your external nature, which is from the third principle, and not out of the eternal Band, and will have an end ; but you can in your divine nature. Nothing hinders you from doing this but that fact that you put all your imagination into external things : put your imagination strongly into God, and all Mysteries stand revealed to you."*

The best thing to do will be to give that apprehension which has come to us from the many scattered references made to this world throughout our author's voluminous works ; for, as we said in the introduction, we prefer to say, not " this is his teaching," but " this is what we understand to be his teaching."

The world of the second principle, then, is the world in which the first principle is hidden ; where the true light has arisen in the fourth form, and the first three forms remain as unmanifested bases, and the whole quality comes from the divine light.

* " Dost thou say, I cannot ; I am corrupt and depraved ? Hear me ! Thou art not yet born of God, otherwise if thou hadst again that same light, then thou could'st." (*Mysterium Magnum*, Part I., Chap. iii. Par. 4.)

" Yet if the soul elevates its imagination forward into the light, in meekness and comeliness or humility, and does not (as Lucifer did) use the strong power of its fire in its qualification, then it will be fed by the Word of the Lord, and gets its virtue, power, life and strength in the Word of the Lord, which is the Heart of God. . . . And in this Imagination it is an Angel and a child of God, and it beholds the eternal generating of the indissoluble Band, and thereof it has ability to speak." (*Three Principles*, Chap iv. Par. 24.)

Its matter is what the philosophical Alchemists call the "One pure Element," the "*Prima Materia*." It is as inconceivable to our natural minds as is the fourth dimension. In it, everything being in right and equable balance, there is nothing noxious, or hurtful, or intractable. It is perfectly responsive to manipulation, and is at once most perfectly yielding, and most perfectly adamant. It is manipulated by thought, or will; to which it responds more readily than our matter does to tools and mechanical manipulation. Of all the things in our world, says Boehme, that which is the nearest approach to it is such a precious stone as the diamond or ruby, at least in its adamant quality; but we have nothing here which is even distantly analogous to it in its power of combining the extremest stability with the extremest manipulability. With it, as a material, works of whose beauty and splendour we can form no adequate conception can be executed, which no disintegrating forces tend to attack, tarnish or destroy; and yet a thought can change them, or again produce them. This marvellous power, which would be disastrous here, where there are men who might use it in a selfish, harmful and unbrotherly way, is perfectly safe there, where nothing but love and harmony can come. The spirit which would destroy the work and delight of another is safely shut up in the first principle, never to be brought to the surface; nor could even the thought of so acting arise in any celestial mind.

And as our bodies here are of the matter of this world, so this "One pure Element" is the matter of the bodies of the angels. In this matter, and therefore in the bodies made of it, and in the food of those bodies, which is also of it, is no corruption; nothing that needs to be separated and cast out in the draught. "An angel," says Boehme, "has no entrails, neither flesh nor bones; but is constituted and composed by the divine power in the shape, form and manner of a man, except the members of generation, and the fundament, or going out of the draught; neither has an angel need of them."*

For, as he says in a following paragraph to the one quoted above: "The fruits of that world, of which the angels eat,

* *Aurore*, Chap. vi. Par. 22.

though they are in the shape of our fruits here, yet they are mere divine power. In the heavenly pomp, in the heavenly Salitter and Mercurius, grow divine trees, plants, flowers, and all sorts of whatever is in this world ; but as a type and resemblance." Thus the angels eat of the divine power ; they take into their bodies nothing corruptible. In that world can be nothing offensive, or repulsive ; no evil odour, no loathsome sight.

And this One pure Element is, says Boehme, the matter of the glorified body of the Lord ; of which He spoke when He said, " My flesh is true meat, and my blood is true drink."* It is that meat which, except we eat, we have not life in ourselves. The *Erd-Geist*, the spirit of this world, makes the *garment* of God, by which we see Him faintly, as in a mirror, darkly ; for our matter is at once the veil of, and the door to, the understanding of the heavenly matter. But the One pure Element is the divine substance itself, that which the garment clothes. The garment is of our four elements ; the substance is of the One, in which the four are ; not as a simple mixture, but mixed with such a difference as puzzles modern science in the allotropic forms of carbon as retort coke, and diamond ; which are at once the same and yet not the same ; there is a strange, mysterious, molecular difference which no one yet has succeeded in explaining.

There may be some who might imagine such speculations as these to be mere idle speculation ; of no practical utility. Let such remember that the very reverse is the case. We are, it is true, in this outer world, and our bodies are of its matter ; and we must eat of this matter for the nourishment of our bodies. But our bodies here are our *garment*, rather than *us*, our very being. Man lives not by bread alone ; and unless we, here and now, eat of what is true meat and drink, we have only this animal, intellectual life which has an end. We need indeed the new birth before we can see the things of the true world ; but the new birth stands open to all who desire it. The divine nature, whose proper food this One pure Element is, is in us now, though hidden ; but it can be brought out of the hiddenness ; and the power whereby it can be so brought out is " desire." If there be in our heart the eager desire to enter into the new birth, to

* John, vi. 55. ἀληθὺς βρώσις. . . . ἀληθὺς πόσις.

pass from death unto life, it will take place; nay, it has already begun to take place. If there be the desire to eat of the One pure Element, it will be supplied to us; for all desire is prayer. We are fed with what we desire; and the Father will not give a stone to those who desire the living bread. The appeal is: "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, which is but husks that swine do eat? Why labour for the meat that perishes, and neglect that which endures to eternal life?" We may not, indeed, while here, neglect the earthly house of this tabernacle; we must give our animal the food requisite for its sustenance; but we should ever keep it and its food clearly distinct in mind from us and our food; or we shall be as foolish as one would be who should paint and repair his house regularly, but neglect to feed, clothe, and educate himself.

It is not necessary that we should attain at once to the direct cognition of the One pure Element, for nourishment is accomplished in the majority of cases without the full knowledge of what the food is in its chemical constitution, or how it is assimilated. All that is required is to feel that we are spirits in bodies, and that *both* must be fed with the food proper to each. As the world gets wiser, men will increasingly recognise the inviolable relation between the food desired and eaten, and the eater. We are of that world of which we eat. Some of us feel: "Oh, if the spiritual perception would open in me, I would eat of the spiritual food." Nay, it is rather that the perception does not open because we are not eating of spiritual food. But how can we eat of that of which we have no perception? * The answer is, *by desiring*. Strive to increase and intensify the desire; or, as Boehme would say, put your imagination strongly into it; eat by faith. What we have to do is—"open thy mouth wide"; then God will fill it with the One pure Element; and then, and in consequence of this true eating, our faculties will gradually respond to the influence of the new food; the inner vision will open; the things that are eternal will appear, which are unseen by outer sight; and the new man will arise from the new birth.

But let it be carefully noted that the true result will not

* On this subject, see the spiritual paradoxes in the Works of St. John of the Cross, vol. I., pp. 58-59 (second edition).

follow if the desire be but of curiosity. There is in some men a keen desire after the occult, that thereby they may become "some great one." This is the false *Magia*, of which Boehme has much to say, and of which we will not here speak at length. Let it be most heedfully avoided. True knowledge makes a man humble and meek, willing to take the lowest room, and eager only to serve. Vain glory opens no doors except those that lead to mental and spiritual disaster.

Thus, so far from being merely speculative and impractical, the knowledge of the world of the second principle is of all things most necessary and important. Begin the attainment of this knowledge with "faith"; continue it by earnest effort to love and serve; use the power of imagination to make it most real and desirable; strive to lift up every thought and aspiration into it; and to put all that is of the first principle (that is, all pride, envy, self-regard) into the hiddenness; then shall the perception of the second principle, which is "Christ in you, the hope of glory," arise; at first dimly and in weakness, as in the manger in Bethlehem, but ever growing stronger, "till we all come, in the oneness of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a full-grown man; unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."*

When we turn to the world of the first principle, we come to the darkest and most difficult subject of all. What Boehme says about it seems clear enough on the surface; but is of such a nature that we cannot see with him, if the surface meaning is his real meaning. We will give what we at present understand him to teach, and after that indicate the points on which we must venture to differ.

To him, then, the world of the first principle is as real and actual as is that of the second. In it, the first three forms have passed to the fourth, the fire; but have not been qualified by the fifth, the divine light. Instead of this, they have taken their own

* This spiritual principle that "as is the food, so is the eater" is at the bottom of the Jewish refusal to eat with the Gentiles, and of the caste customs of India. It is also the spiritual basis of the Christian Sacrament of Holy Communion; too seldom rightly apprehended. It ever tends to get materialised and perverted; for men love to have the right form, though they do not like to practise the right spirit. They ever fail to see that the form without the spirit is more disastrous than no form at all; for often where the form is not, the spirit may be; but where the form alone is emphasised, the spirit never can be.

quality as their light, and the result has been a nature severe, acrid, selffull, horrible; full of hatred, variance, wrath, strife, etc., which arise when the first three forms stand revealed as qualities, instead of remaining in hiddenness.

According to Boehme, God created in the world of the second principle three great Throne angels, Michael, Uriel, and the third who afterwards became Lucifer. Each of these created out of himself the angels of his hierarchy, who were as his children, and of his own nature. All these angelic beings should have turned their will and desire to the divine light that it might be their quality; and all did this but Lucifer and his angels. Lucifer was attracted by the "might" of the fire, and spurned the meekness and the love. He elevated himself in pride, seeking to fly aloft in his own self-desire, and rule in the fire's might; and, as his angels were all out of him, they all followed him in this. Thus the fire was never qualified by the true light, which would have made it soft and meek and pleasant. It remained a horrible, raging fire of fury and wrath, and took this nature for its light, that is, for its quality. Thus the light of its fifth form became darkness, and the sound of the sixth form became the expression of hate and rage, out of which has come every harmful and poisonous property in nature; and the "figure" of the seventh form became a horrible devil, misshapen and hideous. Thus the world of the first principle arose in its own manifestation; in which the true light and sound and figure remained hidden, and will so remain, says Boehme, through the unending ages of eternity.

There is, we see clearly, much to be said in favour of the general principle involved in the existence of the world of the first principle. For, undeniably, evil *is* for us; it has been brought out of the hiddenness; and it may well be that it has been brought out in the way that he describes. We do know hatred and wrath; we do take them for our quality; and we can see that all that is required to heal the woes of this world is to put them again into the hiddenness. We can see further why it was necessary that they should be brought out, for any good quality can only be felt as intense delight by means of the experience of the contrary quality. To have been good from the

first, and have had no experience of evil, would have been to be so without delighting in being so. But what we do not see is the necessity for the *permanence* of evil; we see the necessity for an *episodal* consciousness thereof, but for no more. As an episode, we see no difficulty in its continuance for any required length of *time*; but to place the continuance of active, operative evil in the category of eternity, this is, to us, a difficulty.

Boehme's whole method is, no doubt, perfectly logical. He lays down the fundamental thesis that the first and second principles are both out of the eternal, or indissoluble, Band, and take their origin out of the first, original will, and out of the second, or re-conceived, will. They stand, therefore, in the very power of the divine nature, which is eternal, out of which they arise, and from which they can never be dissociated, for if they were, manifestation would at that instant cease. We have admitted the concept that the first principle must eternally *BE*; the question remains, need it be eternally *manifested*? Boehme says that when once the fact of its manifestation was accomplished, by Lucifer and his angels putting their will into the might of the fire, and rejecting the meekness of the divine light, there is now no power that can again shut it up. Is not this an argument from ignorance? That manifestation, as such, does not require the first principle *to be manifested* is proved by the fact that the world of the second principle *was* before the fall of Lucifer; for he was, at first, a Being of that world; and might have so remained eternally if he had not flown aloft in pride and self-will. Therefore it cannot be urged that if the first principle were to be again shut up, manifestation as such would cease; for all that is required to manifestation is the existence of the first principle *as a hidden basis*. That some of the creatures of God should remain eternally in revolt against God seems, to us, to contradict the splendid optimism of St. Paul, who says that, in the end, "God shall be ALL in ALL."* Boehme says that, in God, the two principles can never be even thought of as separated; they stand eternally in their right relation: the first, hidden; the second, manifested. Can the glory of God be accomplished until all is

* I. Cor., xv. 28. Note also "He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet." Can we believe that the ultimate triumph of the Son is but the triumph of might?

as it was in the beginning? If not, what becomes of "the restitution of all things"?

We yield to no one in our admiration of, and reverence for, the marvellous illumination of Boehme. Of all human teachers he far surpasses any that we have read. But it is not necessary to regard him as infallible on all points. In *The Mission of Evil** we have drawn attention to the fact that all ideas entering the mind must enter through the mind-forms; and that these forms are to some extent fixed in every case. These forms shape the idea that is seeking to enter, though to the person receiving it there is no consciousness of this. Boehme had no doubt his own mind-forms (as we all have); and there is also no doubt that these would shape and colour the truth revealed. In his day perceptions that are now, three hundred years later, only just beginning to arise, had not yet dawned upon the minds of even the most advanced Christian thinkers. Moreover, Boehme had been most wickedly and unjustly persecuted; a thing which above all others, tends to harden the mind-forms. This persecution he bore with a meekness that is wonderful; but one can see from his writings that he was not unmoved by it; what man could have been?

Therefore, for ourselves, while we have too much respect for his illumination to venture to be sure that he is wrong when our opinion differs from his, yet we must stick to what we do see. For just as David felt unfit in Saul's armour, so no one is justified in saying he does not see what he does, because some great authority says it is not as he sees it. Reverence for the authority will lead a man most carefully to weigh and ponder the view put forth by the authority, and strive hard to see it; but if, in spite of such effort, he yet cannot see it, it is always best to stick to what he does see; and so anyone would say who knows the power of truth to outwork ultimately its own conviction in the opened and desirous mind.

The two worlds of the second and first principles are, says Boehme, in each other; and yet each is as a nothingness to the other; the first has no cognition of the second, nor the second of the first. They are separated by a whole birth; whereas the

* *The Mission of Evil*, by Rev. G. W. Allen (Skeffington), p. 52.

third principle (of which we shall have to speak hereafter) is separated from these two by a half birth. And he says that when, in the end, the first principle and the second are finally shut up each in itself, there will be no consciousness in the beings of the one, of the beings of the other.

He speaks sometimes as if he believed that the beings in the first principle (the devils and wicked men) are as much at home, and in delight, in that, their own, principle, as are the angels and good men in the world of the second principle.

All thoughtful persons will recognise that an observer, describing any state in which others are, will describe it in the terms of his own feeling regarding that state. If, to him, it is a state of torment, he will describe it as such; while it by no means follows that it is so to the beings described. Still, even when this allowance is made, it does not, to our mind, take away the dreadfulness of the condition of lost souls as Boehme represents it. It is impossible to us to conceive that a lie can endure for ever; and yet what Boehme asserts comes to this. The eternal, unalterable truth of God is that the first three forms should remain in the hiddenness. We can, as we have said above, understand that an episodal manifesting of them should conduce to the attainment of a higher delight in goodness and love. Our Lord gave us the key to this truth when he said, "To whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little." Evil provides me with an enemy to fight, whereby I discover the strength that is in me, and rejoice in the possession of it;* and evil, experienced in its consequences, makes good, when attained, a thing I can now rejoice in in the highest degree. But the good in evil comes through victory over it, and not through its eternal continuance; and the divine victory cannot mean "forcible repression." Therefore, for the present, we must say that we cannot accept Boehme's view of the eternity of evil. We do not decide positively against him; but we hold our minds open to whatsoever new light may come; and feel sure that he would say to us, as St. Paul said to some who honestly disagreed with him, "If in anything ye are otherwise minded, even this shall God reveal to you."†

* It acts just as beneficially if it shows me the weakness that is in me; and so leads me to humility, and to seek for strength from above.

† *Phil.*, iii. 15.

Boehme says that, abstractly, it is not good to know anything about the world of the first principle ; but since man has fallen, and the powers of this dark world are his ghostly enemies in the outer life of the third principle, the knowledge has become necessary to us. We must know who and what our enemy is if we are to resist him successfully.

The world of the third principle differs in kind from the other two. It is an out-birth from the first and second principles in which both are latent ; so that as the world of the second principle stands in good alone, and the world of the first principle stands in evil alone, this of the third principle stands in good and evil.

When Lucifer fell, God created Adam to occupy his vacant throne. But, foreseeing that Adam would be assaulted by the whole power of the dark world, and would not stand, God created this out-birth of the two eternal principles so that Adam might fall into it. When Lucifer fell, there was nothing for him to fall into but the first principle ; and Boehme teaches, as we have shown above, that whoso falls into this, abides in it eternally. It is this conclusion that leads Boehme to assert the hopelessness of Lucifer's fall. He fell into total evil. Adam fell into a mixture of evil and good. There was a germ of good left in him which might, by the power of God in redemption, be made to sprout anew. Of the process of this power of redemption we shall have to speak hereafter ; we will only say now that in his treatment of this matter he is at his very best ; and is most helpful and luminous.

In a little pamphlet, entitled *Truths of Life*,* we have spoken of the world of the third principle ; how in it the second and the first stand mingled, so that in its constituents both poisonous properties and healing virtues exist. In it are some things that approximate to good, and some that approximate to evil. Its light is not the true light of God, but neither is it the darkness of Lucifer's world. It is lit by the sun, which enables us to see all that is needed for our earthly life ; and our mind has the light of intellect which, while not fully revealing, enables us to discover somewhat of the ways, and mind, and wonders of God, if our eye

* May be had of the Theosophical Publishing Society. Price 6d.

be not evil. Our self-hood is not the pure, divine Self which perceives its perfect and harmonious relation to the all; but neither is it the totally dark self-hood of the first principle, which is incapable of a single generous, loving thought or feeling. It is a mixed self-hood, capable of love and capable of hate; and we may press with our desire into which we will. Its matter is of the four elements, and not of the one which is all good, or of the one which is all evil. The One pure Element is in it, but veiled under the appearance of the fourfoldness. And there is in it, hidden, but discoverable, a process of mystic Alchemy whereby can be produced a Tincture which avails to convert all base matter into its heavenly perfectness.

There is in Boehme's writings much about the matter of this world which we do not profess to understand. There is in everything, he says, a Sulphur, a Mercury, and a Salt; by which we have sometimes ventured to think he means a spirit, and soul, and a body; but are by no means sure that this is correct. The Sun, the Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn seem to stand in some mystical relation to the seven forms of nature; and influence the quality and character of the matter of earth, and the nature and lives of men. To us, these ideas are by no means the folly that they will seem to the "high doctors" and learned scientists of earth; they are no doubt mystical ways of expressing recondite truths of Being. Nevertheless we shall pass them by, because we are utterly unable to give any clear and intelligible account of them. They were as acceptable to the day in which Boehme lived as they are unacceptable to our day. Neither do we think that they are of such practical importance that the omission of them will render our interpretation of his philosophy incomplete.

GEORGE W. ALLEN.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IN DEFENCE OF THE SPORTSMAN

THE butcher ! The sportsman !! The vivisectionist !!!

In ascending degree of iniquity these luckless wights are represented in Theosophical literature as crowning the pyramid of human crime. In life they are the target for endless anathema, in death their inevitable sufferings are recounted with what I may almost describe as satisfaction.

Now with the first and last of these classes I am not deeply concerned. I have met many butchers who appeared to be, in other respects, harmless and respectable members of society, perhaps self-denying fathers of families, perhaps public-spirited Town Councillors. But I do not think that as a class they are large readers of Theosophical works, so that probably their withers are unwrung. It is chiefly as a meat-eater, and so morally responsible for their crimes, that I should be glad to see some portion of the load of present opprobrium and future disaster lifted from their shoulders.

As regards vivisectionists I have even less to say; so far as I know I have never met one. Their methods, if they are as stated, appear to me detestable; of their motives I have no means of judging.

It is the sportsman that, with some trepidation, I now venture to defend. I have long waited in the hope that some abler and more influential advocate would undertake the brief, but month after month the thunders of the prosecuting counsel alone are heard, and there is danger lest judgment should go by default.

First of all let me try to define my client. He is not the "sporting man," the frequently undesirable attendant of the racecourse, the pigeon-shooting ground, and the betting office. His aim is not the destruction of the greatest amount of life with the least exertion to himself. He matches his nerve, his skill, and his wits against the instinct, the cunning, or the brute force

of the animal he hunts, the essence of the contract being that the conditions should be equal, or, preferably, the advantage on the side of the hunted.

Now let us take the sixteenth discourse of the *Gītā* and see if some of the Divine properties therein mentioned do not, in their germ at all events, constitute the education gained in the pursuit of sport as I have defined it.

Fearlessness? It is evident. The man who learns to face a charging tiger, or ride a young horse across a country, has certainly grounded himself in this virtue. Cleanness of life? Austerity? A *sine quâ non* if the nerves are to be relied on and the muscles kept fit for their work. Self-restraint? The man who cannot command himself will never be the master of his horse. Compassion to living beings? Here I see my critics raise their hands to Heaven at my audacity. And yet I say that killing is not the essence of sport. No doubt it is a frequent accompaniment of it, still it is kept at a minimum, and no true sportsman kills for the sake of killing. To kill and leave to waste is repugnant to him. Nor does he enjoy the sight of suffering; he hates wounding his game, and will walk miles sooner than leave a wounded animal or bird to linger in pain. Paradox as it may seem, it is a matter of daily experience that there is no such lover of animals and the life of nature as the sportsman.

“Do men gather grapes of thorns?” If we can recognise among the qualities inculcated by sport the germs of virtues which crown the Adept, surely we must agree that, in its right place in evolution, sport is not an evil thing. And if this be granted, but it be urged that that time has now passed away, I would reply that it takes all sorts to make a world; there are Kshattriyas as well as Brâhmans, and as long as a man finds something of good to be learned from sport it is right for him to use the opportunity afforded.

Of course I do not dispute that a time must come when he has learnt all that sport can teach him, and he needs a gentler, more delicate school; but it seems to me that his own nature tells him when that time has arrived, and he requires no denunciations from without to guide him.

Lastly, as to the authority on which we are asked indiscriminately to condemn a pursuit, the love of which is more or less ingrained in the fibre of nine out of ten Englishmen of the present day, and to which, as I submit, the English character owes much of its virility. So far as I know—I stand open to correction—the unpopularity of sport in Theosophical circles is based on sympathy for animals carried to the point of partisanship on their side as against man, and is supported by the accounts of the fate which is said to overtake the sportsman on the other side. Now I do not seem to see all this antagonism between animals and man. No doubt wild animals are averse to man's society, but they are not particularly friendly with each other, and I would urge that among all who have succeeded in bridging the gulf that lies between animals and man and stand on terms of real intimacy with the lower creation the sportsman is pre-eminent.

As to the sportsman's ultimate fate—to be pursued, I understand, by the shapes of those he has slain—it all seems a little vague, and I have hardly gathered whether those of our members who have the power have actually seen such an incident; and, even if so, may I be forgiven if I suggest that possibly preconceived ideas may have somewhat coloured their vision? Anyhow the idea does not seem to me very impressive, and I see another side to the question. What about the animals that have injured me, from the horse that has kicked me to the wasp that has stung me? Am I to waste my time making astral faces at *them*? I hope I shall not be called on to do anything so foolish.

No, I would ask for a revision of the judgment that, without calling on the defence, our writers appear to have passed on sport. I would maintain that it has its place in the great economy of Nature, that though no doubt some have passed, and many are passing, beyond its sphere of utility, still for hundreds and thousands of young men of to-day, it is a mighty educator, leading them from paths of vice and self-indulgence in the direction, at all events, of those higher virtues which are the ultimate goal of the race.

S. V. THORNTON.

THE PERFECT SERMON, OR THE ASCLEPIUS

A SERMON OF THRICE-GREATEST HERMES TO ASCLEPIUS

(CONTINUED FROM p. 339)

XXI.

ASCLEPIUS. Thou speak'st of God, then, O Thrice-greatest one?

TRISMEGISTUS. Not only God, Asclepius, but all things living and inanimate. For 'tis impossible that any of the things that are should be unfruitful.

For if fecundity should be removed from all the things that are, it could not be that they should be for ever what they are. I mean that nature,* sense,† and cosmos, have in themselves the power of being born,‡ and of preserving all things that are born.

For either sex is full of procreation; and of each one there is a union, or,—what's more true,—a unity incomprehensible; which you may rightly call Erōs or Aphroditē, or both [names].

This, then, is truer than all truth, and plainer than what the mind['s eye] perceives;—that from that universal God of universal nature all other things for evermore have found, and had bestowed on them, the mystery of bringing forth; in which there is innate the sweetest charity, [and] joy, [and] merriment, longing, and love divine.

We might have had to tell the mighty power and the compulsion of this mystery, if it had not been able to be known by every one from personal experience, by observation of himself.

For if thou should'st regard that supreme [point] of time when . . . § the one nature doth pour forth the young into

* Here, presumably, meaning *hyle*.

† That is the higher sense, or sense as one.

‡ *Naturam*, again.

§ *Quo ex cerebro attritu pruvimus ut* . . .

the other one, and when the other greedily absorbs [it] from the first, and hides it [ever] deeper [in itself] ;—then, at that time, out of their common congress, females attain the nature of the males, males weary grow with female listlessness.

And so the consummation of this mystery, so sweet and requisite, is wrought in secret; lest, owing to the vulgar jests of ignorance, the deity of either sex should be compelled to blush at natural congress;—and much more still, if it should be subjected to the sight of impious folk.

XXII.

The pious are not numerous, however; nay, they are very few, so that they may be counted even in the world.

Whence it doth come about, that in the many bad inheres, through defect of the gnosis and discernment of the things that are.

For that it is from the intelligence of God-like reason, by which all things are ordered, there come to birth contempt and remedy of vice throughout the world.

But when unknowingness and ignorance persist, all vicious things wax strong, and plague the soul with wounds incurable; so that, infected with them, and invitiated, it swells up, as though it were with poisons,—except for those who know the discipline of souls and highest cure of intellect.

So, then, although it may do good to few alone, 'tis proper to develope and explain this thesis:—wherefore divinity hath deigned to share His science and intelligence with men alone. Give ear, accordingly!

When God, [our] sire and lord, after the gods made man, out of an equal mixture of a less pure cosmic part and a divine;—it [naturally] came to pass the imperfections* of the cosmic part remained commingled with [our] frames, and other ones† [as well], by reason of the food and sustenance we have out of necessity in common with all lives;‡ by reason of which things it needs must be that the desires, and passions, and other vices, of the mind should occupy the souls of human kind.

* *Vitia*; lit., vices. † *Sci.*, imperfections. ‡ Lit., animals.

As for the gods, in as much as they had been made of nature's fairest* part, and have no need of the supports of reason and of discipline,†—although, indeed, their deathlessness, the very strength of being ever of one single age, stands in this case for prudence and for science,—still, for the sake of reason's unity, instead of science and of intellect (so that the gods should not be strange to these),—He, by His everlasting law, decreed for them an order,‡ circumscribed by the necessity of law.

While as for man, He doth distinguish him from all the other animals by reason and by discipline alone; by means of which men can remove and separate their bodies' vices,—He helping them to hope and effort after deathlessness.

In fine, He hath made man both good and able to share in immortal life,—out of two natures, [one] mortal, [one] divine.

And just because he is thus fashioned by the will of God, it is appointed that man should be superior both to the gods, who have been made of an immortal nature only, and also to all mortal things.

It is because of this that man, being joined unto the gods by kinsmanship, doth reverence them with piety and holy mind; while, on their side, the gods with pious sympathy regard and guard all things of men.

XXIII.

But this can only be averred of a few men endowed with pious minds. Still, of the rest, the vicious folk, we ought to say no word, for fear a very sacred sermon should be spoiled by thinking of them.

[IX. M.] And§ since our sermon treats of the relationship and intercourse of men and gods,—learn, O Asclepius, the power and strength of man!

[Our] lord and father, or what is highest God,—as He's

* *Mundissima*; that is, most cosmic, or "adorned."

† Or, science.

‡ *Ordinem*; that is, cosmos. Compare this also with the idea of the Gnostic Horos which "surrounds" the Plerōma.

§ This sentence and the first half of the next, down to "suffer man's approach," is quoted word for word in Latin by Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*, xxiii.

creator of the gods in heaven, so man's the maker of the gods who, in the temples, suffer man's approach, and who not only have light poured on them, but who [send forth [their] light [on all] ; not only does a man go forward towards the 'god [s], but also he confirms the gods [on earth].*

Art thou surprised, Asclepius; nay is it not that even *thou* dost not believe?

ASCLEPIUS. I am amazed, Thrice-greatest one; but willingly I give assent to [all] thy words. I judge that man most blest who hath attained so great felicity.

TRISMEGISTUS. And rightly so; [for] he deserves our wonder, in that he is the greatest of them all.

As for the genus of the gods in heaven,—'tis plain from the commixture† of them all, that it has been made pregnant from the fairest part of nature,‡ and that the only signs [by which they are discerned] are, as it were, before all else their heads.

Whereas the species of the gods which humankind constructs is fashioned out of either nature,—out of that nature which is more ancient and far more divine, and out of that which is in men; that is, out of the stuff of which they have been made and are configured, not only in their heads alone, but also in each limb and their whole frame.

And§ so mankind, in imaging divinity, stays mindful of the nature and the source of its own self.

So that, just as [our] sire and lord did make the gods æonian, that they might be like Him; so hath mankind configured its own gods according to the likeness of the look of its own self.

XXIV.

ASCLEPIUS. Thou dost not mean their statues, dost thou, O Thrice-greatest one?

TRISMEGISTUS. [I mean their] statues, O Asclepius.—Dost thou not see how much *thou* even, doubttest?—Statues, ensouled

* The Latin translation of this paragraph seems confused.

† This is, apparently, the "star stuff" of which they are made.

‡ *De mundissima parte naturæ esse prægnatum*—whatever that means.

§ This sentence, together with the first five sentences of the next chapter, down to the words "and constant worship," are quoted in Latin with two or three slight verbal variants by Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*, xxiii.

with sense, and filled with spirit, which work such mighty and such [strange] results,—statues which can foresee what is to come, and which perchance can prophesy, foretelling things by dreams and many other ways,—[statues] that take their strength away from men, or cure their sorrow, if they do so deserve.

Dost thou not know, Asclepius, that Egypt is the image of the heaven; or, what is truer still, the transference, or the descent, of all that are in governance or exercise in heaven? And if more truly [still] it must be said,—this land of ours is shrine of all the world.

Further, in that 'tis fitting that the prudent should know all before, it is not right ye should be ignorant of this.

The time will come when Egypt will appear to have in vain served the divinity with pious mind and constant worship;* and all its holy cult will fall to nothingness and be in vain.

For that divinity is now about to hasten back from earth to heaven, and Egypt shall be left; and earth, which was the seat of pious cults, shall be bereft and widowed of the presence of the gods.

And foreigners shall fill this region and this land; and there shall be not only the neglect of pious cults, but—what is still more painful,—as though enacted by the laws, a penalty shall be decreed against the practice of [our] pious cults and worship of the gods—[entire] proscription of them.

Then shall this holiest land, seat of [our] shrines and temples, be choked with tombs and corpses.†

O Egypt, Egypt, of thy pious cults tales only will remain, as far beyond belief for thy own sons [as for the rest of men]; words only will be left cut on thy stones, thy pious deeds recounting.

And Egypt will be made the home of Scyth‡ or Indian, or some one like to them,—that is a foreign neighbour.§

Ay, for the godly company|| shall mount again to heaven,

* Augustine's quotation ends here.

† *Sepulchrorum erit mortuorumque plenissima.* This sentence is quoted verbatim by Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*, xxvi.

‡ Compare *Colossians*, iii. 11. "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, *Barbarian*, *Scythian*, bond nor free: but Christ is all and in all."

§ *Vicina barbaria*; lit., a neighbouring foreign country. Compare this with the previous note. It is strange the two, Scyth and barbarian, coming twice together.

|| *Divinitas.*

and their forsaken worshippers shall all die out ; and Egypt, thus bereft of god and man, shall be abandoned.

And now I speak to thee, O river, holiest [stream] ! I tell thee what will be. With bloody torrents shalt thou overflow thy banks. Not only shall thy streams divine be stained with blood ; but they shall all flow over [with the same].

The tale of tombs shall far exceed the [number of the] quick ; and the surviving remnant shall be Egyptians in their tongue alone, but in their actions foreigners.

XXV.

Why dost thou weep, Asclepius ? Nay, more than this, by far more wretched,—Egypt herself shall be impelled and stained with greater ills.

For she, the holy [land], and once deservedly the most beloved by God, by reason of her pious service of the gods on earth,—she, the sole colony* of holiness, and teacher of religion [on the earth], shall be the type of all that is most barbarous.

And then, out of our loathing for mankind, the world† will seem no more deserving of our wonder and our praise.

All this good thing,‡—than which there has been fairer naught that can be seen, nor is there anything, nor will there [ever] be,—will be in jeopardy.

And it will prove a burden unto men ; and on account of this they will despise and cease to love this cosmos as a whole,—the changeless work of God ; the glorious construction of the Good, comprised of multifold variety of forms ; the engine of God's will, supporting His own work ungrudgingly ; the multitudinous whole massed in a unity of all—that should be revered, praised and loved,—by them at least who have the eyes to see.

For darkness will be set before the light, and death will be

* *Deductio* ; the technical term for leading out a colony from the *metropolis* or mother city. Compare Philo, *De Vita Contemplativa*, P. 892, M. 474 (Conybeare, p. 58) : " In Egypt there are crowds of them [the Therapeuts] in every province, or nome as they call it, and especially at Alexandria. For they who are in every way the most highly advanced, lead out a colony (*ἀποικίαν στέλλονται*), as it were to the Therapeutic father-land " ; and also the numerous parallel passages cited by Conybeare from Philo's other writings.

† *Sci.*, the cosmos.

‡ *Sci.*, the cosmos

thought preferable to life. No one will raise his eyes to heaven ; the pious man will be considered mad, the impious a sage ; the frenzied held as strong, the worst as best.

For soul, and all concerning it,—whereby it doth presume that either it hath been born deathless, or that it will attain to deathlessness, according to the argument I have set forth for you,—[all this] will be considered not only food for sport, but even vanity.

Nay, [if ye will] believe me, the penalty of death shall be decreed to him who shall devote himself to the religion of the mind.

New statutes shall come into force, a novel law ; naught [that is] sacred, nothing pious, naught that is worthy of the heaven, or gods in heaven, shall [e'er] be heard, or [even] mentally believed.

The sorrowful departure of the gods from men takes place ; bad angels* only stay, who mingled with humanity will lay their hands on them, and drive the wretched folk to every ill of recklessness,—to wars, and robberies, deceits, and all those things that are opposed to the soul's nature.

Then shall the earth no longer hold together ; the sea no longer shall be sailed upon ; nor shall the heaven continue with the courses of the stars, nor the star-course in heaven.

The voice of every god† shall cease in the [great] silence that no one can break ; the fruits of earth shall rot ; nay, earth no longer shall bring forth ; and air itself shall faint in that sad listlessness.

XXVI.

This, when it comes, shall be the world's old age, impiety,—irregularity, and lack of rationality in all good things.

And when these things all come to pass, Asclepius,—then He, [our] lord and sire, God first in power, and ruler of the one God [visible],‡ in check of crime, and calling error back from the corruption of all things unto good manners and to deeds spontaneous with His will (that is to say God's goodness),—

* This will perhaps generally be taken to denote the presence of a Persian-Jewish influence.

† *Omnis vox divina* ; or perhaps " the whole word of God."

‡ That is, the cosmos.

ending all ill, by either washing it away with water-flood, or burning it away with fire, or by the means of pestilent diseases, spread throughout all hostile lands,—God will recall the cosmos to its ancient form;* so that the world itself shall seem meet to be worshipped and admired; and God, the maker and restorer of so vast a work, be sung by the humanity who shall be then, with ceaseless heraldings of praise and [hymns of] blessing.

For this [re-] birth of cosmos is the making new of all good things, and the most holy and most pious bringing-back again of nature's self, by means of a set course of time,—of nature, which was without beginning, and which is without an end. For that God's will hath no beginning; and, in that 'tis the same and as it is, it is without an end.

ASCLEPIUS. Because God's nature's the determination† of the will. Determination is the highest good; is it not so, Thrice-greatest one?

TRISMEGISTUS. Asclepius, will is determination's child; nay, willing in itself comes from the will.

Not that He willeth aught desiring it; for that He is the fullness of all things, and wills what things He has.

He thus wills all good things, and has all that He wills. Nay, rather, He doth think and will *all* good.

This, then, is God; the world of good's His image.

XXVII.

ASCLEPIUS. [Is cosmos] good, Thrice-greatest one?

TRISMEGISTUS. ['T is] good, as I will teach thee, O Asclepius.

For just as God is the apportioner and steward of good things to all the species, or [more correctly] genera, which are

* This passage is cited in the original Greek by Lactantius (*Div. Instit.*, vii. 8) as from the "Perfect Sermon" of Hermes. As we might expect from what had been already said on this subject, it differs somewhat from our Latin translation and runs as follows:

"Now when these things shall be as I have said, Asclepius, then will [our] lord and sire, the God and maker of the first and the one God, look down on what is done, and making firm His will, that is the Good, against disorder,—recalling error, and cleaning out the bad, either by washing it away with water-flood, or burning it away with swiftest fire, or forcibly expelling it with war and famine,—will bring again His cosmos to its former state, and so achieve its restoration."

† *Consilium* = *βουλή*.

in cosmos,—that is to say, of sense,* and soul, and life,—so cosmos is the giver and bestower of all things which seem unto [us] mortals good ;—that is to say, the alternation of its parts, of seasonable fruits, birth, growth, maturity, and things like these.

And for this cause God doth transcend the height of highest heaven, extending everywhere, and doth behold all things on every side.

Beyond the heaven starless space doth stretch, stranger to every thing possessed of body.

The dispensator who's between the heaven and earth, is ruler of the space which we call Zeus [above].

The earth and sea is ruled by Zeus below ;† he is the nourisher of mortal lives, and of fruit-bearing [trees].

It is by reason of the powers of all of these‡ that fruits, and trees, and earth, grow green.

The powers and energies of other [gods] will be distributed through all the things that are.

But they who rule the earth shall be distributed [through all the lands], and [finally] be gathered in a state,§—at top of Egypt's upper part,||—which shall be founded towards the setting sun, and to which all the mortal race shall speed.¶

ASCLEPIUS. But now, just at this moment, where are they, Thrice-greatest one ?

TRISMEGISTUS. They're gathered in a very large community,** upon the Libyan hill.†† And now enough concerning this hath been declared.

G. R. S. MEAD.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* Meaning higher sense, presumably ; reading *sensus* for *sensibus*.

† *Jupiter Plutonium*. Ménard suggests "*Zeus souterrain (Sarapis?)*"; the original was probably Zeus Aidoneus.

‡ It is not clear who "these" are ; perhaps all that have so far been mentioned, but this does not seem satisfactory. Doubtless the Latin translation is as usual at fault.

§ Or, city.

|| *In summo Ægypti initio*.

¶ Compare Philo, *De Excerptat.*, §. 9 ; M. 435, 436, P. 937 (Ri. v. 255) ; writing of the redeemed of the spiritual Israel, and the consummation of the age, he says : "Those who were but scattered in Hellas and non-Grecian lands over islands and over continents, shall rise up with one impulse, and from diverse regions flock together unto the one spot revealed to them."

** *Civitate*.

†† *In monte Libyco* ; lit., on a (or the) Libycan, or Libyan or African hill or mount. Compare with this Chap. xxxvii. below.

CONCERNING ATLANTIS

AT the request of the Editor, I have read the article on Atlantis in last month's number of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW.

It is interesting to note from how many different sources information may be obtained about this lost continent. The source of the present communication was evidently of a spiritualistic nature, for the two ladies who received it, did so apparently by means of automatic writing.

As neither of them seems to have had much, if any, knowledge of what has been already written on the subject, the value of the communication is no doubt increased, and whoever may be their informant "on the other side," it is apparent that he has the means of obtaining information, for though the article in question abounds in somewhat vague statements, anyone conversant with the subject may without much difficulty gather illuminative hints on the conditions of life existing in those far-off days.

At the same time there are discrepancies between the statements made here, and the results of the investigations made some years ago by the group of trained seers who supplied the writer with the information which was embodied in the *Story of Atlantis*. The points of agreement and the points of difference will be brought out as we proceed.

The description of the land surface would seem to correspond roughly with Map No. I. in the *Story of Atlantis*, which represents the outlines of the continent before the first great catastrophe. It is indeed stated in the paper that the description applies to a period about 2,000 years before the first destruction. The "Lords of the dark face" had for thousands of years been the acknowledged rulers in the City of the Golden Gates. The exercise of sorcery was becoming more and more common, and the priests who practised the black art had learned to draw on

the vital energy of the earth. These events were inevitably leading up to the first great catastrophe.

Many of the statements made throughout the paper about these Adepts of the black art, who had succeeded in establishing themselves as rulers of the people, not only in the City of the Golden Gates but in many other centres of the great continent, are in accordance with the information received by the writer. It is true that they had no love or pity for their fellow men. It is also true that they were served by automata, but these were of course *non*-human, being in fact elementals formed, materialised, and animated by their own powerful and evil will. They also had the power of projecting their thoughts by means of telepathy, as well as by means of a system which corresponds very closely with our modern wireless telegraphy. This last power is probably referred to, in the article before us, in the somewhat vague phrase of "writing their messages on the clouds."

But the fundamental difference between the information received by the writer and that now put forward, is the identification of these Black Adepts with the general population of Atlantis, while there is only the barest reference made in the paper before us to the Adepts of the Good Law—the initiated priesthood of the White Lodge. The view presented of Atlantis is manifestly limited, both in time and space. The only district dealt with is that of the central city, and that at a time when it was entirely dominated by the evil magicians.

References are, it is true, occasionally made to slaves and lower people, but the impression left is that the Atlanteans *generally* were possessed of abnormal powers—were, in fact, the Black Adepts who helped to bring on the ruin of the Continent. This idea is expressed in a most pointed way in the following words: "The Lemurians were savages with every bodily faculty ready for development. These simple creatures were during many thousand centuries slowly evolving into the glorious divine gods and titans of Atlantis." It is perfectly true that the Lemurians started from a savage state, and their evolution proceeded slowly during many thousand centuries, but in the time of Atlantis (according to the information previously received) they formed the great body of the people, *i.e.*, the lower classes

and the slaves, for the upper classes were chiefly composed of the more advanced among the first group of Lunar Pitris who had only begun to return to incarnation on Atlantis. That they should be spoken of as "gods" in Atlantis would imply such an abnormal rate of progress as is hardly consistent with any facts of evolution known to us. It is true they were titans, but only in physical size and strength.

It may be noted here that the reference just made to the population of the world is in direct contradiction of the statement made in the article before us that there are no pure Atlanteans left. For instance, the Japanese are said to be of pure Atlantean race, for the Mongols were its seventh sub-race.

It may be interesting now to enquire into the origin and history both of the Black Adepts and of the Adepts of the White Lodge in Atlantis. Readers of the *Secret Doctrine* will remember the references in the Shlokas of Dzryan to semi-divine beings, some of whom took up their allotted task in the building of man in Lemuria, and some of whom refused at that time to do so. Now it appears that these beings were the highly evolved humanity of some system of evolution which had run its course at a period in the infinitely far-off past. They had reached a high stage of development in their own scheme of evolution, and since its dissolution had passed the intervening ages in the bliss of some Nirvânic condition. But their karma now necessitated a return to some field of action and of physical causes, as they had yet many lessons to learn—notably the lesson of compassion—and their temporary task now lay in becoming guides and teachers of the Lemurian race.

Though it was only for a temporary period that these beings had to incarnate in our humanity, that period extended over the Lemurian and Atlantean epochs. Those who took up their task in Lemuria became doubtless Adepts of the Good Law in Atlantis. Of those who refused it is written that they were "destined to be reborn in the Fourth [Root Race] to suffer and to cause suffering." Many of them, no doubt, through the experience and the suffering reached the haven of the White Lodge, but the great majority of them became the Black Magicians of Atlantis.

A limited number of members of our own human family

reached on Atlantis a point of development at which they had to choose between the right and the left hand paths. Those who chose the left hand path became pupils of the Black Adepts, but can never have reached their heights—or rather depths—of evil. But the distinction to be drawn is this, that while those who belonged to our humanity may now be in physical existence on the earth, this cannot be the case with the others. Of the great and powerful “Lords of the dark face,” whose dominance in Atlantis formed so terrible, yet so interesting an episode, no return need be expected. They have gone to their own place.

Statements are put forward in the paper under consideration to the effect “that there is no need for men to die,” that if a man “knew how to regulate the inflow of new particles [into his body], he would never choose worse but rather better particles, and the atoms would remain permanently polarised by his will.” It is unfortunate that a little more discrimination was not used to guard against the implication that such powers were the possession of the race at large. The statement is certainly not applicable to the ordinary population of the world to-day, and it would imply retrogression, not advance, in the general evolution of mankind to imagine that it could be applicable to ordinary men in those far-off ages. The quasi-scientific reasons put forward in support also seem to give a very misleading idea. They are apparently a distorted version of the facts about the “permanent atom.” The “permanent atom” has been written about very fully elsewhere,* so a repetition is not necessary here. There is of course a certain amount of truth in the idea that there “is no necessity for men to die.” Adepts who reach a very high level either on the right or the left hand path, *do* attain powers of prolonging the life of the physical body, but not for ever, as seems to be implied in the paper before us. The limit appears to be two or three hundred years. When that term is reached, it is probable they can make for themselves a new body by drawing to themselves the necessary particles of matter and thus materialising the “*mâyâvi-rûpa*.” Now, as we are informed, there was in Atlantis a certain number—an extremely limited number in proportion to the whole population—who had this power, as there is a

* A. Besant's *A Study in Consciousness*, pp. 85-113.

limited number living in the world to-day who have it also. The proportion of those who attained it by the left hand path was, however, in those days larger than it is now.

The rather loose statements made about sexual love and the birth of children seem to require some amount of sifting. It is perfectly true that the sexual passion had no place in the existence either of the White or the Black Adepts in Atlantis. It never is indulged in by those who reach these heights and depths of good and of evil. Marriage does not exist for them. Marriage is a means by which the population of the earth may be kept revolving—the means by which its ordinary inhabitants, who are going through their normal course of evolution, may return to physical existence after enjoying that long or short period of subjective bliss which each respectively has merited in the last earthly life.

Love for others—so exalted a love that ordinary mankind cannot conceive it—love which is the passionate outpouring of the soul, and which needs no expression on the lower physical plane—this love is the very life-breath of the Masters of Compassion, the Adepts of the Good Law. They live for their brother men. They are the Redeemers of the race.

Love for himself alone is the one dominant characteristic of the Black Adept. Naturally enough the expression of love for others, whether on the physical or any other plane, does not form part of his design, while—the possession of superhuman powers being his chief object—he is fully aware that the indulgence of passion on the material plane would tend to frustrate this attainment.

With the exception of these two orders, the social life in Atlantis—with marriage as a fundamental institution—would seem to have been very much the same as it is amongst ourselves; for these Atlanteans *were* ourselves, at a lower stage of evolution, but with far greater psychic powers. Those whom we may call the upper classes—who may be taken as representing the first group of Lunar Pitris—were not only highly educated and intellectual, but they were in full possession of psychic vision. In speaking of them as being highly educated and intellectual, it must not be imagined that they reached any standard which

would be considered high in our own days. The capacity for abstract thought was then in its infancy. The human race on Atlantis was utterly incapable of producing a Plato, a Kant, or a Hegel; and although physical science was an important object of investigation, it was concrete, not abstract, and Atlantis was equally incapable of producing such a scientific thinker as Lord Kelvin or Sir Oliver Lodge. It must always be remembered that their great discoveries and inventions were almost entirely due to *direct perception*, through their psychic vision, of so many of Nature's hidden forces.

The lower classes, too, had a certain amount of astral vision, for the "third eye" was then a normal characteristic of the race. It was rather in their more limited mental capacity that they differed from the upper classes. It is indeed obvious that those who were the Pitris of the second group and had not made the same progress on the Lunar chain as the members of the first group, could not stand at the same stage of mental development.

The descendants of the Lemurio-Rmoahals, who in the later days of Atlantis formed a large proportion of the slave class, naturally represented the still lower stage of development of the third group of the Lunar Pitris, and the still later in-comers from the animal kingdom.

At no stage in the world's history has educational training been so perfect for supplying the needs of the community as that which existed during the great Toltec era in Atlantis. While the higher education culminated in such scientific achievements as the navigation of the air, the technical schools inaugurated experiments, some of the results of which we are reaping to-day. By centuries of continuous selection and elimination, the Atlanteans are said to have produced the seedless banana, while the domesticated animals of to-day are the results of the experiments carried on by the men of those times. From this it will be observed that the statement that the Atlanteans "had no animals about them" does not tally with the information previously received.

The food of the Atlanteans is another subject which requires some comment. Here again no mention is made of the food consumed by the great bulk of the inhabitants, only of that which

supported the bodies of the priests and rulers, and even in this case the statements do not quite correspond with what has been already written on the subject. While the initiated priesthood and the Adepts of the Good Law used simple articles of diet such as milk and cereals, the black magicians adopted as a rule compressed essences made in the laboratory. But the food of the great bulk of the population was very different from either. That which was regarded as a luxury by the upper ranks, who constituted it will be remembered all the most cultured and intellectual classes, was the blood of animals, dishes made of the blood, and of the flesh in which the blood remained, while the flesh from which the blood had been drained was left for the lower classes and for the slaves. Fish which had reached a high state of decomposition was also considered a choice article of diet!

It is interesting to note that the ladies who obtained the present communication are in hopes of getting further information from their unseen friend. If it might be permitted to the writer to offer a suggestion, it would be that their friend's attention might be directed towards various phases of life at definite epochs. The detailed descriptions which might result from this method would form an interesting supplement to the knowledge we already possess. Were this often enough repeated and with full assurance that the information obtained was correct,* the sketch we have of this long-lost continent and its inhabitants might become a finished picture.

W. SCOTT-ELLIOT.

* The first necessity is confidence in the accuracy of the information offered. Apart from the illusive character of the astral plane itself, there seems to be some essential difficulty in getting information correctly transmitted through spiritualistic communications.

It will probably be considered, in the cases where discrepancies occur between the information offered in the article under review, and that given to the present writer by the group of trained seers above referred to, that the latter seems to be rather more in accordance with the dictates of common sense, but altogether apart from this consideration, such an error in a statement of simple fact as the substitution of the name of Herodotus for that of Plato, twice made in the paper, gives some cause for doubt whether the present communication is any exception to the general rule.

FROM MANY LANDS

Contributors of matter under this heading are requested kindly to bear in mind that not only accounts of the general activities of the various sections or groups of the Theosophical Society are desired, but above all things notes on the various aspects of the Theosophical Movement in general. It should also be borne in mind by our readers that such occasional accounts reflect but a small portion of what is actually going on in the Society, much less in the Theosophical Movement throughout the world.—EDS.

FROM ITALY

IN the month of October last new quarters were provided for the Roman Branches and the offices of the Italian Section in a spacious set of chambers at No. 380, Corso Umberto I., in the most central and aristocratic part of Rome. Mrs. Cooper Oakley, the Executive Committee, and the Presidents of the various Branches, arranged for the furnishing of the new Headquarters, which comprise a magnificent hall for lectures and for the Library, and rooms for the Branch meetings, for study, offices, etc.; all with good light and air, convenient and in every respect suitable for our Theosophical work in Italy. Mrs. Besant was good enough to interrupt her return to India to give us a week, from the 16th to the 22nd October, and did us the honour of inaugurating our labours in our new establishment; delivering the Inaugural Address before a large number of the members, including representatives of nearly all the Italian Branches, come to Rome expressly for the occasion. On the following days Mrs. Besant gave four public lectures on the following subjects: "The Importance of Psychic Studies," "Theosophy and the New Psychology," "Occultism and the Occult Arts," and "Theosophy and Sociology." These lectures, both by their arguments and by the magnificent manner in which they were developed by our great orator, kindled the most lively interest in the numerous auditors.

Thanks to the energy of Mrs. Cooper Oakley, the Executive Committee and the Presidents of the Lodges, we have to record the

formation of seven new Branches during 1904. These are: a second Branch at Milan, under the name of "Loggia Lombardia"; a second at Genoa under the name of "Loggia Giuseppe Mazzini"; one at Palermo; one at Leghorn; one at Terni, under the name of "Loggia Umbria"; one at Venice, named "Loggia Fulgentia Adriatica"; and a second at Turin, under the name of "Leonardo da Vinci." The Italian Section now numbers nineteen Branches.

In Rome, on the initiative of the Presidents of the four Groups, in unison with the Central Committee, conversazioni are held every Monday for outsiders, in which (in addition to answering questions) short expositions are given of the results of our own studies and of what has been recently published in the way of science, history, literature, art, etc. In December two lectures were given by Dr. Cervesato on "Buddhism and Christianity" and "Marcus Aurelius"; and one by Dr. Agabiti on "The Social Importance of Karma." To satisfy the desire of students arrangements have been made for the formation of Centres for the study of psychic problems, which will be directed by scientific authorities.

From the literary point of view also the work of the Section has been sufficiently satisfactory. Amongst the original works published by members of the Section we have to record the following: M. S. T., *Towards the Unity of the Human Race*; M. S. T., *Towards Occultism*; Prof. Alberto Gianola, *The Pythagoric Society of Crotona*; Prof. Balbino Giuliano, *The Religious Idea of Marsilio Ficino in Relation to the Esoteric Doctrine*; Olga Calvari, *Annie Besant, her Life and Work*; and A. V., *What we know of Theosophy and the Theosophical Society*.

Of translations there have been published this year: M. C., *Mysticism of the Feasts and Ceremonies of the Year*; Flammarion, *The Unknown*, with a splendid preface by Dr. Visani Scozzi. Nearly ready are translations of Chatterji's *Esoteric Philosophy of India* and Leadbeater's *Astral Plane*; whilst an Italian translation of the *Bhagavad Gîtâ* is passing through the press.

I have the pleasure to notice, in addition, that one of our members, Sig. E. Arbib, has published a novel of a Theosophical character in the well-known review *La Letteratura* of Milan, which gained the prize in a public competition.

I cannot refrain from a word of gratitude to our foreign friends who have given us precious assistance, especially Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Williams, and Mrs. Murphy. Of the labours of Mrs. Cooper Oakley for so many years in Italy we Italians are learning more and more

every day the value, and we shall ever retain for one who has given so much of herself to the Theosophical movement amongst us the most lively admiration and the profoundest gratitude. D. C.

FROM FARTHEST SOUTH

A characteristic letter from Farthest South comes to one of our staff and we quote a few sentences: What shall I tell you of "news and views" at the Antipodes? Well—well; things are much the same as when I wrote you last. Branch goes ahead, lectures and classes go ahead; here a soul and there a soul catches a flash of something beautiful, and joins the Branch or does not join, but goes about the highways and byways of the world another creature. My special fellow-workers are fairly well and strong and certainly getting nearer the ideal as Theosophical Society lecturers, as I hope I myself am. The other Sunday . . . gave us a really brilliant lecture on the Planetary Chain. But the audience had sunk to thirty or so; the rest were off to hear a travelling Spiritualist lecturer and see their departed dear ones,—all for half-a-crown! Many of the local Spiritualists come to us; but most of them, and many of our own adherents, are not "stickers"; they are like children, interested in a novelty, but not persevering. And yet—they *return*, and sit out fifty minutes or an hour discourses (and not bread-and-milk discourses either) with an earnestness of mien, a real interestedness, that leaves one little to desire. Is that return the real key to them, or the tangential flight—"extends the silver thread and rushes onwards"? I pin my faith upon the larger fact, here and elsewhere; and guide them by their best.

I have a class in the *Secret Doctrine*—some two and a half years old now—every Friday night. We give two hours to our study, and have got to p. 196, vol. i. Remember I have had to make my students, as well as guide their studies; not one (I think) was a trained scholar. Now unity begins to manifest itself, and this so strongly that the entrance of several new pupils has not in the least affected the class feeling. With three who cannot attend quite regularly the roll number now stands at twenty; and I do think that it is creditable in the extreme; for I have no "milk for babes" on Fridays; it is all hard going, and wants a pretty agile wit. I do think that now the members are habituated to study all are the better, to a greater or less extent, for contact with the marvellous book of that great spirit H. P. B.—God bless her!

FROM THE NORTH OF ENGLAND

The activities whose beginnings were noted in earlier months have run through these later ones in long threads of lectures and meetings of many kinds. Mr. Orage has been weaving to the end many strands of work running through the Northern towns, in four of which he has given series of lectures and in others single ones. It is interesting to note the tendency towards a series of lectures on one subject, or on linked subjects. Does this mark a public that has been attracted and aroused by the single lectures and is now taking Theosophy as a subject worthy of being systematically studied? The lecture is undoubtedly the great activity just now—except perhaps the forming of committees—; it was not so a little time ago, and these fashions and phases are interesting and significant.

One of the most energetic labours is that of the Northern Propaganda Committee, whose scheme has prospered exceedingly. Four towns, Ripon, Darlington, Wakefield and Limthorpe, have had a series of lectures, and as a result, study-groups in three of them are now working, and Sunderland, West Hartlepool, Stockton and Macclesfield are being, or will be, added to the list. Mr. Van Manen is busily working through a long programme of lectures in North, South, East and West, and also presided at the Autumn Federation of Northern Branches, which was a larger meeting than is usual at that time of the year. It was, I think, the first time a non-British member has been asked to preside, and the experiment was a successful one.

CONCERNING REINCARNATION AND CHRISTIANITY

A sign of the times is the broad and mystical tendency which is asserting itself among Christian thinkers, especially the clergy of the different Churches. There is a desire to find a common platform of belief upon which the members of various religious bodies can meet; this desire has found expression in many associations which aim to bring about a greater unity of thought, and to draw Christians to a common centre, the inner unity of souls with each other and with God. The favourable consideration of the doctrine of reincarnation by many of the clergy is another most important indication of the change which is passing over Christian thought; there is, moreover, a more favourable attitude towards Theosophy, and towards Theosophists; there is even a willingness to co-operate with them for the common good. On the other hand those Theosophists who are not

Christians are showing a wider, more tolerant, and more sympathetic spirit towards members of Christian Churches.

Archdeacon Colley, who took the chair at a lecture on "Reincarnation, a Christian Doctrine," given by Mrs. Besant, in Leamington, shortly before she left for India, has sent out 2,000 copies of this lecture in pamphlet form to the chief clergy of this country, to the leading ministers of many denominations and to one hundred religious papers, accompanied by a letter from herself. He is also holding fortnightly meetings in a hall at Leamington, to discuss Theosophy with any who are interested. At Bristol, Miss Ward has recently addressed a large audience of men in a Baptist Chapel on the subject of Theosophy, and the address was not only cordially received, but the speaker was asked to give a lecture on Reincarnation in March.

This same subject has been admirably dealt with by Professor McTaggart in an article in the *International Journal of Ethics* for October, and we look forward with interest to the book which we understand the Professor has in preparation. But the journeyings of reincarnation do not end even here; through pulpit and ethical journal into the Christmas magazines lies its track this month. In the *London Magazine* we read what four great minds think on the questions: "Have we lived on earth before? Shall we live on earth again?" Dr. Russell Wallace give a negative answer to those vital questions with most happy and complete assurance. The light of science—of physical science—has been shed on the whole history of man, past and to come! Mr. Rider Haggard reviews the answers given by three great schools of thought, Materialism, Christianity and Buddhism. He finds no need for man to accept the negative answer of Materialism and good reason for rejecting it, while he finds still better reason why Christianity, in unison with Buddhism, should give an emphatic affirmative. Mr. W. T. Stead gives a qualified affirmative, and Dr. Clifford believes vaguely that man will live again.

In his article entitled "Historical Mysteries—XI.: St. Germain the Deathless," in the November number of *The Cornhill Magazine*, Mr. Andrew Lang faces, not the question of "Will man live again on earth?" but the more startling one "Can man continue to live on earth for many centuries without change of body?" In his story of St. Germain under his many names, Mr. Lang justifies his title, for there is no question as to the mystery of this wonderful life, and he gives most suggestive evidence as to its deathlessness. There is, of

course, in this article little expression of opinion, but that such a question should be brought up by serious suggestion is a witness of unseen movements towards definite questions of the future.

FROM SCANDINAVIA

The work is here in full swing in the different branches all over the country. Two of the members have been busy lecturing in towns where, as yet, no Theosophical centres exist, and these lectures have been very well attended, and many books and pamphlets sold. In Gothenburg two lodges of "Good Templars" have most heartily received lectures on Theosophy, and in Vesterås, in North Sweden, lectures on "Modern Theosophy" and "Reincarnation," in the Good Templars' Hall, have been attended by some two hundred people.

In a Swedish periodical, *The Friend of Health*, a prominent physician contributes an article on "Sickness as a Punishment for Crime." The crime, he says, may be committed in the present or the past, may be near to or far from the place where its effects appear. It may be caused by ignorance, heedlessness or sin, but its due consequences will surely follow. This is the law of illness. He pleads for simplicity, balance and dignity in the life, and demands for health peace and tranquillity of mind, since passion and unrest break up the body.

X. Y. Z.

A "TORTOISE" COSMOGENESIS

ACCORDING to a Muhammadan tradition the first thing which God created was water, and the divine throne rests thereon; from the water arose a mist, out of which He made the heavens. He next dried up the water and turned it into solid earth, which He divided into seven parts. The earth was placed on a fish, both the fish and the water were set upon the rocks, the rocks were set upon an angel's back, the angel was set upon a rock, and the rock upon the wind. The movements of the fish make the earth shake, and God set mountains upon it that it might keep firm. The vapour which God made into heaven, He divided into seven parts. The seventh heaven is of fire, wherein live the angels who sing praises to God, their heads are beneath the throne, but do not touch it, and the soles of their feet rest on the earth. The distance between the throne and the earth would require five hundred years to traverse. Under the throne is a sea, whence floweth subsistence for all living creatures.—*Mas'ûdî* (tom. i., p. 47 ff.), in a note to Budge's *Alexander*.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

CONSCIOUSNESS AND ITS MECHANISM

A Study in Consciousness: A Contribution to the Science of Psychology. By Annie Besant. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1904. Price 6s. net.)

THIS latest contribution by Mrs. Besant to the literature of our movement is, undeniably, in certain aspects, one of the most important books she has written, both because of the volume of new information which it embodies—information obtained, it is needless to say, by the use of those supernormal faculties upon which so much of our Theosophical study depends—and also because of the many new problems which it suggests, and the equally numerous old ones which it sets in a new light.

A large portion of the text having already appeared in the form of articles in these pages, it may, I think, be assumed that most of our readers will already know something of the main scope of the material dealt with; though in its new book form it has been so much systematised and revised that, as a contribution to our understanding of ourselves and the universe, it has gained enormously in value.

Under these circumstances, therefore, it seems inadvisable to review it in the ordinary way—the more so as nothing of the sort can be needed either to call the attention of students to any serious work of Mrs. Besant's or to recommend it to their study and appreciation. But it may perhaps be useful to some, and helpful to a few, to go through it chapter by chapter and indicate those points which appear to the writer to be specially significant or novel, while at the same time this procedure will give an opportunity to call attention to some things which appear less satisfactory or open to objection, as well as to note some of the problems to which this new work gives rise.

Taking first the Introduction, we have in the opening pages a somewhat new classification—or perhaps it would be truer to say, a clearer and more definite formulation of what many of us vaguely apprehended—of the seven planes which constitute a solar system,

into three distinct fields: that of the purely Logic manifestation, that of supernormal human evolution, and that of elemental, mineral, vegetable, animal and normal human evolution. And coupled with what is said also—little as it is—about the relation of the Logos to the planes of His special manifestation, the student will find that considerable help has been given him in clarifying his ideas.

On the other hand, the attempt made to answer the question: Why three Logoi?—appears less satisfactory. What is quoted as the great generalisation: All is separable into Self, Not-Self and a relation between them—is pure verbalism. These three terms are *abstractions* of human thought, and though exceedingly useful for purposes of nomenclature, are quite unfitted to supply an answer to such a question of *reality in its wholeness* as that propounded. It is such abstract verbalisms which have done not a little to bring metaphysic into disrepute. Again later on in the book there comes a point at which, as a student of Psychology—to which this work is a contribution—I cannot help entering a vigorous protest against the needless and, I venture to think, incorrect change in the nomenclature adopted for the three fundamental expressions of consciousness, as analysed by Psychology.

In the first place this nomenclature is unsound because—to mention only one among many other reasons—"Activity" is the result of Will and because also it is traceable in each of the three fundamental modes. Thus Activity belongs to a subsequent stage of forthgoing to that of Will; or else must be regarded as belonging to all alike. In the second place—this to my mind forming by far the most important objection—no writer, in treating of a well-defined subject, should venture to abandon the received terminology without full and careful explanation of his reasons. In inventing this new nomenclature of Will, Wisdom and Activity, Mrs. Besant has paid no attention to the outcome of all the best work that has been done in Psychology—as well as in Philosophy—for the last fifty years, work which has resulted in a practically unanimous conviction that the three primary, fundamental, co-ordinate, co-existing modes of human consciousness are: Willing, Feeling and Knowing; or Conation, Volition and Feeling.

But let us turn now from the uncongenial task of criticism to the far more pleasant one of appreciation; merely adding that throughout this book the metaphysical substructure is inadequate and not seldom ignores the real nature of the problems touched upon.

For the student of symbolism, the clue given as to the meaning of the Divine Tetraktys (or Tetrahedron?) on pages 8 and 9 is most suggestive, as in fact are also the various symbolic hints which follow. And it is worth remarking that symbolism has *real* value, if only because it may afford no small help in escaping from, as well as in detecting, those subtle and delusive verbal abstractions with which the very nature of spoken language so constantly misleads us. A good illustration of this may be found in the significant footnote to page 10, concerning the "drawing apart" of spirit and matter. This "drawing apart" is truly said to be in consciousness alone, for Spirit and Matter are merely names for mental *abstractions* (not *ideas* in the Platonic sense) and the use of the word "idea" in this connection without the adjective "abstract" may possibly cause the real point to be overlooked. And useful, nay indispensable, as is that form of the language of symbolism which we call words and names, its very facility conceals a pitfall, and hence the ancient language of more concrete and actual symbolisation has a very special value and utility *for us*. Therefore all that aids one to grasp and understand this almost forgotten tongue should be most welcome, and these pages are good work in that direction, if we can pass beyond the verbalisms into which the seer who gives them had perforce to render what was seen in order to communicate it. And it may prove profitable to remember this, for much in the subsequent chapters of this book seems to me to be of essentially the same character.

As regards the origination of the Monads, we are left, as might be expected, in face of impenetrable Mystery: "THAT willed: I shall multiply and be born." This Upanishad passage seems like an anticipation of Schopenhauer, only that the older view does *not* seem to be that this Ultimate Will whence proceed all beings and things was *blind*, that is, unconscious and unintelligent, as the more modern thinker held. In any case the mystery remains impenetrable, though the careful student will surely find in these pages the material for forming a much clearer and more definite conception of what is meant by the "Monads" than he has hitherto possessed; and that alone is no small gain.

The first chapter of the book gives a very useful sketch of the preparation of the field in which the evolution of the Monads is to take place—in other words an outline of the laying of the foundations, the preparation and formation of the matter which is to form our solar system. But there is one point as to which there seems to be a dis-

crepancy in the account itself here given with what has been stated elsewhere, to which it may be well to call attention.

The chapter begins by quoting H. P. B.'s statement that "the atomic subplanes of our planes make up the first or lowest (the *prākṛitic*) kosmic plane," and we are rather led to expect that our solar Logos in modifying the kosmic matter to build the foundations of His universe would form—or rather modify—the kosmic matter forming the seven subplanes of the kosmic *prākṛitic* plane into the corresponding *atomic* subplanes of our solar system. But in the more detailed description given on pages 22 *et seqq.* it seems to be clearly stated that our solar Logos forms *only* the "atoms" of the Adi plane *directly* from the kosmic matter, and then builds the atoms of the Anupādaka plane out of the atoms of the Adi plane ensheathed in the lowest molecular combinations of the matter of that plane, and so on downwards; the atoms of the Nirvāṇic plane being formed by a sheath of the densest molecular matter of the Anupādaka ensouled by the atom of the same, and so on. Thus the question arises—and has as a matter of fact been already asked—in this form: Are the atoms (*e.g.*) of our physical plane formed—or rather modified—by the Logos *directly* from *corresponding* kosmic matter; *i.e.*, from the *lowest* order, or subplane of the kosmic *prākṛitic* plane, or are they formed by the Logos solely *within* His system as described above? In the first case there would exist a continuity (with modifications) of *physical* atoms of the same essential nature between us and the fixed stars; in the second no such atoms, *i.e.*, no physical plane atoms *at all*, would exist beyond the limits of our solar system. It may be remembered that Mr. Leadbeater has over and over again stated that our physical atomic subplane extended *continuously* (with of course local modifications) to and beyond the fixed stars, and has supported that view by reference to the fact that we *see* the fixed stars and can analyse their light with a spectroscope, and since the vibrations of light travel in *physical atomic matter*, it would therefore follow that that order of matter must extend to the fixed stars.

The point is one of more than purely theoretical importance, and it seems exceedingly desirable that the apparent discrepancy should be cleared up, and the correct view ascertained by a careful comparison and closer study on the part of those who can deal with such problems.

Chapter II. has "Consciousness" as its subject, and begins by stating that "consciousness and life are identical." I confess to a

great desire to see this statement explained and justified. We know—in experience—something of that class of happenings or phenomena to which we give the name of life; in brief they may be summed up as nutrition, excretion, reproduction, to name only the primary or specific characteristics. By consciousness—as the term is usually employed—we mean to include all those phases in experience called: Thinking, Willing, Perceiving, and Sensation in all their various forms. As used in modern works, the term consciousness is a general term to include all these; but it does *not* include the specific phenomena of life. How then are the two identical? Or better, what is meant by saying that consciousness and life *are identical*? But both the metaphysic and the phrasing of this first section, especially the former, leave so much to be desired, that it is more useful to turn away from the critical aspect, and call attention to the exceedingly valuable and admirably suggestive definitions given on pages 38 and 39. These should help us considerably to a clearer understanding of the old Scriptures, and here the real insight and deep intuition of the true seer are apparent.

I should like, however, to ask, in reference to the point discussed on pages 43 and 44, whether—as the language used seems to imply—we are to understand that every passing thought and feeling, every movement of our bodies, every printer's error in an uncorrected proof, for example, is to be regarded as *eternally existing* and *present* in the "Absolute," and, therefore, present there *before* it is manifested here? If so, we seem reduced to a system of sheer mechanism, far more dead and soulless than the Mechanical Theory of the Universe so beloved of some present-day scientists. But if it is not so—we for one cannot accept the idea—then what is the real clue to the needed explanation, for it is impossible to ignore that universal experience of all Mystics, in which Mrs. Besant has evidently participated, which translates itself always in such language as she here uses? This is one of the deepest and most difficult of all problems, alike of Metaphysic and of Mysticism, and it has proved the pitfall which has engulfed all the "Absolutist" systems of Idealism from Śaṅkarāchārya to Bradley, *viâ* Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. Here *is* a problem truly worthy of all the best energies of a modern seer; for this is certain, that we can never rest satisfied with the implications of the statements here made; *some* solution of the difficulty must sooner or later be found, and no system which does not furnish it can be true, real, and adequate in its ultimate foundations.

In Section 2 of this chapter, dealing with the Monads, we have the work of a true seer, carrying with it that characteristic insight and illuminativeness which is its own best authority,—though all too brief, inevitably, and leaving out much which one earnestly hopes the future will bring to light, in order to make coherent, consecutive, and adequate, the insight, at any rate intellectual, of those not so gifted; still admirable and lucid, giving the outlines of a chapter in our evolution of supreme interest, and worthy the most careful meditative study. Space, however, does not serve for going into any of this in detail, so we will pass on to Chapter III., which describes the “Peopling of the Field.”

This chapter is lucid and instructive, but is already so condensed, as to its significant paragraphs, that I must limit myself to a few brief remarks. First a word of gratitude for the clear definition and explanation of the often used, but very difficult, term “Reflection” as employed in occult writings. It is here explained to mean generally the manifestation on a *lower* plane of a force manifested and operative on a higher. This, at any rate, is definite enough, though naturally, later on, one will begin to want to know more as to the *way* in which this process takes place, though perhaps, nay probably, that will be asking too much. Also it will be interesting to go through as many passages from occult writers as we can, and see whether in all cases this explanation works out satisfactorily, or whether this term, reflection, still covers as yet unsuspected implications.

My second point is a question. In describing the putting forth of his life ray by the Monad, the language used, as well as the diagram given on page 64, seems to imply that this ray has (as it were) *three* strands. In other words it reads as if the Will aspect of the Monad energised into the âtmic atom—that is clear anyhow; his Wisdom aspect *directly* into the buddhic atom, *without contacting or sheathing itself* in âtmic matter, whether atomic or molecular; and his Activity aspect similarly and directly into the mânasic atom. Now the point of the question is this: Does this energising take place as implied from the Wisdom and Activity aspects respectively *directly* into the corresponding buddhic and mânasic atoms, *without* sheathing itself in the matter of the intermediate planes; or, on the contrary, does it so sheath itself?

In Section 3, which gives a classification of seven types of matter in terms of the three ultimate factors or Guṇas—Satva, Rajas and Tamas, or as they are here rendered Rhythm, Mobility and Inertia—

there seems to me to be a certain difficulty in making the equilibrium state of the three Guṇas (the state in which all three are *equally* active) one of the seven, because in Indian thought this condition, that of the *equilibrium* of the three Guṇas, has always, in all the scriptures, been associated with *non-manifestation* and *liberation*. How then can this state be counted as one of the seven *manifesting* and manifested streams? And, analogically, I should raise the same question as to the parallel classification of the seven streams or rays of Logic life. Very possibly the classification in both cases may be correct, but some further elucidation of this point seems needed.

In Section 4 a very interesting hint is given with regard to the work of the Devas or Elementals in the later stages of evolution, and this opens up the problem of the most radical and fundamental difference between the world-view of the Theosophist and that of all phases of modern science—the question of the conscious and intelligent working of beings other than those we see in the operation of the so-called “laws of Nature.” Some day this problem must be faced; at present all that can be done is to allude to it by way of showing that the students in our ranks are by no means oblivious of its importance, nor ignorant of the sneer of “palæolithic anthropomorphism” which will be hurled against them.

In Chapter IV. we are given more details as to the permanent atoms and the process by which they become linked to the Monad, the foundations of whose vehicles they constitute, and we are introduced to a new factor, a new and immensely important feature, which I believe will come to occupy an enormously significant, a vitally constitutive position in our conceptions of man and the universe. This is what Mrs. Besant has termed the “Web of Life,” the golden-coloured ray or thread of life sheathed in buddhic matter which is put forth from the Jivâtma—the tri-atomic Âtmâ-Buddhi-Manas. From the language used it would seem that this thread of life never envelopes itself in any sheath of matter denser than the buddhic, but remaining thus sheathed only, nevertheless not merely picks up the permanent atoms of the lower planes, but also forms the network into which the molecular structure of the vehicles is built, even that of our physical body. If this be so, it suggests the answer to a somewhat analogous question raised above in relation to the life-ray of the Monad itself; but, leaving that aside, the wonderful description of the bodies when thus clairvoyantly seen, given on pages 91 *et seqq.*, is not merely wholly new and most beautiful, but full of meaning.

For instance, take the physical body, with this network formed by the golden thread of buddhic matter issuing from the physical permanent atom; does it not give a new and deeper meaning to the old myth of the world tree—the mystic Ashvattha Tree with its roots above and branches below? Anything more beautiful as a picture, or a vision, it is difficult to imagine, and in it we shall find the clue to the solution of many a puzzling problem. But I must not linger on this one point, for this chapter is full of important, new information and insights; for instance, the all too brief section upon the way in which the Monad “chooses” his permanent atoms; that following it upon the use of these atoms and their bearing upon heredity; no less than the concluding one describing the nature of the Monad’s action upon his permanent atoms.

The account given in Chap. V. of the Group-Souls is by far the most consecutive and coherent that has yet appeared, and much new information has been brought to light, notably the details as to the triple envelopes which form the sheath of the Group-Souls, and as to the relations of these envelopes to the contained triads of permanent atoms which they sustain, foster, and nourish. It is needless to repeat with Mrs. Besant that our information is still exceedingly fragmentary; but the student may well be congratulated on obtaining so much additional insight as is here given. On the whole, these two chapters, the fourth and fifth, are among the most satisfactory in the book.

Chapter VI. is concerned with the “Unity of Consciousness,” and seems mainly to have been written in order to introduce the striking experimental researches of Professor Jagadish Chandra Bose, M.A., D.Sc., of Calcutta, upon the response of so-called inorganic matter to electrical stimulus. Whether, as Mrs. Besant contends, these researches *prove* the presence and the unity of *life* in both organic and inorganic worlds is a question open to debate. The present opinion of even the most sympathetic scientists is that they do not. And for myself, personally, profoundly interesting as these researches are, I should have thought a somewhat more restrained attitude preferable in regard to the validity and cogency of the demonstration required upon a point so fundamental and a theory so far-reaching. On the other hand, the introduction of this topic gives occasion for the extremely valuable and useful explanations as to the meaning of the term “physical consciousness,” on pages 145 *et seqq.*, and, incidentally, also leads Mrs. Besant to throw out some very suggestive remarks and hints bearing upon the functions of the

spirillæ in the permanent atom in their relation to the work of the Monad, and also to our own normal waking consciousness. The same remark applies, with even greater force, to the subject of Prâṇa, upon which a few extremely suggestive and valuable hints are given in the following chapter, dealing with the "Mechanism of Consciousness."

This chapter, too, is excellent, and some of the facts now clearly stated are of the highest significance; notably, for instance, the facts that the sympathetic nervous system owes its origin to impulses originating in the astral sheath, while the cerebro-spinal system owes its origin to impulses originating in the mental sheath—a distinction of vital importance. But there is one topic touched upon with regard to which much more work seems to be called for. This is the question of the senses and (so-called) organs of action. The doctrine of only *five* special senses, *viz.*, Sight, Hearing, Touch, Taste, and Smell, seems at first sight quite incompatible with, and contradicted by, the results of modern experimental investigations into the subject. Modern work, alike in Psychology, and in Physiology recognises at least three, if not more, distinct senses in addition to these five: *viz.*, a distinct temperature, or hot and cold sense, a distinct and specialised sense of movement, *i.e.*, of the rotation of the joints upon their sockets—a sense of extreme delicacy, by the way—and a distinct "equilibrium" sense, whose organs are the semi-circular canals of the ear. In addition to these, some investigators assert, on experimental grounds, a further distinct and separate sense of weight. In some way these results must be reckoned with, and if there are only *five* astral centres for the "knowing powers," then either these extra senses must be reducible to terms of the others—which I do not think likely—or else traditional ideas have been over strong for our seers, and they have missed perceiving what is really there to be seen—a quite possible occurrence. And somewhat similar remarks will apply to the subject of the motor-organs as well.

Chapter VIII. gives us an excellent, but all too brief and bare, outline of the first steps of the Monad in its human evolution, in the course of which some suggestive remarks are let fall in Section 3, which have important bearings upon our present social conditions, and contain some valuable germs of thought throwing light upon the methods likely to lead to their amelioration—when rightly understood.

We come now to Chapter IX., on "Consciousness and Self-Consciousness"—one of the most stimulating, but at the same time

in various respects one of the least satisfying in the book. Doubtless, if the students in the Society do their duty, the topics here dealt with will later on be thoroughly discussed and threshed out; but in this place I must limit myself to a very brief indication of a few salient points, round which it seems to me that some at least of the discussion will centre.

First, then, the description (pages 195 *et seqq.*) of the way in which external impacts affect the Self by causing expansion or contraction in its envelope following an expansion or contraction in the sheaths, does not seem to me clear or really explanatory. It needs much fuller working out, and I incline to think that the part played by the golden "Thread of Life" has been overlooked, and moreover that in some way it is the forth-put *life* of the Self, the Monad, which is *directly* affected by the impacts on the sheaths and thus thrills up to its source, the Self. And further I doubt whether this conception of contraction and expansion is really the true and appropriate one to apply in this connection.

Second, while heartily welcoming the suggestion of the "interchange of life" described on page 196, as a luminous suggestion, one wants to know more definitely what this expression means. For it seems as though the only "life" which by interchange could thus affect the Monad *directly*, would be that of its own life-ray or "thread"; and if so, then may we conceive that there is a real union, an actual taking up into each of the forth-issuing life of another? Or is there, throughout, an interchange of life between the life-ray of the Monad and the surrounding life and lives with which it is associated? The suggestiveness of the idea here adumbrated is considerable; but much work needs to be done upon it ere we can grasp and really apprehend it.

Third, a difficulty presents itself in connection with the description on page 198 of the "Birth of Consciousness" in the separated divine germ. We were told that the Monad on the Anupâdaka plane was little less than omniscient, sharing the full Logic consciousness. It seems hard to understand how the addition of even the tri-atomic sheath which makes it the Jivâtma, can so *wholly* obscure and *extinguish* that fullness of *internal* consciousness, as to make such a phrase as "birth of consciousness" accurately applicable to it. Probably the explanation may lie in the nature of the raying-forth of its life by the Monad or else the expression may be intended to refer only to the ray *in* its tri-atomic garment; but, since we are frequently

reminded that human consciousness is *one*, and ultimately the consciousness of the *Monad itself*, I may perhaps be pardoned for suggesting the need for making plain and clear the real bearing and significance of what is here said. This seems the more needful because of the concluding words, which so strongly emphasise the idea of a *birth*, a *beginning*, *viz.* : "It (consciousness) is born of change, of motion ; where and when this first change occurs, there consciousness for that separated germ [either Jivâtmâ or (ultimately) Monad] is born," and the way in which this is elaborated in the succeeding paragraph.

Lastly, we find the term "Feeling" appropriated to denote the primary, undifferentiated character of consciousness as a whole. No doubt the term is suggestive and in some respects applicable ; but I incline to think that the original word consciousness would be better, and should be retained for this purpose, or else an entirely new word coined to denote it.

The outline of the rise of self-consciousness with which this chapter concludes, is barely but skilfully traced, and need not here detain us, save to note that the distinction between consciousness and self-consciousness is one of primary and fundamental importance for our whole subject.

Chapter X. deals with "Human States of Consciousness," and is in the main a very brief *résumé* of part of the substance of Mrs. Besant's Queen's Hall Lectures on *The New Psychology*, already reviewed in these pages. It needs, therefore, no special notice here.

Chapter XI., which deals with the Monad at work, contains a good deal that is interesting, but already this review has exceeded its due limits and for the same reason it is impracticable to discuss either the Theory of Memory which Mrs. Besant outlines in Chapter XII., the last of this part of her book, or her views upon Will, Desire and Emotion, a reprint of which from these pages occupies its last 150 pages. The former needs a good deal of space for adequate consideration, and the latter contains too much matter to be dealt with here.

Hence I shall only add in conclusion that in writing the above I have placed myself at the standpoint of the language used throughout the book, that which is the habitual standpoint of us all in our ordinary thinking—and which philosophically would be termed Realism. Of course Mrs. Besant—as I should myself—would repudiate this standpoint in its philosophical implications ; but none the less this

book, like all her others, is written in the language and from the point of view of that standpoint. This premised, another and more difficult problem remains: How are we to understand and interpret the *data* which she, as a seer, here gives us? Are her "seeings" literal actual *fact*, or how far are they translations, renderings into the *visual* and hence *spacial* imagery which characterises all seers of something much more essential and fundamental? Here we have the greatest and the most difficult problem of all those we have to face, and I must rest content with pointing it out, merely concluding this over-long review with a word of grateful thanks for all the new observations, the fresh *data*, and the many luminous and stimulating suggestions which this work contains.

B. K.

IS THEOSOPHY A SYSTEM?

An Enquiry into the Principles of Modern Theosophy. By Pestonji Ardeshir Wadia, M.A., Professor of History and Political Economy, Gujarat College. (Bombay: B. T. Anklesaria; 1904.)

WE are very pleased to welcome this criticism of Professor Wadia's, and would like it read by all thoughtful members of the Theosophical Society. We do not, however, regard it as a criticism of Theosophy, but rather as a very useful stimulation towards an improvement in the methods of stating Theosophical problems. We do not regard it as a criticism of Theosophy, because for us this word connotes "Wisdom," an ideal, and not a dogmatic system. Professor Wadia, on the contrary, will have it that Theosophy is a system, a "form of philosophic pantheism," and as such he proceeds to make hay of it from the idealistic standpoint. But Theosophy is no more pantheism than it is monotheism, or idealism, or any other "ism." Theosophy, if we dare venture at all to speak in its name, is something quite apart from any dogmatic statements of any member of the modern Theosophical Society, and, unless we are grievously mistaken, teaches the lover of wisdom that all systems are but passing ways of regarding the great mystery, useful for the moment, for various types of mind, but all insufficient, all unsatisfactory, and this, too, in the very nature of things.

The way of regarding the great problem which is beloved by the idealist and the metaphysician is very different from the way of the

seer, whose tendency is almost invariably to exalt his objective subjective symbolic representations into an explanation of the reason of things.

When, then, Professor Wadia quotes from an article in *East and West* the purely symbolical statement: "In that Absolute Darkness (identical with Absolute Light) appears a centre of luminosity,"—which the writer glosses with the words, "to drop metaphor, where there was only the Absolute, out of the One Eternal principle appears a self-conscious centre, named the Logos, or the Word,"—and proceeds to point out from the idealistic standpoint the contradictions and inadequacies of this form of stating mysteries beyond our ken, we are in complete agreement with him. Such a mode of statement is entirely inadequate, and misleading, when applied to ideas. It is a statement based on seership, and seership of this nature is occupied with the material beginnings of a world system, the marvel which is revealed to our telescopes, oft occurring in the fields of space.

All his criticisms of such statements, then, do not touch Theosophy proper, but only the inadequate statements made by some modern writers and a host of ancient writers on such subjects. His criticism, however, is entirely beside the point, if he would try to abolish the concept of the Logos as the Divine Reason of things, or the modest position of modern Theosophical students, who occupy themselves with speculations regarding one solar-system only, meaning by Logos the Divine Reason of that system. The countless other systems are beyond their powers of speculation, and even of our own system it is only the shadow of the shadow of the Logos of our "cosmos" which falls within the range of their contemplation.

Equally beside the point, then, is all the criticism which Professor Wadia directs towards what he says Theosophists believe to be the nature of the "Absolute." Being "ineffable," there is nothing to be said about it, not even "*Neti neti*,"—much less "absolute." The Mystery of all mysteries is not revealable, and yet there is naught which it is not. But what is the use of words, when the invocation "Thou who art to be worshipped with silence alone!" can rightly be applied not only to the Logos, but to mysteries far beneath His transcendent glory, which though transcendent is also nearer than hands or feet?

Professor Wadia, then, is but criticising inadequate statements, and obscurities of thought, of some members of the Theosophical Society, and of many outside its ranks, both now and in the past.

But he cannot criticise the thing itself, in that he cannot criticise the best in himself, and—that is the Wisdom for him.

We are, therefore, all undismayed when he makes use of such phrases as "the first principles of Theosophy are this and that," "Theosophy teaches," "the God of the Theosophist," and a dozen such expressions. For years we have been contending that this way of treating the subject is entirely inadequate; indeed we have used much stronger expressions. But, says Professor Wadia, there is *a* system of Theosophy. We answer: There are innumerable systems. He will reply: But there is a *modern* system. We rejoin: Some members of the Society are trying hard to make one; but even that is only what they see or think they see of the old symbol of the world-order, which has been the means of the instruction of the seers for many an age. The interpretation of this "seeing" belongs to another faculty. The interpretation so far hazarded has a certain charm about it, in so far as it attempts to clothe the "seeings" in modern scientific terms; but in so doing it contains the seeds of its own impermanency, for it is one of the most remarkable phenomena of the history of religions and theosophies, that the more "scientific" all such systems were in their own day, the less suitable are they for succeeding ages; for our knowledge of physical science continually increases, and puts the physical notions of past generations out of date. So also will it be with any system set forth in modern scientific terms. It is a temporary clothing, not an eternal vesture—the only eternal "garment" of God is Nature herself.

To our mind, all systems, even the most intellectually perfect, are the playthings of children; we are all, even the wisest of us, here on earth, in a *Kindergarten*, and the strangest thing of all is that the most beloved playthings are what the real grown-ups of the cosmos most probably regard as by no means the most beautiful. Do we not see our children in the nursery hugging with tenderest care the ugliest dolls, passing once more, perchance, through the fetish worshipping stage,—is not the "golliwog" the most beloved of the small child? So with systems—idealism included—*pace* Professor Wadia. And yet without them how are we to win towards clearer thought; how are we to rise towards the "intuition of that which is"—is "here" as much as "there," of course—for we are not naïve mystics nor naïve realists, though our critic evidently writes us down as such. But, I take it, that we are not frightened by the elemental grimaces of words.

We should be pleased to go through the criticism before us page by page, but that would mean a volume of equal size or even of larger compass. There is much with which we agree, but very much that does not in any way represent the belief of the individual writers Prof. Wadia criticises; as for ourselves we are hugely amused at the notion that what our critic sets down to our address is the real basis of our conviction in the grandeur of Theosophy as a life and in the existence of the inexhaustible treasures of light which are promised to all who persevere in the Way—a Way that differs for every man who is born into the world.

Professor Wadia can hardly be expected to know that the modern Theosophical Movement is still in embryo; it is passing through the thought stages of its predecessors, just as the child in the womb passes through the stages of mineral, plant and animal. An embryo is anything but beautiful, but it contains within itself the promise and potency of the future.

And now let me answer the chief of our critic's questions. He says:

“(1) But will the Theosophists, in their love of brotherhood, give up their Absolute so far as to acknowledge that it may be supplemented by the Absolute of Idealism? (2) Will they give up their doctrine of Nirvâṇa so far as to admit that there may be other ways in which the individual can unite with Deity? (3) Will they give up their Reincarnation Theory, and say that it is only one amongst other hypotheses which are equally satisfactory? (4) Will they say: ‘All philosophic systems are partial truths; Theosophy is one of them and therefore a partial reflection of truth. Let each one, therefore, follow what system of philosophy he chooses’—?” (p. 113).

I have numbered these questions for greater clearness, and thus reply, at least for myself, and I have been identified with the movement for some twenty years:

(1) Good Heavens, yes!—or any other “Absolute” or conception of the “Absolute.” But as to that Mystery which all this verbiage grotesquely adumbrates: No! And why, because we can’t “give up” what we don’t “possess”; and we can’t possess an “Absolute”—or even a conception of it—that is worth any serious consideration.

(2) We should be delighted to give up the doctrine of Nirvâṇa if it connoted anything approaching to what Professor Wadia says we think it is, when he writes (p. 191): “We have used ‘Nirvâṇa’ to

denote not the Buddhist idea of positive bliss and happiness brought about through suppression of the causes of suffering, but the purely pantheistic and negative idea of the annihilation of the individual soul, and its absorption into the ultimate source of existence, which is found repeatedly turning up in theosophic literature."

If our critic was throughout as misleading as he is in this sentence we should not have troubled to notice his book. Curious that he should set the Buddhist idea of Nirvâṇa as a positive thing over against the annihilation of the individual soul, as though he had never heard of the *Anattâ* theory of Buddhism, and of the contentions of the Theosophical writers for so many years against those Buddhists who hold that theory in all its crudity. But we are glad to find that he agrees with us that the teaching of the Buddha was a positive realisation of the Fullness and not an absorption.

Other ways in which the individual can unite with Deity? Yes! One for every man; and no two alike. But then I have never had the audacity to define the possibilities of Deity, and though I was foolish enough once to put together some "Notes on 'Nirvâṇa,'" and left out the quotes which would have made my intention quite clear, namely, that I was putting together some notes on what some others had *said* about the great intuition which has been so labelled.

(3) I am sure I do not know whether those who hold to the theory of reincarnation as the most satisfactory explanation *to them*, will say there are other theories equally satisfactory *to them*; but they certainly should be prepared to admit that they may be equally satisfactory *to others*. And for myself I am prepared enthusiastically to accept any other theory that explains the facts more thoroughly, and above all I would like to see the theory of reincarnation treated more from the idealistic standpoint than has been hitherto the fashion.

(4) I was under the impression that this was a fundamental concept of Theosophy, and that any system put forward by any Theosophist was at best but his or her halting attempt to put forward his conception as far as he had got. The system was merely a form, to be broken up when greater life and light poured into him.

Professor Wadia thinks that Theosophy will fail; it cannot fail. The Theosophical Society may fail; though there does not seem to be much sign of the weakening of its vitality at present. But even if the Society goes to pieces, it will not affect Theosophy; other and worthier instruments will be found, and whatever of good there is in Professor Wadia's criticism or in his constructive views, is part and parcel of

that Theosophy. So that we may regard him as a friend and not as a foe, as we regard all who labour for the good of humanity. We who are members of the Society have no monopoly in Theosophy ; we are men and women glad that in our time there is an opportunity for coming into contact with the Ancient Wisdom, which is also the Modern Wisdom, for it knows no distinctions of time and place, and as we grow older we are becoming more and more convinced in our own minds that, as Professor Wadia himself says: " It is not impossible that with the hour the man might come, capable of helping on a movement of regeneration," and that too not only in India, but throughout the world, but He when he comes will not, we believe, found a new religion, but consummate the new idea of religion, of which in the Theosophical Movement and beyond it many are now so imperfectly struggling to form some crude notion.

G. R. S. M.

THE CHRONICLES OF ANCIENT CHINA

The *Shu-King*, or the Chinese Historical Classic ; Being an Authentic Record of the Religion, Philosophy, Customs and Government of the Chinese from the Earliest Times. Translated from the Ancient Text, with a Commentary, by Walter Gorn Old, M.R.A.S. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society ; 1904. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

WE are exceedingly glad to welcome this volume, for whilst Indian and Greek traditions have been manfully tackled, the marvellous and ancient sources of Chinese wisdom have scarcely been explored at all by Theosophical workers.

Any thorough understanding of ancient Chinese (and in China even modern things are ancient) must start with an intimate knowledge of China's original history as outlined in the *Shu-King* (*i.e.*, The Historical Classic), for throughout the whole of the subsequent literature there is such a constant reference to its events and heroes that, if these are unknown, the later writings also remain sealed books. As a work of reference, therefore, this book is indispensable to any student of matters Chinese. The sub-title, however, given to it in this translation is rather misleading ; and the reader will find that, though he may with difficulty dig out of its pages *some* religion and philosophy, their mention is for the most part incidental, philosophy in particular looming larger in the commentary than in the text.

One reason why we are specially glad that the Theosophical Publishing Society has had the enterprise to publish the work, is because it is not one of Theosophical exposition or propaganda in any sense of the word, but is rather a *source*, one of the world's classics which must prove of great utility to Theosophical students. We feel grateful that the Theosophical Publishing Society is willing to test the response of the public in this direction, and we hope that many within our Theosophical circles will meet this test by showing such an interest as will ensure the publication of kindred works. The price of the book is, with this in view, certainly well fixed, making this edition of the *Shu-King* the cheapest in the English market. Let us further add that the volume is neatly bound, well printed, and numbers over 300 pages, about half of which go to make the text, the other half comprising Mr. Old's commentary.

Having thus far spoken of the book itself, a few words should now be said about Mr. Old's share in producing the volume, and about this edition in particular. First of all, we think we may feel warranted—after a close inspection of his translation—in inferring that Mr. Old does not professionally belong to “that pugnacious body commonly called Sinologists,” as Professor Parker calls them. That a Chinese translator falls short of the highest scholarship, however, may be a help or a hindrance. It may be a help, if he has industry enough to collate the results of others, and to bring together various scraps of information bearing on the questions dealt with. On the other hand, it may be an hindrance, for nowhere more than in Chinese studies is a little knowledge a very dangerous thing, and if one relies too easily or too much on himself, there are sure to be some wonderful results.

So we find that Mr. Old has not compared Legge's translation (see p. viii. of his introduction) nor evidently his edition of the text (Hong Kong, 1865), thus taking upon himself a greater burden of responsibility than he should have done. But not only is Legge, the standard translator, where historical books of China are concerned (G. Schlegel called him *the* best translator of his time), not taken advantage of; Pauthier's *Chou-King* also (Paris, 1840) and Couvriér's text with Latin and French translations (Ho Kien Fou, 1896) have escaped Mr. Old's notice, and only translations of 130 and 60 years ago have been compared, those of Medhurst and Gaubil. Still it stands to the credit of Mr. Old that, notwithstanding these self-imposed limitations, his translation reads in English as substantially

the same book as the other modern translations, a fact by no means so common in Sinological renderings as to make this statement so ludicrous as it might appear. On the other hand, curious renderings do occur, *e.g.* :

Old (p. 2): "Regulate thus carefully the hundred labours, and abundant merit will be universally diffused."

Legge (p. 34): "(Thereafter) the various officers being regulated in accordance with this, all the work (of the year) will be fully performed."

Further :

Old (p. 2): "He has but the semblance of respect and is a mere sycophant and a bombast."

Legge (p. 34): "He is respectful (only) in appearance. See! The floods assail the heavens!"

Such examples might be multiplied abundantly; but, notwithstanding this, the whole translation gives a fairly correct outline of the work, faithful enough for all general purposes, though not reliable or authoritative enough for real first-hand research. But everyone who would use the work for such purposes would know for himself what to take and what to leave.

Lastly we come to the notes which form such a large part of the whole. Not only has the translator gleaned for these notes a rich harvest of information, but he also gives applications and references embodying his own views. The astronomical and astrological elements are largely present, and to lovers of mysticism it will be interesting to find the chronological tables of the years from Adam to those of the Flood brought into connection with Chinese chronology (p. 28), or the "Hebrew Talisman of Saturn" compared and found identical with the mystic markings of the legendary "Great Tortoise" of China (pp. 172-173). Still such comparisons raise more questions than they settle.

A goodly sprinkling of quaint quotations is found scattered through the pages of the commentary. Thus we find mention made, amongst others, of persons so unexpected as Claudius Ptolemy (his *Tetrabiblos*) and Emanuel Swedenborg (p. 167). Sometimes the notes are somewhat audacious, and it is hardly the mark of a critical scholar to assign so decided a meaning to the expression the "four mountains" (p. 7, n. 12) as Mr. Old gives, if we compare Legge's cautious note on this point (p. 35). So also, it is hardly an accurate way of putting it, to say that "the word *juv* is equivalent to Latin *jugum*, Sansk. *vuj*,

to join" (p. 8). Again in note 11 (p. 169) we find the old mistake that *Tien-tse* means the Son of Heaven. It should be "He whom Heaven treats like a son."

But enough of such minor criticisms. The notes gives evidence of great industry, although unhappily not always carefully polished and checked. The element of haste is perceptible throughout the whole book, giving it thereby less finish than it should have. In various places, we find references to the Taoistic doctrine and even to the *Tao-Te-King*. The comparison between Hebrew and Indian traditions and those of China may be of mystical interest and is not dangerous, because it may be so readily separated from the rest of the commentary; comparisons between the traditions in the *Shu-King* and those of Taoism, however, are dangerous where they are superficial, because subtle differences of not yet finally settled values are compared with each other without our being told so. We should have preferred it if all Taoism had been left out of this volume. As an aside, and only because several terms have been explained in this book, it once more strikes us how little as yet has been made of the help afforded by etymology in this direction. For instance, *if* we could prove that Chinese *Tao* is Tibetan *Thabs*, or Chinese *Te* (virtue) is Tibetan *Mthu*, a very valuable addition to the knowledge of the original shades of meaning of the Chinese words would have been won. But all this will come later on, we hope.

And now we have to leave our *Shu-King*. Summarising what we have said, this is our impression. The translation contains all that the general reader practically needs of a book that is indispensable to the student of Chinese antiquity under whatever form. Although Mr. Old's book does not open up any new questions, or mark a new epoch in the understanding of the book, yet it brings together a large amount of information bearing on its contents, and presents the whole in a handy and neat volume, cheap in price. The notes, though sometimes somewhat mystical and vague, and often too confidently put, still as a whole give a body of matter worth knowing, and not easily found together elsewhere. Lastly, the Theosophical Publishing Society by producing it initiates a new side to its issues, to which we fervently hope it will soon add other volumes of a similar nature.

J. v. M.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

Theosophist, November. "Old Diary Leaves" is this month mainly filled with notes of Japanese jugglery;—pleasant reading, but not available for our purposes. Next comes Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on the "Ancient Mysteries"; then a lecture by Mr. Fullerton on "Infidelity." We venture to differ from his statement that: "In the word itself there is no intimation that the thing disbelieved is obligatory, or that the disbeliever is morally culpable." In the *etymology* of the word there may be none; but we should often go very far wrong in judging the *meaning* of a word by this. "Infidelity" is *never* used without a suggestion of moral guilt; and it is this, and this only, which keeps it in use at all. Christian and Mohammedan alike use it to express their belief that everyone who does not receive their dogma is *guilty*, not merely mistaken—a conviction which is itself The Great Heresy "that cannot be forgiven in this world, nor in that which is to come." Miss Richardson gives us "Some Thoughts on Genius"; and Miss Kofel on "The Swastika" and other symbols. Mr. Rider Haggard's dog, and a touching letter from the Colonel entitled "The Support of our Aged Workers" (as to which we must hope that some one may discover the solution which the Colonel frankly admits that he has failed to find), complete the number.

Theosophy in India and *Central Hindu College Magazine* not received in time.

Theosophic Gleaner, November, is an interesting number, with an account of a very suspiciously Christian lecture delivered at the Oxford Mission Hall by "Swami Dharmananda Mahavarati," of whom we should like further information.

The Dawn, November; *Indian Review*; and *East and West*, also acknowledged with thanks.

The Vāhan, December, continues the correspondence about music. The "Enquirer" gives further answers as to multiplex personality and the value of magic, the latter with an excellent extract from William Law, the English expositor of Behmen; A. H. W. categorically denies that punishment "due on this plane" can be worked out on the astral plane. As a general rule this is doubtless correct, but there are some old sayings which seem to recognise exceptions. Other questions are "What is the nature of Moods?" and "What difference exists between the object of the S.P.R. and the third object of our Society?" as to which last the respondents agree that (accord-

ing to Hood's jest) "we row in the same boat, but with vastly different sculls!"

The Lotus Journal, December, gives notes of a lecture by Mrs. Hooper, and the conclusion of Mrs. Besant's "The New Psychology." Mr. W. C. Worsdell has a paper on seagulls, with a pretty illustration; and the rest of the number is fully up to its mark.

Revue Théosophique, November. In this number we have Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on "Purgatory"; the conclusion of Mr. Keightley's "The Black Forces in Evolution," being an interesting set of questions and answers on this important subject; a short paper by Th. Darel entitled "Science and Faith" and the continuation of Mr. Mead's "Apollonius of Tyana."

Theosophia, November. The "Outlook" gives occasion for a vigorous defence of Theosophy against the attacks of a certain Father Hendricks, a Catholic priest. H. J. v. Ginkel continues his study of the Great Pyramid, this time getting himself rather tangled up with Piazzzi Smyth, H. P. B., and the Skinner "quadrature of the circle,"—all of which had better be allowed to be forgotten. Mrs. Besant's "Dharma," and "The Pedigree of Man," and Mr. Mead's "Concerning H. P. B." follow, and the number is ended by a further portion of Dr. v. Deventer's studies of Greek Philosophy.

Der Vahan, November, contains the Report of the Convention of the German Section, held at Berlin, on the 29th and 30th October. The financial condition of the Section seems to be highly satisfactory, and the membership has risen during the year from 130 to 251—very nearly doubled, though still a very tiny proportion of the German-speaking millions. But we know in England how far beyond the actual number of the members the influence of Theosophy is felt, even when not acknowledged; and so we hope it will be in Germany. The contents of the number are Dr. Steiner's lecture on "Clairvoyance"; the continuation of R. Schwela's "Meditations on the Eight-fold Path"; that of Dr. Drew's "The Religious Relationship"; "Ernst Haeckel and his Monism" (unsigned); notices of the *Theosophist* and *Theosophical Review*; Madame Von Ulrich on the "Sayings of Buddha"; and original Questions and Answers, mostly as to how our doctrines can be harmonised with certain "texts of Scripture"; Mrs. Besant's "Man as Master of his Destiny" concludes a full number.

Luzifer, October. Here the first article is a very important study of "Initiation" by Dr. Steiner himself. His explanation of the so-called trials of fire, water, air, etc., should be carefully studied. We

have but space for one short passage to illustrate the way the subject is treated. "The intention of the true Fire-test," he says, "is not simply to gratify the curiosity of the candidate. True, he does learn marvellous secrets, of which other men have no conception. But this knowledge is not the object,—only the way to attain it. The object is that by acquaintance with higher worlds the candidate shall gain more perfect and real confidence in himself, higher courage, and a greatness and steadiness of soul quite different from anything to be found in the lower world." This is followed by the Introduction to Schuré's *Les Grands Initiés*, and Mrs. Besant's "Pain and Evil."

Teosofisk Tidskrift, October-November. The main contents of this number are the conclusion of G. Lindborg's lecture on "Religious and Social Questions in the Light of Theosophy"; Mrs. Besant's "Seeking after God"; Mr. Leadbeater's "Vegetarianism and Occultism," and a review of Mrs. Besant's *The New Psychology*.

Sophia, November. The contents of this number are, a translation of F. von Mueller's "The Conception of Spirit according to Goethe"; "The Odic Force and the Life of Crystals," by Dr. Lux, in which we are glad to see that tardy justice is beginning to be done to Reichenbach's long-discredited studies; the continuation of *The Disciples of Sais*, the well-known and admired work of Novalis; and an important paper by A. Ballesteros on the Hyksos, combating the common view of their Turanian origin, and inclining to identify them with the still mysterious Hittites of the Pentateuch.

South African Theosophist, October, opens with the continuation of W. Wybergh's valuable paper on "The Ascetic Spirit." A very interesting account of "Hallowtide in Ireland" is injured by its point of view. A writer who can bring himself to believe that "many weird and fearful rites were then performed, . . . for all incantations were made in the name of the Evil One," had better leave the subject alone. There was no "Evil One" in the Irish faith of those days, any more than there is in ours now. Mrs. Besant's "Necessity for Reincarnation" and Mr. Nelson's lecture, entitled "Gleanings" (mainly poetic), follow. The "Activities" speak very cheerfully of the position.

Theosophy in Australasia, October. A very readable number. The Branch Reports mainly occupied by Miss Edger's very successful lecturing tour.

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, November, contains a farther portion of Mrs. Besant's "Resurrection of the Body"; J. H. S.

begins a good study of "War," mainly concerned with Tolstoy's views; also "The Fears of the Bishop of London" and "Regarding Music."

Also *Theosofisch Maandblad* for October.

Of other magazines we have *Modern Astrology*; *Luce e Ombra*, a Spiritualistic magazine, with an account of Colonel de Rochas' curious experiments in pushing the memory of his subjects both backwards and forwards, upon which we hope some of our own authorities will give us a criticism.

From G. A. Natesan & Co. we have a tiny pamphlet *Vedānta, the Religion of Science*, by N. K. Ramasami Aiyā. The creed printed in his Preface is curious and interesting, not for its value as a creed, of course; one who begins "(1) I believe in nothing which is not proved," marks out thereby his position. From this most unpromising starting point he must and will in time work out for himself his salvation, but no criticism of ours can help. For his object—to put the ancient Indian philosophy as a living and attractive system before modern Western thinkers—we have every sympathy and heartiest good wishes.

The Philosophers and the French Revolution, by P. A. Wadia, Professor of History and Political Economy, Gujarat College, Ahmedabad (Swan Sonnenschein & Co., 2s. 6d.) We presume that the author of this little work will take it as the highest possible compliment when we say there seems nothing in it from beginning to end which a European might not have written. For us, the fact that under Government education an oriental in India should have so completely succeeded in cutting himself off from the thoughts and sympathies of his own people, to fashion himself on an English model, is not a pleasant one, and opens a far from encouraging prospect for the future of India—India cannot be regenerated by *imitations* of the English.

W.

WE have received the prospectus of a new magazine to be called *The Occult Review*, the first number of which is to appear on January 1st. It is edited by Mr. Ralph Shirley, and our old colleague Mr. W. Gorn Old is sub-editing. We are informed that the first number will contain contributions from Sir Oliver Lodge, Messrs. A. E. Waite, David Christie Murray, etc. It is to contain 48 pp., and the price will be 6d. monthly. The publishers are Messrs. Rider & Son, 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE Congress of the Federated European Sections of the Theosophical Society, which was held last year at Amsterdam, proved so delightful a gathering that it was enthusiastically decided by the International Committee

The Congress of
the Federation of
European Sections

to repeat the experiment at the earliest opportunity. The next Congress is accordingly to

be held in London, on July 8th, 9th and 10th, at the Empress Rooms, High Street, Kensington. In the programme of the Congress, in addition to the departmental meetings for the hearing of papers, speeches and discussions on Theosophical subjects, and a number of social gatherings, there are to be included Music, an Exhibition of Arts and Crafts, and a Dramatic Performance at the Court Theatre. Indeed, to judge by the preliminary sketch of the programme of some sixteen pages which we have before us this Congress promises to be one of the most ambitious ever attempted by the members of the Society.

* * *

THE main object of the gathering is of course the promotion of that spirit of co-operation, without which Theosophy, as the most

The Main Object of
 the Gathering

 potent leavening of thought and feeling known
 to us, cannot work-together for righteousness.
 Positive sympathy and ordered synthesis—in
 the widest meaning of the terms—are its watchwords, not merely
 negative toleration or haphazard syncretism. The realisation of
 this ideal is to be promoted not only by the development of the
 feeling of international comity on the common ground of religion
 and science and philosophy, without distinction of race or creed or
 caste, but also by extending a warm welcome to arts and crafts as
 excellent means of giving expression to much that words cannot
 adequately explain. The Beautiful is co-eternal and co-equal
 with the True and the Good in the right synthesis of Wisdom,
 and it has been too much neglected by us in years past.

But let us not be over-ambitious; the ideal is so dazzling
 that its true realisation is yet far off. That realisation is not for
 the present Theosophical Society, no matter how strenuously it
 may labour; it is the task of all that is best in humanity, and the
 main lesson we have to learn is not to parochialise this greatness,
 but to strive by every means in our power to break down the
 walls of separation which race and creed and caste are for ever
 raising; to try in all ways to realise that we are true citizens of
 the world; not by sectarian attacks or self-righteous denuncia-
 tions, but by growth in sympathy and the conviction that all
 things have their proper place and value in a world of order, that
 there is a Reason in things, had we but head to see and heart to
 feel. The world needs an interpretation of its mystery, and man
 a reader of his riddle.

* * *

Now it stands to reason that all things must work together if
 this right and truth and righteousness is in any way dimly to be
 foreshadowed. All can help, each in his own
 The Bread and
 Hyssop of the Feast

 way, as all may see by studying the preliminary
 sketch which has been just issued by the In-
 ternational Committee, and which can be obtained from the
 General Secretaries of the Federated Sections. All things have
 their proper value in any work of real co-operation. It is true
 that "*l'argent ne fait pas le bonheur*," but as a witty friend re-
 marked: "*mais comme il y contribue!*" If money does not con-

stitute happiness in the abstract, yet in a work where things physical have to be considered as well as things spiritual, it certainly is a potent contribution towards the happy outcome of the enterprise. The expenses will be heavy and the undertakings will be to a large extent dependent on the amount available of that excellent thing in due proportion which in excess has been characterised as "filthy lucre" and the "root of all evil." There are some short-sighted folk who think that undertakings of the Theosophical Society should be entirely apart from all considerations of £ s. d.; they should presumably be nourished with air alone! But Theosophy is like man; to exist here man must not only be nurtured by "every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," but also by bread, if indeed that also is not one of the chief "words" from the Source of Wisdom. Give then bread for the feast, and hyssop too, as in the banquets of the old time Therapeuts; and with bread and hyssop for the body, the delights of the soul will doubtless be poured forth in greater abundance.

* * *

IN the January number of the *Hibbert Journal*, Sir Oliver Lodge contributes a trenchant criticism of Haeckel's *naïf* materialistic monism which leaves that far-vaunted theory in
 Sir Oliver Lodge's
 Creed materialistic circles a sorry and sick patient in the hospital for the insufficient. Speaking of the Adam and Eve myth Sir Oliver writes as follows:

The truth embedded in the old Genesis legend is deep; it is the legend of man's awakening from a merely animal life to consciousness of good and evil. . . . Man was beginning to cease to be merely a passenger on the planet, controlled by outside forces; it is as if the reins were then for the first time being placed in his hands, as if he was allowed to begin to steer, to govern his own fate and destiny, and to take over some considerable part of the management of the world.

The process of handing over the reins to us is still going on. The education of the human race is a long process, and we are not yet fit to be fully trusted with the steering gear.

* * *

THAT there are a Reality and a Reason in the universe independent of human imaginings is the basis of the creed of this man of science

who has already dared so much in the cause
 of true free thought. And so the President
 of our youngest university concludes his combat
 with the veteran Goliath of crude materialistic Philistinism with
 these weighty words :

There is a Reason
 in Things

No one can be satisfied with conceptions below the highest which to him are possible : I will not believe that it is given to man to think out a clear and consistent system higher and nobler than the real truth. Our highest thoughts are likely to be nearest to reality ; they must be stages in the direction of truth, else they could not have come to us and been recognised as highest. So also with our longings and aspirations towards ultimate perfection, those desires which we recognise as our noblest and best : surely they must have some correspondence with the facts of existence, else had they been unattainable by us. Reality is not to be surpassed . . . by the ideals of knowledge and goodness invented by a fraction of tself ; and if we could grasp the entire scheme of things, so far from wishing to "shatter it to bits and then remould it nearer the heart's desire," we should hail it as better and more satisfying than any of our modern imaginings. The universe is in no way limited to our conceptions : it has a reality apart from them ; nevertheless they themselves constitute a part of it, and can only take a clear and consistent character in so far as they correspond with something true and real. Whatever we can clearly and consistently conceive, that is *ipso facto* in a sense already existent in the universe as a whole ; and that, or something better, we shall find to be a dim foreshadowing of a higher reality.

That is my creed, and, optimistic though it be, it seems to me the only rational creed for a man of science, who, undeterred by any accusation of dualism, realises strongly that our entire selves—our thoughts, conceptions, desires, as well as our perceptions and our acts—are all

but parts of one stupendous whole
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

* * *

WE are delighted to have chanced on a little book which gives us just the information about Būshidō, or the "Knightly Way" of the present flower of Far Eastern humanity, that we would most desire as an introduction to the spirit of the Japanese nation. It is called *Bushido, the Soul of Japan, an Exposition of Japanese Thought*, and is written by Professor Inazo Nitobe, A.M., Ph.D., a Japanese gentleman who is not only a lover of Bushido, but exceedingly well read in Western literature. It was first published in Philadelphia, then at Tokio, and may be obtained from Simpkin,

More about
 Bushido

Marshall & Co. It has also been translated into German. Dr. Nitobe is eminently fitted to look on the matter from an impartial point of view, and to make every allowance for and meet the requirements of Western readers, for he has married an American wife, and is a member of the Society of Friends, and has apparently lived in Germany and France as well as in America.

The scope of his little treatise, which is worthy of the closest study, may be seen from the following headings: Bushido as an Ethical System; Sources of Bushido; Rectitude or Justice; Courage, the Spirit of Daring and Bearing; Benevolence, the Feeling of Distress; Politeness; Veracity or Truthfulness; Honour; The Duty of Loyalty; Education and Training of a Samurai; Self-Control; The Institutions of Suicide and Redress; The Sword the Soul of the Samurai; The Training and Position of Woman; The Influence of Bushido; Is Bushido Still Alive?—; The Future of Bushido.

* * *

AN old colleague has sent us a striking passage in Dante which apparently suggests that man must return to his earthly body in order to progress in knowledge. It is
 ? Palingenesis founded on the legend that this happened to
 in Dante Trajan at the prayer of St. Gregory the Great,
 and is made to account for the fact that Dante, to his great surprise, meets the Roman Emperor in the Heaven of Jupiter. The literal translation of the passage (*Paradiso*, xx. 106-117) runs as follows:

He from Hell came back unto his bones, and this was the reward of living hope,—the living hope which put power into the prayers made to God to raise him up, that his will might be moved.

The glorious soul returning to the flesh where it abode awhile, believed in Him who had power to help, and, believing, kindled into such a flame of Love that at the second death it was worthy to come into this Joy.

* * *

AN Irish correspondent of the *Daily Mail* (September 9th) vouches for the accuracy of the following strange story—strange, that is to say, to those who are not familiar
 Repercussion with psychic phenomena, but clearly a case of
 repercussion. We have ourselves personally

known the case of a lady who not unfrequently woke up in the morning with signs of bruises and scratchings as though she had violently dashed against rocks or torn herself through brambles, or had been attacked by some wild animal. These marks passed away rapidly. In the case appended below it is not stated how long the effects of this astral repercussion lasted.

As the result of a peculiarly vivid dream, Mr. Charles E. Stanley, B.A., of Erin Villas, Newcastle, Co. Down, is suffering from the effects of what appears to be severe sunburn, and he is anxious to learn if any similar case has been recorded, and if any adequate scientific explanation can be put forward.

Mr. Stanley, in relating his almost weird experience, says: "I am thirty years of age, a student, and very pale-faced. Having been confined to my rooms in the city of Belfast by severe literary work for some months, I paid a flying visit to Newcastle on Monday last, when the little town was deluged with rain and the sun obscured.

"I remained indoors all the evening reading, and retired to bed about eleven o'clock. During the night I dreamt I was lying on the sea-shore in a strange locality, and that the sun was shining with intense heat, so much so that I felt my face and hands actually being burned. In my dream I remember thinking what a tanned face I would have after lying so long exposed to the glaring sun.

"The dream passed away, and in the morning I arose and commenced to shave. What was my astonishment, on looking in the mirror, to find my face and neck literally tanned dark brown, my nose in a parboiled condition and the skin broken, my forehead covered with freckles, and my hands also tanned brown and freckled.

"The experience made me uneasy, and accordingly I spoke to a doctor who was staying in the same house. He said I was badly sunburnt by exposure. I explained I had not been in the sun for a single hour for months, and that I arrived in Newcastle in a deluge of rain, at the same time mentioning my dream.

"He was amazed, and said it was the most remarkable case he ever knew, but he believed the force of imagination had in my dream affected the skin and caused the sunburn and freckles.

"The doctor asked me to write to the Press, as the case is a most remarkable one. I may add I am a total abstainer, and am free from any disease or skin affection."

* * *

THE Western world is just now learning many things from the Far East; perhaps the most striking lesson it has yet received

The Spirits of the
Dead

has been given in the person and in the simple words of Admiral Togo. What can be more direct or more natural than the words of this great Bushi addressed to his late comrades in arms at a commemorative funeral service of a number of officers and men who fell while serving under him before Port Arthur? What can be more simple and yet more convincingly real than the report delivered by their Admiral to the living spirits of the dead?

"As I stand before your spirits I can hardly express my feelings. Your personality is fresh in my memory. Your corporeal existence has ceased, but your passing from the world has been in the gallant discharge of your duty, by virtue of which the enemy's fleet on this side of the world has been completely disabled. Our combined fleet retains the undisputed command of the seas. I trust that this will bring peace and rest to your spirits. It is my agreeable duty to avail myself of the occasion of my presence in this city, whither I have been called by the Emperor, to report our successes to the spirits of those who sacrificed their earthly existence for the attainment of so great a result. The report is rendered most humbly by me in person."

* * *

WHAT is a vague belief in the immortality of the soul, or the conviction of spiritualism in the personal survival of bodily death, compared to a solemn public function of this kind, in which a whole nation takes part as a most natural and simple thing?

In Memory of
the Dead

The same idea, but from a vaguer and more general standpoint, was insisted upon by Dr. de Beaumont-Klein in an address on "The Memory of the Dead," delivered to the Positivist Society on the last day of the old year, at Essex Hall, from which we quote two sentences. (See report in *Morning Post*, January 2nd.)

As they looked in thought down the long avenue of time and saw the multitudes whom no man could number, and from whom they had come, they realised the truth of Comte's words, that humanity was made up in reality more of the dead than of the living. How much did they not owe to the great minds of the past? Would it not be better to hold communion with them than to spend so much time on the ephemeral literary productions of the day? . . .

They had met that night to hold communion with those true representatives of their race who had toiled and suffered not for themselves alone but who, by their faithfulness and love, had built up the past of humanity.

They honoured the glorious company of the sacred dead, the thought of whom was their strength and safeguard in weakness.

The Theosophist can fortunately combine the two views, which are mutually complementary, and realise not only that the living past is ever round us, but also that the material past of the race is actually in us, in our very bodily structures,—felt by all in impulses, and habits, and tendencies, and realised by a few in actual consciousness.

* * *

In the December number of *Nature Notes* there is a delightful dog story, contributed by Harriet E. Olive, which the writer

A Dog Story for Psychical Researchers	thinks may be cited as an evidence of a dog being sensitive to the psychic power of man, an opinion which many of our readers will doubtless endorse. The story runs as follows :
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I was visiting a relative at one of the Colleges at Oxford. On the evening of which I write, a guest at dinner expressed a complete scepticism with regard to thought-reading. Our host then proposed that during the evening we should make some experiments. Accordingly, later on when we returned to the drawing-room, each of us in turn left the room while those who were left behind decided, in the softest whispers, what he should do when called to return to the room blindfolded. I must now state that throughout the evening there lay on a large rug in front of the fire two dogs, both sleeping soundly, one a large St. Bernard, furthest from the fire, and in front of him, between his fore and hind-legs, a little fox-terrier close to the fender. Towards the end of the evening our host was blindfolded for the second time, and before he was led back into the room, with signs and the lowest whispers we decided that he should find his way to the little fox-terrier, lift him up and place him on a little occasional table that stood near the centre of the room. Neither of the dogs showed any sign of consciousness while this passed. Our host re-entered the room, and made his way, when left alone, a few steps in the right direction of the table, but then stopped and put out his hand as if uncertain. At that moment the fox-terrier moved, and began to whine and become distressed and excited, then he leaped over the St. Bernard and made his way, whimpering and grovelling, to his master's feet, and made little leaps up his legs, barking and whining. His master stooped down and patted him, saying: "Fox, what is the matter?" In so doing he moved forward, nearing the table, while the dog got more and more excited and barked loudly. At last his master touched the table, and then took up Fox as if to quiet him, and placed him on it. Then Fox showed the greatest joy barking loudly and leaping up and down, while we clapped our hands. It seemed very remarkable to me.

FORTY-EIGHT HOURS

WE are in Thee who art strength :
Give us Thy strength !
We are in Thee who art love :
Grant us to love !
We are in Thee who art power :
Give us Thy power !
We are in Thee who art peace :
Give, Lord, Thy peace !
We are in Thee who dost wait :
Teach us to wait !

—LITANY OF THE WOOD.

THERE were three men in the large, square, solidly furnished room. Two of them were talking; the third was silent. It was a comfortable room—a library well filled with books. The men who talked were the host and his guest; he who was silent was the secretary, who wrote in the large bow window looking on the terrace, where sparrows quarrelled in the ivy, and the daffodils and nancies nodded in the soft blustering wind of late spring.

The secretary was a pale, shrewd-faced young man of twenty-eight; he was of middle height, not plain, nor yet comely, except for his eyes, which were very clear and quiet, and of a striking yellowish-grey. He was unobtrusively dressed, and very impassive, not to say dull, in manner. He was civil however, attentive when he was spoken to; his voice was pleasant, and rather conciliatory in tone, as though he was deprecating anger.

He was writing letters in a small neat hand, and showed no sign of hearing any conversation that was not addressed to him.

His employer was talking ; he was a good talker, and a good lecturer. He was a very public-spirited person, full of affairs, and had just written a certain world-compelling pamphlet,

which was intended to revolutionise thought in various unexpected directions. He was a very well-known, much-applauded, and generally respected person.

He was talking to a guest who was less applauded because he was held to be soberly commonplace ; nevertheless he too was generally respected, for he did nothing in particular, whether of good or evil, and was known to be very rich, and growing richer.

He listened to his host, but an observant person would have noticed that he often glanced at the secretary.

When the host proposed a stroll before luncheon, he rose ; he was silent till they were on the terrace ; then he said carelessly :

“ That man of yours Dexter is a steady-looking fellow.”

“ O yes ; he’s steady and shrewd too, I believe him to be a good fellow in the main. Not quite reliable as regards money matters some years ago. However, he was young, and he paid the penalty. I gave him a fresh start, and I’ve never repented it. I think in these matters bygones should be bygones.”

“ Quite so,” said the guest.

The host had a “ carrying voice ” ; it “ carried ” into the room where the secretary sat.

He had finished the letters ; he was sorting and arranging the MS. of the world-compelling pamphlet, before proceeding to type it. The writer was a religiously disposed man and a church-goer ; he liked to preface his pamphlets with a motto, generally a text. This one was a text ; it ran : “ Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.”

He was an excellent man ; but he never stopped to think whether he was in the habit of making a catalogue of his past offences to his listening friends and new acquaintances, or whether he would like to know that they did so on his behalf.

There was once a converted heathen who was much cleverer than those who converted him. He told the bishop of the diocese that he and his fellow converts were in the habit of gathering together to make public confession of their sins.

“ An excellent discipline, doubtless,” said the good bishop, “ but such public confession must be painful.”

"By no means," said the simple penitent. "Because we do not confess our own sins, but each others'."

The bishop mused on the childlike simplicity of the convert ; but—was the former heathen as guileless as he sounded ?

The secretary heard the words of his employer ; his hands began to shake. Presently he dropped the MS. and sat staring out of the window. It was seven years since he had "paid the penalty," seven solid years of dull drudgery and loneliness, and they were still discussing it, and his "fresh start."

He sighed ; picked up his pencil (he was numbering chaotic scraps of a very badly written MS.), let it slide to the carpet, rested his arms on the table, and his head on his arms, and sighed, and sighed, and sighed again ; a sigh sadder than a sob, because it spoke of a greater weariness, and a more utter depression and spiritlessness.

The door opened ; the guest appeared ; he shut the door quietly and stood looking at the secretary. At last he said softly :

"Dexter !"

The man started and sprang up ; his eyes looked nervous and ashamed. °

"That's all right !" said the other. "I only want to tell you what I've been leading up to for days. You knew I'd been leading up to something ?"

"I thought you were. I don't know what it is."

"I should not have come in here when I was supposed to be writing letters, and talked to you, unless I had been trying to size you up. I shouldn't size you up unless I wanted you for something."

"Want me ! For what ?"

"I'll tell you."

The guest sat down in the bow window, and began to talk in a low voice. It does not matter specially what he said ; it was a plan of action which a man of fair repute could only have told to one whose reputation for honesty was smirched. It was a very creditable scheme from the point of view of a skilful speculator and financier who was not particular about his methods.

"My name must never appear," he said, "though of course

I am the backer of the concern. If you will run the thing for me, as your own, you understand, then—I will make it worth your while. I don't mind, to speak quite frankly, broaching the matter to you, because my reputation stands high, and I can back it with a big cheque. If you were to say I had spoken to you thus, you would not be believed, if I denied it. You would be thought a blackmailer, that is all."

"I suppose so. I'm not likely to tell anyone. I don't talk much; and I should only get into fresh trouble if I talked of this."

"Yes. You're quiet and shrewd. I've watched you a long time. Your life here is a dog's life. You are ticketed as the man—who was found out. Now there's very little risk in this; practically none. For if the thing fails I don't think the law can touch you. Of course, your reputation would be gone; but then you've damaged that already, and he doesn't forget it, any more than you do, does he?"

"He does not. Naturally."

"If it succeeds, and I think it will, then I will give you enough of the proceeds to give you a real 'fresh start' in America. My name will never appear; it will never be traced who paid you the money; you will simply reserve a sum agreed on between us. That's tempting to you, isn't it? It means freedom, and a clean record in another country. That's tempting?"

"I think so. Will you give me twenty-four hours to think it over?"

"As long as you like, in moderation."

"It's only I feel rather played out and tired, that's all. I funk at anything that is fresh; anything that needs thought and smartness."

"Ask for a holiday; rest, and think it over."

So the man asked for a holiday, and was granted forty-eight hours; not more, because there was haste to produce the world-moving pamphlet.

He thought he would walk five miles to the Forest, and live two days and nights in solitude under the open sky. He started in the dark, with a knapsack strapped to his shoulders.

It was dawn when he reached the Forest, and crossed a stretch of heath, whence the sea could be smelt, salt and pungent ; and the island, too, could be seen, lying, indigo-blue, in the clear distance.

It was a very clear dawn, as clear as crystal, and sights and sounds and smells had a bell-like clean-cut purity, that struck the soul at first hand, so that one hardly realised the perception of them came by way of the body. There was a winding ribbon-like road, which crossed the heath after it crept out of the thick forest, and along it a red-painted mail cart went. Behind the cart ran an old dog, lured neither to the right nor to the left in his steady following. The cart clattered over a railless wooden bridge which crossed a slow stream in which water-grasses waved ; there were two moor-fowl swimming on it, and its banks were shining with water forget-me-nots.

He passed the mail cart and crossed the bridge ; then he reached the woods and left the road. He wanted a quiet place in which to think ; he had brought with him, in his knapsack, bread and cheese and apples—enough food for two days. He walked down a turf path, climbed a gate, walked through two straight pine avenues, and gained the “ open forest,” a great silent glade, solemn and wonderful in the breathless waiting of dawn.

Here companies of rabbits were feeding ; here were huge spring-flushed oaks, twisted thorns, delicate birches glowing with the marvel of young leafage. Here, too, was gorse ablaze with the fire of God, and on the topmost twig of a larch, outlined against the sky, was a thrush, a-quiver with a passion of song, telling a marvellous secret of the Heart of things as only those can tell who do not understand the uttermost meaning of their speech.

He had walked through the place looking at nothing until now ; he had an important decision to make. But now he stopped as though a great hand had gripped him, and stared at the bird with his eyes half shut. It was so clear ; he could see the little feathers a-tremble at its quivering throat, as the notes bubbled up like drops of bright water from a well of joy.

He stared and listened till the thrush flew away.

He came to a little grove of holly trees ; and there, on the

round circle of oozing wood, where a great tree had been felled, he lay down, and ate some bread and an apple. Then he went to sleep, and when he woke it was noon; the glade was a marvel of dappled shade and shine.

There was a blue tit swinging on the holly bough above him; and a fox was trotting demurely through the fern a few yards away. It was all sacredly, wonderfully still. The place taught nothing, said nothing; it was in itself—what it was. That was all.

He heard a quick patter of rain; and the leaves shone with diamonds; he watched them a-glitter in the sun, when it shone forth again. A drove of shaggy, cream-coloured cattle came by, crashing through the tangle, and passing the little grove of hollies, all a-shine in the sun, where he lay.

When they passed he rose and wandered down a turf alley till the pines hid the wide stretch of the open forest; then he lay with his face hidden on the great cushions of the moss; and listened, half unconsciously, to the silence,—the wonderful sounding silence—of the wood.

There was a big beech tree near; it blazed with the green fire of spring; at its foot were the shining, sticky brown sheaths that once shielded the young leaves. The oaks were pink, they were as rosy as the dawn sky when he reached the Forest. From the wood—only he was too tired to rise and seek them—he could smell some late primroses yet lingering on the sweet wet earth, from which the young grass sprang. He heard a wood pigeon's slow sleepy note a-purr from a little grove of larches. Presently, with a strong beat of blue-grey wings, the bird flew between him and the sky. Then a jay swung silently from the pines and perched on a bough above him; the conscienceless bird chuckled, and preened his feathers; a tiny blue black-barred wonder fluttered down on the man's chest.

Lying so, he could see the straight, stiff stems of the uncurling bracken, quite differently from the fashion in which they are seen when they are looked at from above; they stood rank by rank, straight, stiff, and green, with their little brown cowed heads bent like monks in prayer.

There was a much bigger life than his, unfolding its affairs

there in the wood ; and it made no turmoil or fuss about it ; it lived and reasoned not ; it kept the commandments because it was not aware they were apart from itself. And what were the commandments of the wood ? Certainly they were kept, whatsoever they were, for the place was full of beauty and of rest.

The shadows grew long ; it was time to eat some bread and cheese ; he ate some, and drank from a little stream. It struck him he had not been thinking of the things he came there to think about ; but after all he should probably accept the offer, and he was very tired. He had not realised before how much he was over-worked. To-morrow he would think. In the meantime he would walk through the darkening pine avenue, and see the dusk, like a purple-robed giant, stalk over the land.

He walked on and on ; the pine walks were unending. Each walk was cut and crossed by another vista of mystery ; and always there was some hint of wonders veiling unseen marvels. Sometimes a milky-white bush of blackthorn ; sometimes a little stream ; sometimes a circle of great dead oaks like frosted silver, all ringed about by frost-bleached grass, through which the new green blades were pushing, and walled by dark pines, touched by the little sticky buds of spring growth. Sometimes there was a pool of water shimmering in the shadow of the trees, set about with rose-pink blossoming bog-myrtle, and white bog-cotton, and wonderful little flat leaves shining like emeralds.

But at last he reached the gate. Beyond the gate was a stretch of green heather ; and thereon forest ponies feeding, and cows with sleepily tolling bells. On it, too, great raised mounds ; bracken and heather-clothed barrows, where rabbits burrowed in the grave of some long-dead fighter. To the right was a curved line of woods that seemed to be made of dusky red and green jewels. Before him was the island glowing like sapphire ; in the foreground on the open barren heath was a little dark wind-twisted pine, clear cut against the sky ; and the sky ablaze with the colour that is the parting blessing of the Lord of Light.

It was a pale sky of dream-blue ; in the west it shone with crimson and orange flame, fading into green like a breath of some

secret mystery of tenderness, and pinks like a dream of the love of God; and a violet so faint, pure and holy that the heart quivered at the sight of it. Colour that speaks the tongue of the Gods, when thought falls dead, and the sound of speech is mere hollowness.

When the colour faded big purple clouds began to drift up over the pale yellow sky, until it was all a wonderful thick purple-blue darkness, in which sounds were both clear and muffled; far away sounds were clear, and sounds close at hand were muffled and eerie; pale milk-grey lights began to slide through the darkness.

There were no stars; only the warm dark sweet-smelling half-silence. He could not see a yard before his face, and yet he felt the darkness was a big far-reaching space about him.

There was a dry ditch among the pines; it was full of yellow-brown pine needles. He lay down there, and heard the noises of the night; the snapping of twigs, the rustle of little night prowling beasts. Once a badger stole by; once a night-bird shrieked; the owls called hoo-hoo in the branches. Once there echoed a cry of pain and fear through the wood; the death shriek of some tiny citizen. Once a night-jar purred in the tree above his head; and once the magic of the nightingale trembled through the warm dark air in a limpid river of sound.

At last he slept; and he woke to a wild rush of rain. The wood was full of pale cool light; the pine needles dripped; he heard the gurgle of a hurry of water in the ditch beyond the gate. He got up; the livid greenish-purple clouds were rushing across the sky; the island was veiled in a white mist of rain; the forest ponies galloped for some scant shelter; some of the herd turned disconsolate noses from the rush of waters; some squealed, and kicked, and bit at each other; others endured in meekness. A big ants' nest near the gate was flooded; pools stood in the heather; and a heap of cream-white foam swirled on the brown water in the ditch.

Light wisps of cloud fled across the background of livid green-purple. He stood under shelter of the trees and watched the storm.

It passed; the clouds flew sea-wards; the sky grew a pale

even grey ; then a cool soft wind began to blow. The east grew faint pink, then yellow-grey ; then a long line of light quivered over the heather. The new day had come. The birds were stirring and singing ; the rabbits hopped out to feed ; a stoat darted across the track ; and the clang of a cow-bell echoed across the moor.

He found the slowly moving stream he crossed yesterday ; there he bathed ; then he ate some of the food he had brought with him. Finally he walked down a path of silver-grey sand, skirting a wood of oaks.

It waxed very warm and still ; there were no clouds ; the air shimmered over the heather ; white and little brown butterflies skipped over it ; the island was veiled in a soft white haze with violet shadows in it. Snakes slid out into the open to sun themselves ; the air was full of slanting gleams of gossamer and little drifting lives of insects that lived a day and never knew the night.

He sat among the pines, and saw the brown lizards and the squirrels ; and watched the golden lights flit over the dry pine-needles ; the boles of the trees shone red, and in among the far-off oaks was a mist of pale green.

In the afternoon he walked through the oak wood over dry leaves of last year, and cushions of bright emerald moss, set with scarlet, purple, and orange fungi.

At sunset he stood by a little clearing ; it was near a ranger's cottage. He could smell wood smoke, and see its swaying blue column rise above the thatched roof covered with stonecrop and little ferns. Here were rows of hives where lived the bees whose soft, organ-like drone he had heard mingling with the 'cellos of the pines.

The sky was less brilliant than it had been the night before ; it was bluish-white, and the long slender clouds on the horizon were violet and pink. The sky grew paler and more pale ; the silver of the evening star glimmered out, a tiny point of light. The pines were very dark ; they looked black against the sky ; a bat flickered above them.

He walked over the moor to the shore ; he saw the ghost-white of the foam, and heard the rush and draw of the tide

on the smooth pebbles. The moon was up when he walked back.

This night he did not try to sleep; not because he was worried or thoughtful; he had not thought all day, and he did not think all night.

It was very still and cloudless, and the moon was full; when it set the sky was solemnest blue; the stars and the white fire made the mystery of space more wonderful. It was one of those nights which are living symbols of largest patience; of breadth that includes all things, of silence whose root is the wisdom that knows, and cares not that it knows; of that mighty indifference that is indifferent because of its tenderness rather than its coldness. A night sky that was a symbol of a Holy Catholic Church of the entire universe; not tolerant—because, after all, tolerance is a little, narrow, patronising invention of man's aggressive superiority. That which is all-inclusive is not tolerant; it is omnipotent, omniscient, Alpha and Omega; the first, but also the last.

He did not think of these things; he never mused on such matters; he did not think at all that night, nor notice anything particularly. He sat under the sky, his hands clasping his knees; he was not sleepy, because to be out of doors two days and nights after a life spent chiefly within walls is apt, quite naturally, to cause wakefulness.

He saw three shooting stars slide through the blue heart of the night. At dawn he saw a fox, a vixen, and four little furry creatures with sharp bright eyes; they played together, and rolled in the heather without fear of man. He began wandering through the wood looking for bird's nests; he found four before the sun rose.

When it rose he began to walk back, for the forty-eight hours' holiday from the world-compelling pamphlet was ended.

He reached the house at seven o'clock; had a bath, dressed himself, ate a moderate breakfast, and began to open and arrange his employer's letters. That was at 8.30.

At 9 o'clock his employer's guest, on his way to breakfast, looked into the library. He nodded, came in, and shut the door.

"Good morning, Dexter," he said. "You've got back, I see. I suppose I know your answer?"

"No, I believe you don't; for I think I'll go on here."

"You don't mean that?"

"I do."

"Afraid?"

"No."

"Moral scruples?"

"No."

"What then?"

The other hesitated, because he really did not know the answer. At last he said:

"I have my Sundays free. And I think I should miss the Forest if I went away. I haven't any other reason—that I know of."

L' ENVOI

Power of the wave and the light,
Power of the wind and the dawn,
Fanned by the strength of thy breath,
Man's soul is born.

Power of the song of the lark,
Power of the gold of the corn,
By perfume, and silence and speech,
Man's soul is born.

Power of the whispering rain,
Power of the day when it dies,
By magic of sunset and dusk,
Man's soul doth rise!

Powers of the stars and the night,
When singing and sighing shall cease,
By the unknown span of thy rest,
Man's soul knows peace!

MICHAEL WOOD.

Zen is the Japanese equivalent for *Dhyâna*, "which represents human effort to reach through meditation zones of thought beyond the range of verbal expression." ? Hence *dzyan*—and "Stanzas of Dzyan."

MORE ABOUT ATLANTIS

SOME criticisms having been made upon F——'s allusion to Herodotus, in the paper on Atlantis in the last issue of this REVIEW, I must explain that the misunderstanding arose out of my own question. I asked :

“Is it true that Herodotus states that the last portion of Atlantis disappeared 900* years before his birth ?”

As T—— and I have not been together lately, I had to write to F——, telling him what had been said. This is his answer :

“I certainly am an idiot to mistake Herodotus for Plato, but the ancient traveller mentions many things that I have read of in other works of his, and in some more recent incarnations. You see, my dear T——, I have not the Pope's mantle of infallibility ! And that is why I am shy of speaking on subjects I have not *recent personal knowledge* of. I would stake something, however, that Herodotus *does* mention Atlantis. Unfortunately, I get mixed as to the present state of ancient literature, and cannot recall what is now preserved or not. Can you understand ?

“Until I have become part of absolute knowledge I am always liable to make mistakes, and in recalling things *read*, I cannot be more certain than you would be. Only I know Herodotus *does* speak of Atlantis in his Travels, and mentions the Egyptian records—*because he told me so himself*. And that is why I mentioned him in so casual a manner ; for, being an initiate, I knew how much the priests had misled him, and was, to tell the truth, rather angry with their excessive care for ecclesiastical mysteries.

“Beyond that which I *know* as a *personal* fact I own to a small opinion of Herodotus, and certainly I never should consider the Travels as a trustworthy book of reference. However,

* Presumably a mistake for the 9,000 years mentioned by Plato.—EDS.

I must be more careful and look up your present remains of the classics.

"Tell the Editor I never intended to allude to Plato's version of this catastrophe. I do not remember it at all; but then Plato was not a favourite study of mine. I am very sorry to have spoken without first explaining completely everything. Only as Herodotus bragged so much of what he had extracted from the Egyptian priests, I naturally thought he had written it in his book, and I believe it is or was there after all, even if you have not saved it from oblivion.

"Really I am not, nor ever was, a great reader, but I lived always in the centre of things, and generally am most averse to philosophy. I told you *that* long ago, my dear T——, I can't stand long-winded dissertations on subjects one knows nothing about."

[Next Friday.] "I hope I made myself clear as to Herodotus. I remember perfectly my meeting him and the week we spent together in Egypt, but I can't remember when I last read his book. I think it was the time of St. Francis. I read it as soon as it came out; but that is too long ago, I can't remember a word of it."

On December 9th, just after the issue of the REVIEW, but before T—— had seen it, F—— of his own accord reverted to Atlantis, and said as follows:

"The article is very well arranged, and it is not at all too long or prosy. I am surprised to see what I have told you of old Atlantis. No doubt many are anxious to contradict out of their *own* experience, and we shall have much chatter on the subject. Remember that each soul looks on a civilisation as he himself found it, and each individual personality has a separate point of view.

"Therefore it is difficult to get the descriptions to match each separate memory, more especially as Atlantic civilisation covered a large period of time, and it is useless for a man in Rome of the twentieth century to read a description of Rome in the time of Nero. Rome of the Christian martyrs and Rome of the Borgias will hardly tally as a description of Rome under the influence of Pius X."

On December 16th, T—— still being absent, wrote at F——'s dictation the following to the criticisms of Mr. Scott Elliot, which I had sent to F——, begging him to answer them.

"E—— wishes me to answer certain criticisms, I will do it, but for her sake only.

"Very curiously and strangely the facts that I thought to have made quite plain are confused in this article.

"Atlantis was a very long-lived civilisation, but I can only speak of the time when I lived in the Divine City as one of the rulers. Let us do things in order.

"First. Never did I intend to include the general mass of the people of Atlantis in my description of the Divine City and its inhabitants. I thought I had completely made that clear. Only those who were able to pass the most complicated and severe tests, and to prove their right to be numbered with the *Supreme Race*—shall I term it so?—were admitted into the life of that extraordinary city. The town itself, if I can call it a town, which was indeed beautiful beyond the power of man to describe, was a *Sacred City*, so sacred that it was forbidden to even the higher castes of the ordinary Atlanteans to approach the gateway. Once a year the highest among the inferior people were allowed to stand afar off, and to bring their offerings to a certain spot, beyond which it was death for the unauthorised uninitiated to pass.

"Certainly there are tales of the times when the Holy Ones ruled the still earlier civilisation of that wonderful land; but, as I said before, I cannot myself tell you about this and so I am silent.

"Of course I am forced to give you broken and mutilated statements, for my power of communication is limited, and, as I have often said, the words I write are not equivalents of my thoughts, but they are the nearest and best way in which I can express my meaning. How can anybody imagine that I could say that all Atlanteans had the Power! But the rulers of the Sacred City were not accepted unless they could prove their power over the so-called 'natural forces' in far more wonderful ways than the simple truths I have spoken of.

"I told you that there are several actually living who are

masters of such wisdom, but they are not at all in the same condition as the lords of Atlantis. I do not remember anything of the disgusting blood food, certainly none who lived in the Divine City, during my existence there, fed on it actually; but in an *esoteric meaning* it is perfectly true, for they *lived on life itself*, if I may so express it.

“Now I have not expressed myself clearly enough, so I will recapitulate.

“My account of the Atlanteans refers simply to a certain select number of rulers and priests who were absolutely apart from the rest of the civilised community. Beneath the nucleus existed innumerable other grades and castes who were more or less under the control of the ‘Wonderful Ones,’ the Lords of Power. The highest and more or less initiated caste of priests who lived as ‘regulars,’ let us say, in the outer world, served as a medium of communication between the Lords of Power and the lower world.

“These priests had colleges and were severely trained, each in their degree and order of development; and to such a pitch had the inner wisdom been utilised that no man was ever suffered to adopt a wrong line of life. His talents were all noted, infallibly checked down and utilised for the general good of the people and for the Lords of Power.

“These ‘under-studies,’ as it were, carried on a direct line of experiments under the surveillance of the Higher Powers, and much in our present animal and vegetable world is the result of their experiments. Only this useful good work had nothing to do with the studies in that place, which for want of a better name I call the Divine City, and *there*, I repeat it, *no* animal was allowed to enter. The aura of such creatures would have disturbed the entire life of the community. I repeat that when I spoke to you, I did not imagine it was necessary to explain that which I said referred only to the highest order of Atlanteans.

“Now as to ‘Herodotus.’ I can only give my former explanation. I have only once read some of his writings, and that in the middle ages. By the merest chance a MS. fell into my hands, but I never completed my study, and my memory of this is of the faintest. On the other hand, I remember well a

week passed in company of the great traveller, and an animated discussion we had on the subject of Atlantis, with the difference that I, an initiated priest, knew perfectly that the dates he had obtained from my colleagues were absolutely false, and this 'alteration' of truth I always disliked, though forced to conform to it by my oath and position.

"As far as my memory goes Herodotus spoke much of his interest in that subject, and I naturally thought it was from his books that the story was drawn. I have never read anything of Plato, and absolutely retain my prejudice against the man because of his having profaned the mysteries, by revealing sacred knowledge to the vulgar, even if he was right. This is my reason, and a very personal one, in which I expect no other soul to follow me. It is an old story now, and the reason for my mistake sounds almost as far-fetched as the blunder itself.

"But please remember that I have often told you that I am not infallible, and only guarantee my account of what I have myself experienced. I knew some knowledge had survived, and also that it was a fairly precise account of what had happened, and through your question and my memories considered Herodotus to be responsible for the legend. He is not; but this mistake does not alter my power of reporting such facts of Atlantis as I myself witnessed, though it will make me very careful to be caught no more in fault, and to be less negligent in accepting whatever question is put before me, even by you.

"I don't think I can give you any more complete details of our lives in the long vanished Divine City. Navigation of the air and all kindred subjects were poor expedients compared to the wonderful power possessed by the great Lords in the Divine City, to whom it was a natural thing to pass through rock and stone, to enter shut doors and to transfer themselves from one place to another.

"I dare not and I must not say more of these marvellous beings. Only remember that once they left the Divine City, a thing that happened *very rarely*, these lords took upon them the general disabilities of humanity, and would as soon have exercised their marvellous gift in the public view as the King of

England would wear his crown and robes of state in ordinary life. Outside the charmed circle the common life went on *differently*, but in its way as *usual* as that of the present day.

"These experiments of the Great Ones made as little difference to the general existence as a great war makes in our own civilisation. It was only in the end that the blow fell.

"In all my remarks I referred entirely to the life we ourselves shared, and the crimes we ourselves tolerated, and did not consider it necessary to define my position more clearly. To quote my critic :

" 'The only district dealt with is that of the central city, and that at a time when it was entirely dominated by the black magicians.'

"The central city is not quite what I mean, it is rather the Sacred Divine City, home of gods and men, that I speak of, and it was this land of beauty and glorious humanity that I cannot refrain from regretting, although it deserved a million times its dreadful fate and the punishment which finally fell upon it and its children.

"Some day I will tell you more, but for the moment I am very much occupied with important matters. If it were only possible for us to communicate in some more certain manner—but that is impossible, and so I make the best of it.

"One word to the Editor :

"All spiritualistic communications are not reflections from other minds, but are often mere rubbish projected into a medium's consciousness by elemental and astral shells. But there are some *real* entities even in this most uncertain means of communication, and in spite of 'Herodotus' I think I may fairly claim to be the exception which proves the rule.*

"I regret I cannot devote my time to giving a clearer version of my reminiscences of Atlantis ; but there is far too much to do just now, and though I would speak, I cannot always find an audience, or count upon a secretary. If, however, we meet in the astral, I shall be pleased to express my thanks to the courteous

* This is thought by our contributor to have reference to a phrase of mine in a letter in which I said, referring to the Herodotus muddle : "All of this is very interesting as a study of the complex nature of combinations of different consciousnesses."—G.R.S.M.

and amiable critic for the pains he has taken to control my poor remarks.”

I do not change or add anything to F——’s statements, being myself too ignorant on the subject. I can only say that, though he has written to me on a great many different subjects, some of which I am very conversant with, I have never yet found that he gave me false information, or, if some little inexactitude slipped in, he has corrected it the next time we wrote. He often illuminates historical subjects with the most interesting and explanatory sidelights, and is one of the keenest and most far-sighted politicians I have ever come across.

E.

“THEOLOGIA GERMANICA”

A MYSTICAL WORK BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF THE MIDDLE AGES

ALTHOUGH the Reformation swept much of the deeper religious teaching out of the English Church and Protestant Europe, it was Luther himself who rescued from oblivion this most beautiful and occult treatise, the translation of which is now before us. Occultists, or aspirants to occultism—using the term in its widest meaning as that of investigating and mastering the deeper truths, in all religions or philosophies, pertaining to the wonderful divine-human nature in each of us—eagerly read a volume of this kind, for they find, each according to the measure of his intuitional powers, priceless truths within its pages; stated indeed in religious phraseology, and revealing themselves, as all such must, through the form of the moment, but being of that which is behind form and time.

In this short paper we are forced to select only such brief passages as seem to us among the more remarkable, in the hope that they will appeal to those who may never read the entire book, but who, by these few fragments of true wisdom, may yet, as it were, come into touch with the unknown author, and his teaching of some four hundred years ago.

The foundation of a Christ-like life has often been discoursed on, but very seldom, it is to be feared, laid in those to whom its essentials are expounded ; hence when we read the well-known words of the Master in the Gospel, in answer to the aspirant, “ Go, sell all thou hast, give to the poor, and follow Me,” we feel a sense of unreality about them, as if they did not quite fit the present age, and its complicated relations, manifold desires, and lack of simplicity in tastes and habits. Yet something of this kind *is* called for from the man who steps out of the multitude to become the pioneer of a higher stage for all.

Thus “ we must refrain from claiming anything for *our own* ” (p. 14), as says our author, and a teacher of our own day has also insisted that we are only *stewards* of all that the Law brings us ; which does not by any means apply *only* to *material* possessions. “ The poor ” are also those less well equipped, by reason of their youth of soul and ignorance, for the great struggle of life than ourselves. The “ selling ” is the renunciation of personal claims in any object, in the sense of being confined to our own enjoyment of them. We share, as discretion tempered by love directs, with the younger souls around. By withdrawing that grasping hand, and ceasing to fear diminution of our goods in whatever form, we come to see that they are held in trust for the common weal.

“ When we do this, we shall have the best, fullest, clearest and noblest knowledge that a man can have, and also the noblest and purest love, will and desire ” (p. 15).

And what else is that but the sure way to “ entering into union with Him,” which is spoken of (p. 25), the truth proclaimed of all mystics in all tongues ?

“ And as soon as a man turneth himself in spirit, and with his whole heart and mind entereth into the mind of God which is above time, all that he hath ever lost is restored in a moment ” (p. 26).

Even so we may be certain that in the beatific vision of the One we name Master, we embrace all those other lives and presences whose passing from mortal vision has wrung our hearts full sorely. There can be no remembrance of loss once even we have entered *consciously* into that Plenum which surrounds

us always. "But to know these things the man must withdraw into himself, and learn to understand his own life, and who and what he is" (p. 27). Walter Hilton, another such writer living long before, has said the same.

Over the portal of the temple at Delphi the inscription ran "Know Thyself"; and one and all the mystics bear witness to this essential discovery, this coming "face to face." Outer teaching, outer action, will not of itself accomplish this second birth.

"All the great works and wonders that God has ever wrought or shall ever work in or through the creatures, or even God Himself with all His goodness, so far as these things exist or are done *outside* of me, can never make me blessed, but only in so far as they exist, and are done, and loved, known, and tasted, and felt *within* me" (p. 31).*

There are many degrees in such self-knowledge, and the intervals between them are those of blankness and loneliness, in which the soul is left empty and so made ready for the next revealing; and then we "faint and are troubled." What a short time it takes the life to forget the one truth enforced at every stage, that God moves in all, in the dark as in the light,—nay, it would almost seem more truly in the dark than in the light, by reason of the awe that enwraps the soul, testing its weakness, showing it in that particular sense the very majesty of its own nature which it shrinks from in fear.

Yet "Christ's soul must needs descend into hell, before it ascended into heaven. So must also the soul of man" (p. 35)—that soul which is the very Christ in the travail of its infancy whereof St. Paul wrote so wisely and well. And well is it here said that nought but the true, the inner peace of heart shall avail against this travail. It seems sometimes as if a longed-for joy of earth's giving would satisfy a craving felt; but we pour such again and again into the void only to find that the old hunger is renewed; and be that fulfilment whatsoever it may, so long as it comes from the form side of things, the satisfaction will, must, fail at last. Intellectual delight endures longer than material, spiritual the longest of all; but even this has an end, though High

* The italics are mine.

Ones and Holy have dreamed it eternal. “ The joys of Svarga wither and they [the Svarga-dwellers] return ”* said the Avatâr Shrî Kṛishna.

“ There are three stages, first the purification, secondly the enlightening, thirdly the union ” (p. 47).

Hilton speaks of them as four,† but the numbering is a minor matter with which we need not concern ourselves. The Occultist speaks of four Great Initiations, or Gates, to be passed by the aspirant, namely, a series of successive awakenings or rebirths in the Inner Life of Man.

“ The enlightening belongeth to such as are *growing*. . . . The union belongeth to such as are *perfect* ” (p. 47). From the union is born that yet more subtle stage of unity in which the soul and its Maker are no longer even the two united, the two still faintly apparent, but in very truth the One Life “ in which we live and move and have our being.”

We now come to a remarkable passage in which the author goes a step further than many religious mystics who rest content with the duality of good and evil, and do not seek to probe further, perhaps because unconscious of the fact, which a higher truth reveals, that these are one in essential being. Yet there is surely not a Christian in existence who, if he thinks at all, would hesitate to assert the superiority of his God to the “ Prince of Darkness,” and the ultimate triumph of that God in the conflict, the Armageddon of such age-long duration. Else what is to be made of such verses as this : “ Then shall the Son himself be subject unto Him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all ” (1 *Corinthians*, xv. 28) ?

Here the statement is clear, unequivocal, “ *all* things,” Devil included. Annihilation of any being is impossible as well as unthinkable, hence there is some reconciliation, some unity hinted at. Again turning to the author of the *Theologia* we find : “ In truth *no* being is contrary to God or the true Good ” (p. 178). And elsewhere : “ The Devil is good in so far as he hath being ; . . . now all things have their being in God, and more truly in God than in themselves ” (p. 188).

* *Bhagavad Gîtâ*, p. 9 (tr. Annie Besant).

† *The Scale of Perfection*, p. 219.

Those who are untrained in really consecutive thinking and meditation on such matters will perhaps not understand the statement, and will either refuse to approach a "sacred mystery," or else be repelled. Yet, if religion is to persist, the development of the intelligence must not be ignored, and religion must evolve with the nations whose destiny it shapes and to whom it means so much. Reverence unaccompanied by intellectual development can become a potent means of limitation. But this will not always be so. The era of enlightenment, the coming of that "Desire of Nations," for which we are humbly striving to prepare, will give the new impulse forward which must be shared by all. Never has the Overlooker of nations failed us, and even now what wondrous unveiling may tremble on the limits of our little lives?

Returning, then to our treatise, in the first pages of which it was remarked that the Gospel command seemed hardly applicable to our too intricate and artificial lives, we meet that command, supported by a wise saying which concludes the seventeenth chapter: "Yet outward things *must* be, and we must do and refrain as far as is necessary; especially we must sleep and wake, walk and stand still, speak and be silent, and much more of the like. These must go on so long as we live" (pp. 98-99).

In those many isolated utterances of His, the Great Master would assuredly intend them to be taken as referring to the particular occasions to which He applied them, and not to be elevated into a general law, dragged out, as they often are, from the context and not considered in relation to other statements which might throw light on them. They are twisted into conclusions probably as far from His intention as it is possible to imagine. But it is possible, though occasionally requiring profound knowledge and insight, to see in each assertion the necessity for its enunciation on a *particular occasion*, and at the same time, having allowed for mistakes and mistranslations, to construct all these teachings into a most beautiful and harmonious fabric which forms the body of the True Christian Church. Of such a Church, such a Body, it may truly be said as is here said of the individual: "The *inward* man standeth henceforth immoveable in this union, and God suffereth the *outward* man to be moved

hither and thither from this to that, of such things as are necessary and right ” (p. 99).

The Life of the Master Jesus is the “ inward man,” nameless, changeless; the outward form,—how has it not been buffeted, persecuted, assailed throughout the centuries, encircled by That which it seems to enshrine, for all the assaults on the Body of the True Faith fall on the Founder and are felt by Him, and Christ is indeed hourly crucified anew. The buffetings endured by Him in His Sacred Person were symbolic of the persecutions the Church was to be subject to, necessary for the bringing out of the Divine Life more and more, a Life exposed, as all such, from its very infancy to cares and dangers, which ever attend the dawn of the new spiritual movement, a movement watched over by its Unseen Guardians, suffered to be tried and tested to the very foundations, in order that the Faith might stand throughout long ages, a refuge of the souls of men; yet never allowed to be overwhelmed, never destined to be so, even when that mighty Armageddon shakes the world, that conflict spiritual and material in which the loyalty of nations shall be proved.

In a man made a partaker of the Divine Nature, in a nature such as this, there is a thorough and deep “ humility,” referred to by Hilton in the *Scale of Perfection* (pp. 25-26). By such humility is not meant an injurious strength-sapping self-depreciation, but a proper recognition of capacities and limits, a firm assurance, when comparing ourselves with those above us, that we shall stand where these now stand in due time, according to the measure of our own efforts and aspirations, now and always intensified by those higher ones whom we love and revere. Realising this future possibility in looking forwards, and realising in looking backwards the stages we have grown out of, now trodden by so many around us, an identification takes place between ourselves and these in which there is no room for pride or self-reproach, but where each stage is beheld as natural and proper in its own time. All these failings, all these achievements lived through by those around us, by the higher in a higher stage, by the lower in a lower, *are our own*. We do not exist apart from these other members of humanity, we are bound to them by our past failings as well as by our future endeavours. Thus humility

becomes the centre of unity, and we no longer fluctuate between the extremes of pride and self-abasement.

“He who hath truly felt or tasted it can never give it up again”—that is the Christ life of which this state is one aspect (p. 135). We might multiply such assertions from many authors; they do not conflict with each other, they corroborate. One of them tells us, in speaking of the first faint realisation: “And after that first momentary glimpse he is never again quite as he was before.”*

After a period—of which this stage forms a prelude—that stage which is the closing one in human evolution is spoken of: “And where there is such a union, the outward man is surely taught and ordered by the inner man, so that no outward commandment or teaching is needed” (p. 141).

In the *Bhagavad Gītā*, Shrí Kṛishṇa proclaims a similar truth: “All the Vedas are as useful to an enlightened Brāhman as is a tank in a place covered all over with water” (p. 33).

Now there is a time in spiritual evolution when the seeker eagerly grasps the great truths in all scriptures and philosophies, when they stand out for him from their framework as jewels in a setting. The corresponding brilliancy in his own soul is beginning to glow, else they would pass unnoticed though present. He relates them to similar teachings recorded in the form he is most at home in—for the moment; he is alive to them when they fall from the lips of the speakers on such themes. But after a while he reads less, and realises more in himself, learning as it were to speak his own soul's language, his native tongue, turning more to that than to the speech of another, however fair. Then it is that the star of union is beginning to shine, and he becomes enlightened, and less and less in need of outer revelation. It is inevitable that in this progress he will feel moments of loss, which even the turning back for a while to the outer revelation cannot banish. “For he who thus loseth his life shall find it” (p. 152). “Give up thy life if thou wouldst live,” commands the *Voice of the Silence*, one of the most exquisite Eastern mystical teachings ever given to the world. And in the *Theologia* it is said: “God can be known only by God” (p. 163).

* Annie Besant, *The Outer Court*, p. 13.

This then is the price of "knowing." But wherefore?—it may be asked. Here let us remember that God "so loved the world" that He gave it a gift. That gift was His own Life bound in the limited form of man, bound in the limited form of the whole world, the universe itself—the eternal sacrifice of Vishvakarman, the Father, who is said "to sacrifice Himself unto Himself."*

But who shall gauge or guess that state where Eternal Loneliness and Eternal Fulness blend? He who would reach It and become one with It has to face the Loneliness and the Fulness, both in turn, to be filled to overflowing, yet to be bereft of all human companionship, sympathy, and affection.

In the Garden of Gethsemane, on the Cross of Calvary, the Mighty Mystery was pictured for us. Shall we think that such a Sacrifice is finished; shall we dream that such a picture has faded? If so, we think as those who fear to lose themselves in the wider Life, which is Love, or rather perhaps to *find* themselves, for Life and Love are One.

And we must have the confidence of Love, the true Reverence which is impelled ever onward into the height as into the depth, yet always and only seeking the Heart of God. For only as we know Him can we grow into His Image, only as we become Him can we share His Sacrifice, and make our poor recognition of its unimaginable beatitude in doing for those below us something of what has been done for us. And it is here emphatically said, as emphatically as it is proclaimed in higher spheres, that "although we may know much *about* God, if we have not love we will never become *like* Him" (p. 159).

Once I heard one who taught me much speak of it, and the words rang out like some majestic pæan of angels, stirring the very souls of those listening: "The Flame is the One that unites all to Himself; . . . if you would enter it must be by Love, perfect and undefiled. Unite with that Flame of Love that made the worlds, with Him who is Love." This it is which maketh a man remain steadfast and endure to the end. To this the "noble army of martyrs" beareth witness, liberating "spiritual energy," which might perhaps be interpreted by its

* *Secret Doctrine*, i. 289; ii. 640.

companion truth of the Eternal Sacrifice in which the sins of the world and the pains arising from them are borne and remitted. For if our pains become heavier—and they do so become as we advance along the Path, it is because we are learning to bear for others weaker than ourselves. The increased tension of our inmost lives acts as a magnet, drawing thereto the world's sum of pain—ever increasing *personal* pain; for the disciple seeks to identify himself with the world, not to stand apart from it and shield himself from suffering; and to identify ourselves with others means that we “mourn with those who mourn, rejoice with them that do rejoice” in a very true sense, while possessing a little fuller vision, which we pay for by that increased individual suffering, and apply to the benefit of others, a vision which enables us to be not only compassionate but strong.

But the consummation is passing fair, and is thus set forth by our author:

“And even as in truth all beings are one in substance in the Perfect Being, and all Good is one in the One Being, and so forth, and cannot exist without that One, so shall all wills be one in that one Perfect Will, and there shall be no will apart from that One” (p. 178).

“When somewhat of this Perfect Good is discovered and revealed within the soul of man, as it were in a glance or flash, the soul conceiveth a longing to approach unto the Perfect Goodness and unite herself with the Father. And the stronger this yearning groweth, the more is revealed unto her, and the more is revealed unto her the more is she drawn toward the Father and her desire quickened. Thus is the soul drawn and quickened into a union with the Eternal Goodness” (p. 214).

A fitting close indeed to a most illuminating revelation, as far as *words* can reveal, of some of the treasures on the Path, the Mystic Way which many of our humanity have trodden, and to which these Forerunners testify for evermore,—a Way ever open to those who are ready to accept the watchword of the old mystics: “Know, dare, will, and be silent,”—a Way which sooner or later must be followed by all seekers after God. For it is by the stages of this Path that the wandering Son returns to Fatherhood and Home.

EVELINE LAUDER.

THE WAY OF ART

Ан, my Belovéd, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past Regrets and future Fears:
To-morrow !—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

WHILE all melts under our feet, we may well catch at any exquisite passion or any contribution to knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange colours, and curious odours, or work of the artist's hand, or the face of one's friend. Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the brilliancy of their gifts some tragic dividing of forces on their ways, is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening.

WALTER PATER, *The Renaissance*.

THIS Way of Art is not, in the writer's opinion, sufficiently recognised in the Theosophical Society. For its own sake (*i.e.*, Theosophy's) it would surely be well to make more use of such a strong force as this worship of Beauty, and power of ensouling it, form-limited though it may be, which is known as the Way of Art.

For surely the divine creative faculty of the Artist "makes for righteousness," as much as ethical precept or scientific discovery.

After all, what is Art but the human quest for the Divine? The Artist's lifelong devotion to his Ideal, his unwearied application to the form-side, whether that medium be marble, music, pigment, or poem, are not these qualities most necessary in the refashioning of man in the likeness of his Creator? "This one thing I do, forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forward to those things that are before, I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," or "Apollo," or "Diana," what matters the *name*? It is the quality of enthusiasm that counts.

We have Plato defining the ideal life as "a series of harmonious moments, in which the mind obtains its right without interfering in the affairs of others, but leaving them to do as they will." So the Christian has his phrase, "Duty for Duty's sake," and the Artist, likewise, "Beauty for Beauty's sake." The Saint uses the thorn-crown'd Christ, the Artist the mysterious illusive priestess of Beauty; their meaning is identical, it is only the outward symbols that differ.

The Artist realises the essential, this indwelling presence of Deity; he would have us make every moment a note in that chord whose resolved harmonies are Perfection. This is the inner meaning of "Art for Art's sake," of "the Art which comes to you frankly professing to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake"; and what higher ideal can man set before his vision?

Eternity is a gold circle, Time, the jewels with which it is set. We, Artists, who "love delights" (far from "scorning" them!) yet "live laborious days"; we make of each moment a monument, a prayer, a poem; a symphony, a statue, and thus our life too is a series of efforts towards apprehension of That which is, in Itself, beneath all mystery, above all knowledge. Thus, the Way of Perfection is as worshipful as the most devout Miserere ever sung by kneeling monk; for it is the constant consecration of every force of emotion and intellect in the service of the imaginative reason.

In the Artist's evolution, lethargy is the only sin, for that leads to somnambulism of the soul, fatal to all true vision. For the soul, asleep, walks amid misty clouds of its own penumbra; it sees truly when, lifting burning gaze, it beholds God in the Figure on Calvary, and in the mystery written on Monna Lisa's face.

Beauty is the reflection of the sweet Heart of Things, as the Universe is the expression of His Mind; true, he who would ever apprehend the full radiance of this Heart, must study the working of the Mind. So the ideal Artist is he who kneels at the feet of the Veiled Priestess, praying always that one day the beatific vision of Perfection may be granted.

Art is the Music, in whose mysterious message we may one day find the mystic Secret of this intimate relation between

Nature and Man. Is not this the last word of the "Music of the Spheres?"

The Artist is the Voice crying in the wilderness, the heavenly messenger of that so dumbly pathetic Humanity. The quintessence of all "the Music sent up to God, by the lover and the bard." The Melody may be woven of sound, of stone, of poem—what matters the medium? Do you think that the messages of Michael Angelo and Beethoven differ in meaning, because one spoke through marble, the other through music? Can you not feel that it is the same?

For in man there dwells the Mystery of Ocean, its seething turbulence, the dark strife with all the Powers of the Storm; in man, too, tabernacle those

Voices of the Wandering Wind

Which moan for rest, and rest can never find.

The gardens of man's heart are full of the red roses of pleasure, the purple passion-flowers of pain; his myriad thoughts are the innumerable foliage of the forest, proud and free.

And when the cup of his soul runs over for gladness of creative joy, it is Spring that dawns far, far within the hidden depths of the Spirit-world; the sap of imagination stirs; red rises the Sun in the heart of such an one; his powers unfold, he is learning to pronounce the Creator's word, "Let there be Light."

The Artist, then, is he who holds up to man the Mirror of Divinity. Can he, then, be less than the Sage? Shall we make him "a little lower" than the Saint and the Scientist? Has he not a Way wherein, as much as theirs, lies truth and life?

Seeing, then, that the Good, the True, the Beautiful, are but three modes in which finite minds approach and may even apprehend somewhat of That which is Infinite, is it not just to affirm that they are a trinity, of which "none is afore or after the other"?

And it may be that, when the Way of Perfection leads down to that "Path of Sorrow which the Saints have trod," it will be at long last, when the deep desire incarnates in the Artist's Soul, that he too must

Worship the Lord, in the Beauty of Holiness.

L. NIGHTINGALE DUDDINGTON.

ELECTRONS AND CLAIRVOYANCE

THE discovery by J. J. Thomson and others of particles of matter or electrons whose mass is only one-thousandth of that of hydrogen, may appear to some in contradiction to the information as to the constitution of the atom which has been obtained from occult sources. According to the latter a chemical atom of Hydrogen consists of eighteen separate bodies which are the smallest that can exist on the physical plane; hence a body whose mass is smaller than this will belong to the astral plane.

It is interesting, therefore, to find (Rutherford's *Radio-Activity*, p. 110), that the mass above given is only the *minimum* mass, and that under certain conditions the mass is much greater. One of the most startling of recent discoveries is that the mass of an electrically charged body varies with its velocity, and that by approximating this velocity to that of light, the mass of the body can be made as great as we please. To quote Rutherford's own words:

"For velocities varying from zero to one-tenth the velocity of light the mass of the electron is practically constant. The increase of mass becomes appreciable at about half the velocity of light, and increases steadily as the velocity of light is approached. Theoretically the mass becomes infinite at the velocity of light, but even when the velocity of the electron only differs from that of light by one part in a million, its mass is only ten times the value for slow speeds."

It is at these slow speeds that the electron has a mass one-thousandth of that of Hydrogen. At one part in a million less than the velocity of light its mass would be one-hundredth of Hydrogen, and by slightly increasing the velocity further its mass could be brought into accord with occult observation. The velocities of these electrons when separated from the chemical atom are in the case of Radium one-third to nine-tenths the velocity of light. But when within the atom the velocity is probably greater since it rapidly diminishes after the separation. It is quite possible, therefore, that the electron when forming a constituent of the chemical atom may have a mass of about one-eighteenth of the mass of Hydrogen.

The prevailing theory in scientific circles is that all molecules of matter are built up of these electrons, which move within the molecule with a velocity of the same order as that of light, and this is in general accord with occult observation. But if such be the case the amount of energy latent in matter is tremendous. The energy confined in a single ounce of matter would require more than twenty figures to express it in the usual scientific unit, and if suddenly released would exert a force equal to the explosion of millions of millions of tons of gunpowder. A mass of gunpowder the size of Mont Blanc or even Everest would release less force on explosion than is contained in a single ounce of matter if these modern theories be true. Is it possible that by turning his thoughts inward the Yogî obtains some control of these forces? If so, his powers may become of the same order as that said to be possessed by "Faith," which we are told is able to remove mountains and cast them into the sea?

It is well, perhaps, that the secret of these forces is so carefully kept.

G. E. S.

AN IDEAL

ONLY to give, eternally to give,
 As one who, having all, seeks no reward,
 Who, needing nothing, fears not punishment.
 To be—while life and death beneath me flow,
 To be—in an infinity of rest,
 Abode of power, point of a timeless life,
 To be—within the eternal Present safe
 Where every fibre wakes to life and love.
 Receiving all, to know no want or fear;
 Perceiving all, to know no void or blank;
 Renouncing nothing, to have gathered all
 Into the focus of one brilliant ray;
 By strength of every faculty to gain
 Foundation strong whereon to plant my feet.

X n-1.

THE PERFECT SERMON, OR THE ASCLEPIUS

A SERMON OF THRICE-GREATEST HERMES TO ASCLEPIUS

(CONTINUED FROM P. 443)

[X. M.] BUT now the question as to deathlessness or as to death must be discussed.

The expectation and the fear of death torture the multitude, who do not know true reason.

Now death is brought about by dissolution of the body, wearied out with toil, and of the number, when complete, by which the body's members are arranged into a single engine for the purposes of life. The body dies, when it no longer can support the life powers* of a man.

This, then, is death,—the body's dissolution, and the disappearance of corporeal sense.†

As to *this* death anxiety is needless. But there's another [death] which no man can escape,‡ but which the ignorance and unbelief of man thinks little of.

ASCLEPIUS. What is it, O Thrice-greatest one, that men know nothing of, or disbelieve that it can be ?

TRISMEGISTUS. So, lend thy ear, Asclepius !

* *Vitalia.*

† This passage is quoted in the original Greek by Stobæus, in his *Florilegium*, 120 [119], under the heading "Of Hermes from the [Sermons] to Asclepius." It runs as follows in Gaisford's text (Oxford; 1822), iii. 464 :

"Now must we speak of death. For death affrights the many as the greatest of all ills, in ignorance of fact. Death is the dissolution of the toiling frame. For when the 'number' of the body's joints becomes complete,—the basis of the body's jointing being number,—that body dies; [that is], when it no longer can support the man. And this is death,—the body's dissolution and the disappearance of corporeal sense."

The directness and the sturdy vigour of the Greek original has clearly lost much in the rhetorical paraphrasing of the Latin translator.

‡ *Necessaria.*

XXVIII.

When, [then,] the soul's departure from the body shall take place,—then shall the judgment and the weighing of its merit pass into its highest dæmon's power.

And when he sees it pious is and just,—he suffers it to rest in spots appropriate to it.

But if he find it soiled with stains of evil deeds, and fouled with vice,—he drives it from above into the depths, and hands it o'er to warring hurricanes and vortices of air, of fire, and water.

'Twixt heaven and earth, upon the waves of cosmos, is it dragged in contrary directions, for ever racked with ceaseless pains;* so that in this its deathless nature doth afflict the soul, in that because of its unceasing sense, it hath the yoke of ceaseless torture set upon its neck.

Know, then, that we should dread, and be afraid, and [ever] be upon our guard, lest we should be entangled in these [toils].

For those who do not now believe, will after their misdeeds be driven to believe, by facts not words, by actual sufferings of punishment and not by threats.

ASCLEPIUS. The faults of men are not, then, punished, O Thrice-greatest one, by law of man alone?

TRISMEGISTUS. In the first place, Asclepius, all things on earth must die.

Further, those things which live by reason of a body, and which do cease from living by reason of the same,—all these, according to the merits of this life, or its demerits, find due [rewards or] punishments.

* Ménard here quotes a couple of lines from Empedocles (c. 494-434 B.C.), cited by Plutarch, but without giving any reference. They are from the famous passage beginning *ἔστιν ἀνάγκης χρῆμα κ. τ. λ.* (369-382), of which the following is Fairbanks' translation. See Fairbanks (A.), *The First Philosophers of Greece* (London; 1898), p. 205.

"There is an utterance of Necessity, an ancient decree of the gods, eternal, sealed fast with broad oaths: Whenever any one defiles his body sinfully with bloody gore or perjures himself in regard to wrongdoing,—one of those spirits who are heir to long life (*δαίμων, οὔτε μακράϊωνες λελάχασι βιοῖο*),—thrice ten thousand seasons shall he wander apart from the blessed, being born meanwhile in all sorts of mortal forms (*φυνόμενον παντοῖα διὰ χρόνου εἶδεα θνητῶν*) changing one bitter path of life for another. For mighty Air pursues him Seaward, and Sea spews him forth on the threshold of Earth, and Earth casts him into the rays of the unwearied Sun, and Sun into the eddies of Air: one receives him from the other, and all hate him. One of these now am I too, a fugitive from the gods and a wanderer, at the mercy of raging Strife."

[And as to punishments] they're all the more severe, if in their life [their misdeeds] chance to have been hidden, till their death. For [then] they will be made full conscious of all things by the divinity, just as they are, according to the shades of punishment allotted to their crimes.

XXIX.

ASCLEPIUS. And these deserve [still] greater punishments, Thrice-greatest one ?

TRISMEGISTUS. [Assuredly ;] for those condemned by laws of man do lose their life by violence ; so that [all] men may see they have not yielded up their soul to pay the debt of nature, but have received the penalty of their deserts.

Upon the other hand, the righteous man finds his defence in serving God and deepest piety. For God doth guard such men from every ill.*

Yea, He who is the sire of all, [our] lord, and who alone is all, doth love to show Himself to all.

It is not by the place where he may be, nor by the quality which he may have, nor by the greatness which he may possess, but by the mind's intelligence alone, that He doth shed His light on man,—[on him] who shakes the clouds of error from his soul, and sights the brilliancy of truth, mingling himself with the all-sense of the divine intelligence ; through love of which he wins his freedom from that part of him o'er which death rules, and has the seed of the assurance of his future deathlessness implanted in him.

This, then, is how the good will differ from the bad. Each several one shall shine in piety, in sanctity, in prudence, in worship, and in service of [our] God, and see true reason, as though [he looked at it] with [corporal] eyes ; and each shall by the confidence of his belief excel all other men, as by its light the Sun the other stars.†

For that it is not so much by the greatness of his light as by

* Compare the fragment quoted in Greek by Lactantius, *D.I.*, ii. 15, and by Cyril, *C.J.*, iv. 130.

† *Astris*.

his holiness and his divinity, the Sun himself lights up the other stars.*

Yea, [my] Asclepius, thou should'st regard him as the second God, ruling all things, and giving light to all things living in the cosmos, whether ensouled or unensouled.

For if the cosmos is a living thing, and if it has been, and it is, and will be ever-living,—naught in the cosmos is subject to death.

For of an ever-living thing, it is [the same] of every part which is; [that is,] that 't is [as ever-living] as it is [itself]; and in the world itself [which is] for everyone, and at the self-same time an ever-living thing of life,—in it there is no place for death.†

And so he‡ should be the full store of life and deathlessness; if that it needs must be that he should live for ever.

And so the Sun, just as the cosmos, lasts for aye. So is he, too, for ever ruler of [all] vital powers, or of [our] whole vitality; he is their ruler, or the one who gives them out.

God, then, is the eternal ruler of all living things, or vital functions, that are in the world. He is the everlasting giver-forth of life itself.

Once for all [time] He hath bestowed life on all vital powers; He further doth preserve them by a law that lasts for evermore, as I will [now] explain.

XXX.

For in the very life of the eternity§ is cosmos moved; and in the very everlastingness|| of life [itself] is cosmic space.¶

On which account it** shall not stop at any time, nor shall

* *Stellas*.

† The text of this paragraph is very corrupt.

‡ That is, the Sun.

§ *Æternitatis*, doubtless αἰῶνος in the original Greek,—that is, the æon.

|| *Æternitate*; æon again.

¶ Lit., the space of cosmos.

** *Sci.*, cosmos.

it be destroyed; for that its very self is palisaded* round about, and bound together as it were, by living's sempiternity.

Cosmos is [thus] life-giver unto all that are in it, and is the space of all that are in governance beneath the Sun.

The motion of the cosmos in itself consisteth of a two-fold energy. 'Tis vivified itself from the without by the eternity,† and vivifies all things that are within—making all different, by numbers and by times, fixed and appointed [for them].

Now Time's distinguished on the earth by quality of air, by variation of its heat and cold; in heaven by the returnings of the stars to the same spots, the revolution of their course in Time.

And while the cosmos is the home‡ of Time, it is kept green [itself] by reason of Time's course and motion.

Time, on the other hand, is kept by regulation. Order and time effect renewal of all things which are in cosmos by means of alternation.

[XI. M.] All things, then, being thus, there's nothing stable, nothing fixed, nothing immoveable, of things that are being born, in heaven or on the earth.

Immoveable§ [is] God alone, and rightly [He] alone; for He Himself is in Himself, and by Himself, and round Himself, completely full and perfect.

He is His own immoveable stability. Nor by the pressure of some other one can He be moved, nor in the space [of anyone].

For in Him are all [spaces], and He Himself alone is in them all; unless someone should venture to assert that God's own

* *Circumvallatus et quasi constrictus*. Compare with this the idea of the Horos or Boundary in the æonology of "Them of Valentinus," as set forth by Hippolytus (*Philosophumena*, vi. 31):

"Moreover that the formlessness of the Abortion should finally never again make itself visible to the perfect æons, the Father Himself also sent forth the additional emanation of a single æon, the Cross [or Stock τὸν σταυρόν], which being created great, as [the creature] of the great and perfect Father, and emanated to be the Guard and Wall of protection [lit., Paling or Stockade—χαράκωμα, the Roman *vallum*] of the æons, constitutes the Boundary (ὄρος) of the Plerōma, holding the thirty æons together within itself. For these [thirty] are they which form the divine creation." See *Fragments*, p. 342.

† That is, the æon.

‡ *Receptaculum*.

§ That is, changeless,

motion's in eternity ;* nay, rather, it is just immoveable eternity itself, back into which the motion of all times is funded, and out of which the motion of all times takes its beginning.

XXXI.

God, then, hath [ever] been unchanging,† and ever, in like fashion, with Himself hath the eternity consisted,—having within itself cosmos ingenerate, which we correctly call [God] sensible.

Of that [transcendent] Deity this image hath been made,—cosmos the imitator of eternity.

Time, further, hath the strength and nature of its own stability, in spite of its being in perpetual motion,—from its necessity of [ever] from itself reverting to itself.

And so, although eternity is stable, motionless, and fixed, still, seeing that the movement of [this] time (which is subject to motion) is ever being recalled into eternity,—and for that reason time's mobility is circular,—it comes to pass that the eternity itself, although in its own self, is motionless, [yet] on account of time, in which it is—(and it *is* in it)—it seems to be in movement as all motion.

So that it comes to pass, that both eternity's stability becometh moved, and time's mobility becometh stable.

So may we ever hold that God Himself is moved into Himself by [ever-] same transcendency of motion.‡

For that stability is in His vastness motion motionless; for by His vastness is [His] law exempt from change.§

That, then, which so transcends, which is not subject unto sense, [which is] beyond all bounds, [and which] cannot be grasped,—That transcends all appraisement; That cannot be supported, nor borne up, nor can it be tracked out.

For where, and when, and whence, and how, and what, He

* That is, again, in the æon.

† *Stabilis.*

‡ *Eadem immobilitate.* The whole is an endeavour to at-one the "Platonic" root-opposites "same" (*ταὐτόν*) and "other" (*θάτερον*)—the "Self" and the "not-Self," *sat-asat*, *ātman-ātman*, of the Upaniṣhads.

§ Lit., motionless.

is,—is known to none.* For He's borne up by [His] supreme stability, and His stability is in Himself [alone],—whether [this mystery] be God, or the eternity, or both, or one in other, or both in either.

And for this cause, just as eternity transcends the bounds of time; so time [itself], in that it cannot have bounds set to it by number, or by change, or by the period of the revolution of some second [kind of time],—is of the nature of eternity.

Both, then, seem boundless, both eternal. And so stability, though naturally fixed, yet seeing that it can sustain the things that are in motion,—because of all the good it does by reason of its firmness, deservedly doth hold the chiefest place.

XXXII.

The principles of all that are, are, therefore, God and æon.†

The cosmos, on the other hand, in that 't is moveable, is not a principle.‡

For its mobility exceeds its own stability by treating the immoveable fixation as the law of everlasting movement.

The whole sense,§ then, of the Divinity, though like [to Him], in its own self immoveable, doth set itself in motion within its own stability.

'Tis holy, incorruptible, and everlasting, and if there can be any better attribute to give to it, ['t is its],—eternity of God supreme, in truth itself subsisting, the fullness of all things, of sense, and of the whole of science, consisting, so to say, with God.||

* Compare the hymn in the Poimandrés collection.

† Or, eternity.

‡ Lit., does not hold the chief place.

§ Presumably the cosmos, or sensible God, as one.

|| *Consistens, ut ille dixerim, cum deo.* Is there possibly here underlying the Latin *consistens cum deo* the expanded form of the peculiar and elliptical *πρὸς τὸν θεὸν* of the Proem to the fourth Gospel (the *cum deo* of the Vulgate)? This was explained by the Gnostic Ptolemy, somewhere about the middle of the second century, as "at-one-ment with God," in his exegesis of the opening words, which he glosses as: "The at-one-ment with each other, together with their at-one-ment with the Father" (*ἡ πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἅμα καὶ ἡ πρὸς τὸν πατέρα ἑνωσις*). So that the first verse of the Proem would run: "In the Beginning was the Logos, and the Logos was (one) with God; yea, the Logos was God. He was in the Beginning (one) with God"—? *consistens cum deo.* See Irenæus, *Ref. Om. Hær.*, I. viii. 5—Stieren (Leipzig; 1853), i. 102; also *Fragments*, p. 388.

The cosmic sense is the container* of all sensibles, [all] species, and [all] sciences.

The human [higher sense consists] in the retentiveness of memory, in that it can recall all things that it hath done.

For only just as far as the man-animal has the divinity of sense† descended; in that God hath not willed the highest sense divine should be commingled with the rest of animals; lest it should blush for shame on being mingled with the other lives.

For whatsoever be the quality, or the extent, of the intelligence of a man's sense, the whole of it consists in power of recollecting what is past.

It is through his retentiveness of memory, that man's been made the ruler of the earth.

Now the intelligence of nature‡ can be won by quality of cosmic sense,—from all the things in cosmos which sense can perceive.

Concerning [this] eternity, which is the second [one],—the sense of this we get from out the senses' cosmos, and we discern its quality [by the same means].

But the intelligence of quality [itself], the "whatness" of the sense of God supreme, is truth alone,—of which [pure] truth not even the most tenuous sketch, or [faintest] shade, in cosmos is discerned.

For where is aught [of it] discerned by measurement of times,—wherein are seen untruths, and births [-and-deaths], and errors?

Thou seest, then, Asclepius, on what we are [already] founded, with what we occupy ourselves, and after what we dare to strive.

But unto Thee, O God most high, I give my thanks, in that Thou hast enlightened me with light to see divinity!

And ye, O Tat, Asclepius and Ammon, in silence hide the mysteries divine within the secret places of your hearts,§ and breathe no word of their concealment!

* Or, receptacle.

† That is, the divine or higher sense, connected with memory in its beginnings and with "reminiscence" (the Pythagorean *mathēsis*) in its maturity.

‡ That is, cosmos.

§ Lit., breasts.

Now in our case the intellect doth differ from the sense in this,—that by the mind's extension intellect can reach to the intelligence and the discernment of the quality of cosmic sense.

The intellect of cosmos, on the other hand, extends to the eternity and to the gnosis of the gods who are above itself.*

And thus it comes to pass for men, that we perceive the things in heaven, as it were through a mist, as far as the condition of the human sense allows.

'Tis true that the extension [of the mind] which we possess for the survey of such transcendent things, is very narrow [still]; but [it will be] most ample when it shall perceive with the felicity of [true] self-consciousness.

G. R. S. MEAD.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

IN THE MASTER'S SHADOW

A TRUE EPISODE

SEO-CHUN-SENTZÉ,

October 22nd, 1904.

THE morning had been radiant,—one of those early mornings that seem to glorify Manchuria above all other lands,—the sky a blaze of the deepest blue, the earth beneath a glory of gold, nature lovely everywhere. But alas! in an hour or two, how unlike the morning was the day!—for it was the tenth day of the battle of Mukden. The booming of cannon began to be heard, now here, now there, and soon from every point on the horizon.

The serene brow of Heaven itself took on clouds of wrath as it were, reflecting the rage of the hosts in the battle below, as they hurled on each other hatred from their guns.

The guns and the hate alike, however, were both of artificial making; so that, even while surveying the horrors of the fight,

* That is, presumably, the supercosmic gods; what the Gnostics would have called the "æons."

the statue of the Master, in a little shrine near by, beneath the shadow of a "luch" tree, could truthfully wear its accustomed smile. It was an image of Him who, searching into men's deepest hearts, alike in the great far country, and in the near beautiful land, knows that the inmost souls of heroes such as these are unable to hate each other.

A few steps from the Buddha's shrine stood the tents of the Russian Red Cross, the hospital sent to the battlefield by the nobility of the land of the Tzar. A Sister of Mercy had just come out of one of the larger tents, when her attention was attracted by the gesticulations of a Chinese driver who ran towards her.

"Madam, Madam," he cried in his broken Russian, "wounded come, many come; *djiben* is!"

"Is what, Huntai?"

"*Djiben*," he cried excitedly.

She suddenly remembered that they had thus deformed the name of Japan.

So there were some wounded enemies coming, enemies no longer,—the greater sufferers for thus suffering among a stranger race. She turned at once to go. The cart was dragging itself slowly into the yard at that very moment. . . .

A pale face, very young, though scarcely refined as the faces of the higher classes, big black, astonished eyes, under the white bandage compressing a ghastly wound in the head. . . . Limbs paralysed, and manifestly for life! . . .

Oh, the pity of it! He loved his country; and as he is brought in, the Russian men about him, who worship theirs, feel their hearts going out towards that boy. The golden precept, "Love your enemies," seems at this hour an easy matter.

He looks at the Russians. Though lying helpless on his litter, and pale with pain, his mind is still busy. These tall men and women, nearly all as dark as himself, how many hateful things he has heard of them! They are fiends these people, he believes it with all his soul. And yet, and yet, as they stand there, or lift the other wounded from the litters, placed on the Chinese *arbas*, everyone smiles kindly at him. They have not the look of fiends at all!

But his throat is parched. He is burning with fever. In

spite of his pride he almost groans. Lonely indeed he is among them, for surely they cannot understand so much as his pleading for a draught of water.

"*Atama-ga itamimas?*"* asks a kind voice at his side.

He starts at the sound of his own beloved tongue. Do they actually speak his language? "*Sae*" (yes), he murmurs.

"*Midsuo?*"† asks the Russian again, and turns for a cup of cooling drink.

The hospital attendants now approach to lift him into the tent. They look at the Japanese uniform. "The Guards," one says. He is of the battalion which has fallen to the last man. "And none fled?" "None." "Heroes!" "Heroes!" say the Russians all around.

With a chivalrous gesture the young soldier, who had addressed him, bends his tall form down to the wounded boy, and, taking off his hat, stretches out his hand.

"*Molodetz!*" (Brave one!), he exclaims, "We are friends here, are we not?" And his hand seeks caressingly the hand of the prisoner.

The young Japanese looked up, stared, and then, understanding, amicably pressed with such strength as he had left, the offered hand of the Russian.

All around looked their approval. The Sister turned away to hide tears; and lo! over the Master's shrine, and over the clouds, the first star was shining in the East.

A RUSSIAN.

* "Does your head ache?" † "Water?"

RECTITUDE is the power of deciding upon a certain course of conduct in accordance with reason, without wavering;—to die when it is right to die, to strike when to strike is right.

Rectitude is the bone that gives firmness and stature. As without bones the head cannot rest on the top of the spine, nor hands move, nor feet stand, so without rectitude neither talent nor learning can make of a human frame a Samurai. With it the lack of accomplishments is as nothing.—BUSHI APHORISMS.

CONCERNING THE SPORTSMAN

Qui s'excuse s'accuse.

FROM time to time there bursts forth in the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW what sounds uncommonly like the bitter wail of somebody's Lower Quaternary which is being goaded by its Higher Triad along the path of virtue that it doesn't want to tread. Memory furnishes several examples of this phenomenon, and the January number brings to light the last variety in the shape of a defence of the sportsman. The defence is said to be called forth by attacks in Theosophical literature, violent and frequent, for they are described as "endless anathema," and we are told that "month after month the thunders of the prosecuting counsel alone are heard."

Notwithstanding what the market reporter might call a fair-to-middling acquaintance with the literature issued in connection with the modern Theosophical movement, the above statement caused considerable surprise, and much cudgelling of memory failed to produce evidence of these monthly thunders directed upon the unhappy wight who figures as Colonel Thornton's client. One recalls H. P. B.'s caustic remarks in an old *Theosophist* article* anent the tame pheasant *battue*, and Mrs. Besant's general treatment of the subject of our relation to the lower kingdoms in *Man's Place and Functions in Nature*, also Mr. Leadbeater's cursory references to slaughter for sport in *Glimpses of Occultism*, and elsewhere, but neither memory nor some search has brought to light any such tremendous condemnation as the writer of the article under consideration would have us suppose repeats itself *ad nauseam* in our literature.

I fall back, therefore, on the rebellious Lower Quaternary theory to explain the extraordinary sensitiveness which can

* *Have Animals Souls?* reprinted as a *Theosophical Sifting*.

magnify such condemnations of "sport" as *have* appeared into the "endless anathemas" which have harrowed the feelings of the defender of the sportsman. In support of such a theory the article itself offers a conclusive paragraph, for the writer admits: "Of course I do not dispute that a time must come when he [man] has learnt all that sport can teach him, and he needs a gentler, more delicate school; but it seems to me that his own nature tells him when that time has arrived, and he requires no denunciations from without to guide him."

Precisely. It is exactly when a man begins to think the time has come for him to put away childish things that outside suggestion pricks him most. Up till then denunciation or suggestion alike pass him by—his withers are unwrung. Nothing annoys us so much as accusations which go home. The bitterest reproaches move us not when undeserved.

But there are one or two things which, as Colonel Thornton has raised the discussion, may as well be said on the general question.

In the first place the sportsman, as carefully defined by his advocate, appears to be a very *rara avis* indeed. For mark: "He matches his nerve, his skill, and his wits against the instinct, the cunning, or the brute force of the animal he hunts, the essence of the contract being that the conditions should be equal, or, preferably, the advantage on the side of the hunted."

All this would be very fine indeed, if—it were *true*. But is it? I suppose we might find here and there cases where those conditions were fairly represented, in the wilder life of Africa, India, or America, let us say—but even there, as Seton Thomson has so ably shown, the odds in the long run are always in favour of the rifle. Willingly we may concede that if the conditions were such as Mrs. Steele has described in her vivid story of the *Keeper of the Pass*, they would justify the description of the sportsman above laid down.

There, indeed, are conditions to develop courage, self-reliance, any amount of good qualities if you will, when the naked Pathan faces the night with no weapon but his spear to meet the man-eating tiger of the hills. But these are *not* the conditions of modern sport in the mass. The man "who learns

to face a tiger " is the exception and not the rule, and I venture to think that Colonel Thornton cannot find a single paragraph written against such a man in the whole range of Theosophical literature. But there are ways *and* ways of facing a tiger, and the ever-memorable lady with the umbrella and the Pathan with his spear would, in my opinion, compare to great moral advantage with the sahib in a howdah, or up a tree, armed with large bore breech-loader.

What *has* been condemned, where condemnation has been made, is the degradation of making slaughter into sport. Making a game, a pleasure, an entertainment, of the wholesale slaughter of innocent and harmless creatures. Breeding them in fact to have the pleasure (?) of afterwards mangling and destroying them. Surely this delusion of the desirability of so-called sport is the most extraordinary of any that has blinded the moral sight of civilised man. What is it in reality that Colonel Thornton asks us to admire?

Stroll through the woods on a game preserved estate in spring and you find hen-coops galore, each with its clucking barn-door fowl with her brood of young pheasants—scores of them. Go in September and the wood is swarming with tame pheasants, literally less scared by people and dogs than I have often seen a yardful of domestic poultry. Then in October you may watch the carnage. All the rag, tag and bobtail of the nearest village howling, shouting and clattering through the woods as beaters, and the sportsmen (?) standing or sitting while the birds are driven up in clouds to be killed (or wounded) as fast as guns can be loaded and discharged with the assistance of the keepers. But Colonel Thornton assures us: " His [the sportsman's] aim is not the destruction of the greatest amount of life with the least exertion to himself " !

Or take another " sport." In many places in the home counties the following (or worse things) can be seen, as I saw them from my own door a very few months ago. Howling and shouting disturb the quiet of the countryside, men and women on horseback clatter about the lanes and across the fields, scattering cows and sheep in all directions, fences are broken, gates left open, gigs, phaetons and landaus with horses in a lather tear

about the roads and a grand commotion reigns supreme; all because somebody's buck hounds are harrying a poor miserable creature which, as it passes within a few yards, looks like an underfed calf and travels about as fast, a few feet ahead of the nearest hound. Indeed the specimen I saw found temporary refuge on the lawn of a neighbour who, with caustic politeness, offered the hunt one of her calves "to be going on with." I didn't see any signs of "austerity" or "cleanness of life" as a necessary concomitant of *this* sport, and neither courage nor even "the germs of virtues which crown the Adept" were at all in evidence.

Or perhaps it is a fox whose "instinct, cunning and brute force" is matched against twenty-six dogs and anything from thirty to a hundred men and horses. A fox which may, or may not, have been bagged and turned down (like the poor deer out of a cart), but, in any case, has been encouraged to breed solely in order that he may afford joy in his "breaking up" and his bleeding tail (euphemistically called a brush) adorn the saddle of the hardest rider. "Lo! the poor [scalp-hunting] Indian"! how often has the pathos of the missionary drawn pennies from the pious to effect his conversion regardless of the fact that he is engaged in fostering the germs of virtues, etc. . . . Or a timid hare is chivied over miles of country and finally torn in pieces for the amusement of young gentlemen from Eton who are being trained to display all the virtues of manliness and humanity in order to govern an empire! Not the true Kshattriya but a pseudo variety can be thus produced.

But it needs not to pile Ossa on Pelion—blood sports as pursued in this country, not counting pigeon shooting, which even Colonel Thornton condemns, are emphatically *not* calculated to elevate and develop a man's better nature. I do not say that cross-country riding is not a wholesome pursuit for the improvement of a man's nerve and temper, on the contrary I think it is, but it can be just as well developed, nay better, by following a well-laid drag. Hockey, polo, football, any athletic game in reason is a first-rate developer of fitness and self-restraint, but the introduction of slaughter is precisely the element that degrades and taints any sport.

As to the fate of the sportsman on the astral plane, about

which Colonel Thornton seems to hold, or have gathered, some peculiar views, as also of his own possible actions thereon, I speak *not* as one having authority, but I really don't think that the "unpopularity of sport in Theosophical circles" has any connection with it. What I should be inclined to credit my brethren in the Theosophical Society with as a reason for disliking sport, is that they have evolved beyond the point of the very possibility of being in the slightest degree amused, or entertained, or pleased, by participation in the unnecessary shedding of blood. I can conceive of slaughter, whether of men or animals, becoming under some circumstances a duty, even for the Theosophist, but that educated, intelligent, and, yes I admit, often *not* unkindly men can find a *pleasure* in mere killing remains an enigma which even arguments based on the *Bhagavad Gîtâ* do not begin to explain.

What the prophets of one venerable religion thought on this question may be gathered from the two verses here appended :

"If anyone knowingly and intentionally kill a harmless animal, and do not meet with retribution in the same life either from the Unseen or the earthly ruler, he will find punishment awaiting him at his next coming."—*Desatir : Book of the Prophet the Great Abad*, v. 75.

"Without kindness to harmless animals and self-mortification, none can arrive at the angels. Such abide beneath the sphere of the moon, and by virtue of their little self-mortification [self-restraint], following their own fancies, liken what they see to other things, and thus come to act wrong."—*Ibid.*, v. 137 and 138.

EDITH WARD.

WHEN others speak all manner of evil things against thee, return not evil for evil, but rather regret that thou wast not more faithful in the discharge of thy duties.

When others blame thee, blame them not ; when others are angry at thee, return not anger. Joy cometh only as passion and desire depart.—BUSHI APHORISMS.

PSEUDO-SCIENTIFIC SPECULATIONS

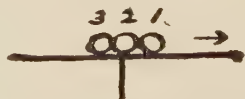
THE following suggestions are not to be taken as theories, not even as analogies, but merely as vague parallels. They are not for the purpose of proving anything, but merely suggestions, by which the mind may be helped in building diagrams, which, again, must only be looked on as jumping-off places on the shore of the unknown.

From the scientific point of view this is perhaps only barely justifiable, and, if this should meet the scientific eye, I hope the reader will remember that the suggestions are only for those others who have not so much diagram material to hand.

By nature a scientist, though by trade belonging to one of the least exact branches, the writer would be sorry if his use of scientific facts, which he regards as precious material, not to be used lightly for castle-building, should hurt the feelings of scientists. He has for them all a most sincere respect, so long as they stick to their chosen last and content themselves with saying, "We have never yet seen this," not "This cannot be."

No question more difficult of mental comprehension can, from the very nature of things, possibly be found than that concerning the beginning of all things, and the gradual evolution of "spirit" and "matter." While then I hope that no one will be so thoughtless as to fancy that the following suggestions in any way represent what really happens, still they do in a way represent what *might happen* in a similar case on the *physical plane*.

Suppose a little see-saw, on which, over the point of suspension, rest three balls. To all appearance their presence makes no difference to the system. Take them all



away; the see-saw does not move. Put them all back; it does not move. They are "unmanifest." If, however, ball 1 for any reason starts to roll in the direction of the arrow, the see-saw at once moves. The weight of ball 1 becomes manifest. At the

same time the weight of ball 3 manifests itself negatively, while ball 2 remains unmanifest.

As regards "negative manifestation,"—suppose only ball 1 were present; as it ran out it would cause such movements of the see-saw as we could show were rightly due to the ball's weight, which we could determine. If, however, ball 3 were in place, the manifested weight of ball 1 would be less than in the other case by the amount to which it was counterbalanced by ball 3. Balls 1 and 3 are "relatively manifest."

If we could get rid of friction and suchlike physical impediments, we might without much difficulty imagine such an arrangement as that ball 1, on getting to the end of the arm, would run back again—returning into the unmanifest. It may there either push ball 3, so that ball 3 starts off and does a similar journey, or it may itself repeat its experience. It is "unmanifest" only while passing through the neutral point—the "*laya*" point.

From this experiment we get a conception of a matter which it is impossible to comprehend, but which cannot be disproved, *viz.*, that a *part* only of the unmanifest may become manifest, without involving what is sometimes treated as a logical deduction, the whole of the remaining portion being at once manifest by contrast (negatively).

Suppose we imagine—quite unjustifiably, but it is the only course open to us—that the first results of manifestation are particles, infinitely small, infinitely subtle, moving in all possible ways, very rapidly, but all exactly similar. It can be shown mathematically that, in such a case, as the result of collisions between the particles, some of which we may call fortunate and others unfortunate, in the course of time the fortunate particles will have robbed the unfortunate ones of a great deal of their energy. Simply put, some will be moving very fast and powerfully, others will be sluggish and impotent; and between these groups there will be, under certain conditions, a gulf. The two groups will not tail off into each other, but they will still both be composed of the same sort of particles, as particles. This at least gives us an illustration of how material, the same all through at the beginning, can become separated by its own action into what we may *name* (nothing more) "spirit" and "matter."

Suppose a pendulum hung by a spring, in such a way that, while it swings, it also bobs up and down. If such a pendulum is gently let down into a dish of water the swing will be gradually stopped, while an eddy will be set up in the water which will surround the pendulum-bob and enclose it. This surrounding cocoon is a "*tattva*"—the pendulum being the "*tanmâtva*." The up and down movements will also produce a different set of eddies, and the two sets will combine and interlace after the manner of a Lissajou figure.



If, instead of the water, we could imagine some kind of mixture, one component of which could be moved only up and down, one only laterally, and one in both directions equally, we should see that the resulting network of eddies will not be a complete picture all through of the Lissajou figure, but that, mixed up with a complete one, there will be portions, complementary portions more or less, of others, due to the stuffs which are limited in their capacities for disturbance. These portions may not seem in any way connected when viewed individually, but if we can get a view of the whole, we can see their relations.

These different *tattvas* might, *e.g.*, be heat and electricity as we know them on the physical plane. The *tattva* is the eddy or directions of movement, not the stuff of which the eddy is formed. It is the Cheshire cat's grin.

The pendulum-bob here represents "spirit" in its action, though it is unfortunately a very gross example.

Suppose again—a rather less gross image—an atmosphere filled with floating particles of different sizes and weights. If we make a vortex ring travel through this atmosphere, and quite leave out of consideration the internal composition of the ring,—as it goes through the atmosphere, rotating all the time, it will drag round with its moving surface some of the particles, though only to a very slight extent.

The smaller and lighter will be dragged first, and afterwards the heavier. One can thus mentally picture the ring as passing along with a skin of fine particles round it, moving as it does; outside this skin, or mixed up with it, a skin of larger ones, and so on. This would not actually happen, for as a physical experi-

ment it would be the air which would be dragged, and it would move the particles, but in the case we are considering there is no "solvent" between them. The skin would not be made of a permanent collection of particles; a particle would be struck by the spinning ring, would have a slight similar rotation imparted to it, and at the same time would be knocked away, so that round the ring there would be rather a "skin of influence." The great majority of the particles in this skin would have received a slight spin from the ring, or be just going to do so. But though these particles would always be changing, moving away and being replaced by others, the skin would remain, just as one sees the skin of hot air over the ground in summer, though of course it is made of quite a different lot of air each moment.

This, too, is a very crude example. Still if in the light of these two suggestions together we think of the descent of "spirit" into "matter" we may get a kind of idea of what happens.

The swiftly moving "spirit particles" mentioned above move in all possible directions—or rather, perhaps, let us say, spin round on all possible diameters. They enter the atmosphere of mixed sluggish particles, *which are exactly the same particles as the spirit ones and differ only in their movement.*

(Here for a moment our parallel must become even vaguer and less of a parallel than before in order to enable us to "take a short cut"—if one may mix the metaphors.)

These particles, by reason of their "misfortunes," will be spinning feebly, not on all diameters, but some on one, some on another, some on several.

Our "spirit particle" will first influence the more subtle ones, those with several axes, sorting them out so to speak according to the number of ways of rotation of which they are capable; and so on with the others. When those with only one axis of rotation have been influenced, the physical plane is reached, and the "spirit particle" will be surrounded with various "sheaths" composed of particles of different complexities of rotation.

The "spirit particle" in its sheaths is not yet an atom. All this is æons before the evolution of the first atom. In the atom we must imagine a similar result, arrived at in a similar way, but for

each of the particles, above mentioned, must be substituted a whole system of " spirit particles " and their sheaths.

The " spirit particle " differs from the pendulum-bob and the vortex ring in an even more essential way than in its " grossness." It has in its early beginning robbed its less fortunate neighbours of so much energy that its movement is practically indestructible. It can never be stopped from springing and moving by the " friction " of its sheaths. Still they hamper its movements and keep it from spinning so happily and light-heartedly as it could " in its own place."

But, perhaps, it might be, that it feels some compunction for the way in which it was permitted by fortune to rob its neighbours of the energy which has enabled it to experience such an existence, so inconceivably more complete and more complicated, both in movement and axes of rotation, than had ever been experienced or could ever have been experienced if it had remained one of the common herd. The only atonement it can make for this is not to try to escape from its sheaths, but to remain within them, so that by its spinning it may influence, and by its example gradually train, all the other particles till they too can enjoy what it has once enjoyed, but has renounced for their sakes. So that at last they all spin together on all possible axes.

And here again the mathematical result mentioned above gives our imaginations a hint. It says that after a still greater lapse of time all the particles will have become again alike in their movements, and that all the energy which had been manifested as external movement will be gathered up inside the particles as internal movement which is heat, and which, perhaps, if we carefully avoid all odious comparisons, we may think of for the moment, and in this connection only, as exaltation of consciousness. And then perhaps something else happens.

W. X.

LEARNING without thought is labour lost ; thought without learning is perilous.—CONFUCIUS.

SOME REMARKS ON "THE KEY TO THEOSOPHY"*

IN an appendix to a short essay on the Platonic theory of *psychē* published in the Dutch review *Theosophia* (November, 1904), I offered some criticism on the views expressed by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Key to Theosophy* on Greek psychology. As *The Key* largely makes use of exoteric data I think my remarks may interest English Theosophists, the more so, as I have been able to trace to their source nearly all the references, which *The Key* quotes without exact documentary indication. Perhaps it is but fair to preface that I am not a Theosophist.

1. In the section on "The Septenary Nature of Man" (p. 63), *The Key* says: "Plato speaks of the interior man as constituted of two parts—one immutable and always the same, formed of the same substance as Deity, and the other mortal and corruptible."

This is indeed, as to the words, substantially the theory of the *Timæus* (xxx. i. ; 69 c). It should be remarked, however, that the term *part* is apt to be misunderstood, as has been pointed out by Mr. Arthur Hind in his fine edition of the *Phædo*. In speaking of the "mortal part of the soul," Plato means that part of the functions of the soul which arises from the union of the soul with the mortal body. It will be well to keep this in view, in order to avoid extra confusion in treating of a problem already intricate enough from its own nature.

The Key, however, refers, on p. 64, not to the *Timæus*, but to the *Laws*, as appears from p. 78, where the same quotation occurs. This quotation from the *Laws*, however (Book x., ch. viii. ; 897 B), is doubtful evidence, as the passage treats more of cosmic forces than of psychic functions. On this point the *Timæus* is to be preferred as a document.

2. On pp. 65 and 66, *The Key* contends that Plato acknow-

* Third edition, chapters vi. and vii.

ledged the septenary nature of man; he is made a follower of Pythagoras, and to this philosopher is ascribed a theory of a threefold division of soul into *nous*, *phrēn* and *thumos*.

This division is ascribed to Pythagoras by Diogenes Laërtius (viii. 1, 30). The German scholar Zeller, however, in his famous *History of Greek Philosophy* (i. 416; iii. 90), states his conviction that the notice of Diogenes cannot be regarded as giving an authentic Pythagorean document. Diogenes Laërtius refers to another compiler, called Alexander, and this Polyhistor drew his information probably from a Neo-pythagorean book of a late date, confusing together Pythagorean, Platonic and even Stoic traditions.

The Key, moreover, is not accurate in stating that the quotation from Diogenes gives *phrēn* and *thumos* to man and animal in common; *phrēn* (properly *phrenes*) belongs to man only, *nous* and *thumos* to both man and beast.

(Of the passage of Plutarch, quoted on p. 65, note, and the remark on Pythagoras on p. 78, I have not been able to find the original documents.)*

3. On p. 66 *The Key* contends that Plato acknowledged the following seven elements as constituting the nature of man: *to Agathon*, *psuchē*, *nous*, *phrēn*, *thumos*, the *eidōlon* and the *physical body*. The following remarks, however, should be made:

a. The meaning of *to Agathon* and the relation of *to Agathon* to the essence of man are still matters of discussion.

b. It is not permitted to take *psuchē* as one part of man, and *nous*, *phrēn* and *thumos* as other parts, nor is this permission gained by the remark that *psuchē* is to be taken "in its collective sense." *Nous*, *phrēn* and *thumos* are perhaps parts of the

* H. P. B., who knew no Greek, is here manifestly quoting from someone—from whom I do not know—who ought, in this case, to be put in the pillory in her place. He, whoever he was, was a romancer of the first order, for the reference must be to Plutarch, *De Placitis Philosophorum*, iv. 4: "Πυθαγόρας, Πλάτων, κατὰ μὲν τὸν ἀνωτάτω λόγον διμερῇ τὴν ψυχὴν. τὸ μὲν γὰρ ἔχει λογικόν, τὸ δὲ ἄλογον. κατὰ δὲ τὸ προσεχὲς καὶ ἀκριβὲς, τριμερῇ. τὸ γὰρ ἄλογον διαιροῦσιν εἰς τε τὸ θυμικόν, καὶ τὸ ἐπιθυμητικόν. (I take the reference from a note to the text of Diogenes Laërtius, by Meibomius (Amsterdam; 1692), which happens to be the only text of Diogenes I have on my shelves.) Plutarch simply says that Pythagoras and Plato divided the soul (i.) in a twofold classification—(a) rational, and (b) irrational; and (ii.) in a threefold—the irrational being further subdivided into the passional and desiderative.—G. R. S. M.

soul, of *psychē* herself, but certainly not parts of man in addition to soul.

c. *Nous* and *thumos*, as has been pointed out in 1, are *not parts** of *psychē* properly so called, but *functions* of *psychē*; *nous* is *psychē* acting as pure *psychē*; *thumos* is *psychē* acting in its connection with body.

Phrēn is not a term of Platonic psychology. However, it can be given perhaps to the *desiring part* of the functions of *psychē* in connection with body, if a short term is needed,

d. *The Key* gives no documentary evidence for the assertion that Plato regards the *eidōlon* of the Mysteries as a part of man. The *Phædo* (xxx. 81, c, d; comp. *ibid.* lvii., 108, A, B) makes mention of a *phantasma* and contains even the word *eidōlon*. This *eidōlon*, however, is not a new part of man, but *psychē* itself, engrossed and contaminated by earthy elements. Perhaps one could give the name *eidōlon* to these earthy elements, but certainly Plato does not do so, and nowhere does he make mention of this material *eidōlon* as existing *without psychē*.

e. To conclude: even with a liberal spirit and while admitting the term *parts*, one cannot ascribe to Plato's theory of man a division into more than *six* parts, *viz.*, to *Agathon*, *nous*, *thumos*, the *desiring part*, the *eidōlon* and the *mortal body*. One may have doubts moreover on the *Agathon* and the *eidōlon* as constituent parts of the list.

4. The quotations on p. 78, Book X., of the *Laws* are to be found in chaps. vii. and viii., 896 B, 896 2, 897 A, B). In 1 some words have already been said about these quotations. It can be added, that the reading of the final phrase is doubtful, as it seems, however, not the *soul*, but the *mind*, that is called divine.

5. On p. 65 *The Key* says some things about Anaxagoras which are not to be found among the exoteric data.

Anaxagoras, we are told, got his term *nous* from the Egyptian *Nout*; this, however, can hardly be exact, as the word *nous* existed many centuries before Anaxagoras, and he only endowed it with a more philosophical meaning.

Moreover, we are *not* taught by the documents, that Anaxagoras regarded man as an emanation, a *logos* of deity; nor is the

* They are, however, repeatedly *so called* in classical literature.—G. R. S. M.

distinction between *noumena* and *phenomena* introduced by him, nor did he profess the theory on mortality and immortality recorded in *The Key* as his view. The terms *nous autokratēs* and *archē kinēseōs* are to be found in the exoteric documents.

6. The quotations from Plutarch on pp. 66-68 of *The Key* are taken from the essay *On the Face in the Moon's Orb*, chap. xxxviii., and contains speculations, a mixture probably of popular belief and traditions from the Mysteries. In some lines the reading is defective; the text has lost some words, which *The Key* adds by interpolation, apparently guided by the Latin translation.*

Though the quotations may be of great Theosophical importance, they add little to our knowledge of the great thinkers of antiquity.

7. In *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 148, 149 (quoted by Annie Besant in *Karma*, p. 74) is said :

“Following Plato, Aristotle explained that the term *στοιχεῖα* (elements) was understood only as meaning the incorporeal principles placed at each of the four great divisions of our cosmical world to supervise them.”

It should be understood that there is not the least exoteric evidence to support this assertion. Neither the writings of Aristotle nor those of Plato contain one single line which can be cited in favour of the quotation. The perhaps pseudo-platonic dialogue *Epinomis* makes mention of demons inhabiting the elements; these demons, however, are *corporeal* and are *not* called *στοιχεῖα*; the *Timæus* goes not even so far. The exactness of the quotation cannot therefore rest on exoteric evidence.

CH. M. VAN DEVENTER.

It may perhaps be of some assistance to Dr. van Deventer and to others who would test H. P. Blavatsky's ability by the canons of scholarship only, to bring the matter into saner perspective. Let us start with one or two preliminary facts.

H. P. Blavatsky knew no Greek (ancient Greek we mean, for it is on record that when young she could hold her own with modern Greek *gamins*); she knew no Latin (though it is recorded

* H. P. B. knew no Latin either.—G. R. S. M.

that she was good at Neapolitanese). She had been to no university. She was the despair of her governesses; not that she was stupid, but that when wanted for lessons, she was, to use scriptural language, "found not."

There are two sides to H. P. B.'s writings: (i.) the controversial; in which she attempted to support her contentions by anything she found in any book which in any way agreed with what she believed to be the inner facts of man and nature. In this she took what she found, as it appeared to her; she had no idea, nor had she any means, of testing the translations or second-hand quotations from classical authors which she so frequently used. Reliable writers and flimsy scribblers, serious scholars and ignorant cranks, she quoted with delightful impartiality. It was all in "print"; all equally good ammunition for her voracious blunderbuss. This was one side of her—a most provoking and chaotic side, not seldom a scarecrow of incongruities calculated to frighten any respectable scholastic though or rook not only out of the field but almost out of his wits.

(ii.) But there was another side. Let me put this in the form of a question. Supposing you had from your childhood seen as much of the unseen world as you did of the solid physical we all bark the shins of our normal senses upon; supposing the invisible side of things was as real to you as the visible is to almost everyone else; supposing you had been used to analyse things from this point of view, and knew others who did so, and found out that there was great wisdom in that within sense of things, and felt yourself in many strange inexpressible ways filled full of this inner energy and life; and supposing further that although physically "uneducated," in the way of science and scholarship, you found yourself, hardly knowing why or how, a sort of bridge between this invisible and the visible, and not only so, but in contact with those on the unseen side of things who were anxious to communicate some part of a great idea, and in contact on the visible side with many who desired to know something of the mystery of the unseen,—you, as I say, being no scholar, and not knowing quite how it all was, or what was expected of you, being, moreover, frequently yourself as astonished as the rest when told of things heard or seen in

the unseen, or dictated therefrom—what, I ask, would *you* have done?

We know what H. P. B. did, and we see the result of her labours in the Theosophical Movement. She accomplished a great work, a work that no scholar could have even attempted—for scholarship must in the nature of things use up most of its energies on details and *minutiæ*.

Taking, then, these facts into consideration, what must we think of the energy and ability of the soul of this brave-hearted woman? Working in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, cruelly handicapped by the lack of all technical training—she nevertheless scores point after point against the science and scholarship of her day with strange acumen and insight. Many of these contentions of hers are now accepted, others are being rapidly adopted; much, on the other hand, of what she wrote controversially was ephemeral and inaccurate. But above and beyond all this,—not to speak of the wonderful power she had of making the dry bones leap together, and of infusing radiant life into what was previously an inanimate corpse,—she was the means of making known the amazing fact that what materialistic science had thought long dead and buried, what it had contemptuously deemed the fantastic dreams of superstition and primitive culture, was gloriously alive, and triumphantly articulate once more, and not only so, but that the memory of it had not passed from the hearts of men, and that many had still ears to hear, even though few as yet had eyes to see as she did.

G. R. S. M.

THE Way is the Way of Heaven and Earth; man's place is to follow it. Therefore make it the object of thy life to reverence Heaven. Heaven loves me and others with equal love; therefore with the love wherewith thou lovest thyself, love others, make not man thy partner but Heaven, and making Heaven thy partner do thy best. Never condemn others; but see to it that thou comest not short of thine own mark.—SAIGO.

MENTAL DELUSIONS

WHEN in the pages of this magazine several writers had discussed the question of revelations, private and otherwise, it was presumed that the discussion was over, for each had said his say and retired to let the Theosophic public be the judge and arbiter. But no; with a "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more," Dr. Wells returns to the charge. If the present writer too returns to take up the discussion, it is because Dr. Wells has chosen to drag in names, and put the matter on to the repugnant platform of personalities. Surely it is possible for us, as students of Theosophy, to argue and discuss ideas for what they are worth, without turning a philosophical discussion into a controversy?

On reading Dr. Wells' last contribution, "Astral Illusions," one wonders why he is so free with his epithets—people "who should have known better," "innocent pupil," "those who have yielded to the temptation to deliver their whole thinking over to an infallible authority," and so on. It certainly is a politic thing to abuse your adversary, especially when you are having the worst of the argument; but perhaps after all Dr. Wells is only humorous. Many, however, will have grave doubts as to the propriety of such attempts at wit in a magazine devoted to philosophical discussions.

Here I hope I shall be pardoned for lapsing into the first person for a time. Dr. Wells seems to imagine that when I wrote in reply to him, I was then attempting to make a defence of Mr. Leadbeater, my "individual teacher," and his views. Now it is quite true that in this life of mine Mr. Leadbeater has done more for me than a parent does for a child; and whatever there may be of good in me is due almost wholly to his care and help. My love and gratitude for all that he has done for me is more than I can say. Nay, to Dr. Wells himself I owe my sincerest thanks for much material help given to enable me to continue my studies

years ago. But why should it therefore be supposed that what I wrote was to uphold Mr. Leadbeater, or against Dr. Wells? They are both my friends; but loyalty to friendship has nothing to do with discussions concerning Truth and how she may be found. In my article Mr. Leadbeater's name never occurs, nor is there any need for it; my remarks apply every whit to Dr. Wells himself and the revelation of Theosophy for which he is striving. I discussed the subject of revelations on general lines and on broad principles; and I am fairly convinced that none but the learned Doctor, ruminating over this matter that looms so large before his mind's eye, would put the personal construction on that article that he evidently does.

Dr. Wells complains that none of the writers that have dealt with the subject, "who should have known better," took up the point that certain new ideas are being embodied into "Theosophic Orthodoxy" without sufficient examination. If they did not discuss this point, it was because what was important from their point of view was not the discussion of these details of Theosophic study, but the whole attitude and trend of Dr. Wells' arguments. Far more important than whether certain statements were reasonable or not, is the question, "Is our knowledge of Theosophy to be considered a revelation, with which all subsequent ideas *must* be in accordance?"

Had Dr. Wells put his difficulties on to the impersonal platform of ideas to be discussed, and then to be accepted or rejected, there would have arisen a keen intellectual analysis from which much benefit might have been derived by all concerned. But instead Dr. Wells chose to put the matter differently, crying out, "You are trying to demolish *my* Theosophy, and you are unorthodox." It was against this tone of the articles that the writers *per contra* protested.

Dr. Wells calls his article "Astral Illusions." To some the ideas in it would almost seem to be the result of mental delusions. He reiterates the same points as before. He finds that some ideas of late contradict—what? the old ideas? No, the learned Doctor's *interpretation* of the old views. This is what Dr. Wells does not realise. For instance, he says: "From earliest times we have been taught that on that plane men actually *make* their

surroundings, that apparent facts change with every thought of the beholder." *We?* It is presumed that Dr. Wells speaks for himself only, for there are many of us who have *not* been so taught. Taught? Rather, have drawn our own conclusions from statements found in books. Just because a statement is made in the books that on the astral plane a man can surround himself by the creations of his own mind, Dr. Wells jumps to the conclusion that *everybody* on the astral plane must do so, and it is a world of illusions, wholly ignoring the other statements that describe that part of the astral plane which is the real and the same for all, and which is no more changed by each man's thought than is this physical world—all that astral world round us here at hand, the counterpart of the visible, and the fuller expression of it.

A similar unwarranted conclusion is drawn from a statement of Mr. Leadbeater's that "in all cases the early death of a child is a benefit and not a disadvantage." Dr. Wells imagines that this puts a premium on baby-farming. Everyone but he would have seen that Mr. Leadbeater is thinking of children whose deaths take place naturally; but it required Dr. Wells' imagination to body forth the spectre of baby-farming.

Dr. Wells further deprecates what he calls the attempt to "materialise the spiritual," and holds that statements concerning the astral world have "no relation to our present normal life at all." He is at perfect liberty to think so; but there are those to whom these statements are intensely vital, and it is just this attempt to materialise the spiritual that appeals to them in Theosophy. For Theosophy, as they understand it, shows that the invisible worlds are not worlds wholly strange and new, absolutely out of touch with our known experience; nor are they illusory, but worlds with definite laws to be cognised by the human mind, wherein life is intensely real, far more than life on earth. It is this presentation with arguments appealing to human reason, that gives them some rational faith, if not more, in the existence of life after death.

If it is in these ways that Dr. Wells holds that the new ideas contradict the old, then frankly there are many who do not agree with him. To them the newer ideas amplify and explain

the old, but do not contradict them hopelessly as Dr. Wells declares. He asks, "Does it fit into the old—is it in harmony with what we have received?" (Has not "received" a certain theological atmosphere about it that seems odd in a Theosophical discussion?) Many will have no hesitation whatever in answering—Yes. Dr. Wells says—No. It is then one personal conviction against another. *Trahit sua quemque voluptas*. Is it therefore incumbent upon each to rush upon the house-tops and call heaven and earth to witness that others do not agree with him?

This same point is put differently by Dr. Wells when he says there must be a "continuity of knowledge." But to not a few there never has been a break in the continuity. When Newton formulated the laws of motion, he had theories as to the transmission of light; from his time on the laws of motion have received unvarying confirmation, while his theory of light has been rejected. Now that chemists begin to realise that the atomic theory of the elements has to be revised in accordance with recent discoveries, has the science of Chemistry been upset thereby? Is there a discontinuity in scientific knowledge because one "received" theory is abandoned for another?

When then some declare that they see no discontinuity in their knowledge of Theosophy, it may be that they are yielding to the "temptation to deliver their whole thinking over to an infallible authority"; but that to them the new ideas do illumine the old is a fact that will be obvious to Dr. Wells himself.

But, furthermore, many a student of Theosophy would stoutly oppose even this idea of a continuity of knowledge, if by that is meant that all opinions must fall into line with a body of teaching which we postulate as gospel truth. The scheme of science, religion and philosophy that goes now by the name of Theosophy is to many only the most reasonable scheme presented to the world *so far*; but if at any time there should be offered some other scheme more reasonable than Theosophy, one that explained better and fuller the problems of life, and especially some problems not explained by Theosophy, such as the seeming necessity of evils and suffering as incentives to evolution, if it should be more in harmony with our intellects and intuitions, then, though all the Masters of Wisdom themselves

were to declare that the new ideas were false, many a student of Theosophy will say with St. Paul in Myers' poem :

Not though with one voice, O world, thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.

Nor will those who accept the new and reject the old cease thereby to be true Theosophists. Theosophy is the Divine Wisdom of things seen and unseen ; hence to them the erroneous ideas of the past were not the truths of Theosophy which they seek, as are the newer and the more rational theories.

In conclusion, it certainly may be that those of us who do not agree with Dr. Wells on this matter are wrong ; and if he is anxious to convince us of our error he is quite welcome to do so. He can write charmingly, and we all enjoy reading his articles. But in the meantime, will he try to believe that we are not hypocrites when we say that we *are* trying to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good ?"

C. JINARĀJADĀSA.

FROM A STUDENT'S EASY CHAIR

"THE SIMPLE LIFE"

THERE are perhaps few moments when the intricate complexities of our modern life are so tangible on the surface of things as in times of election. High principles are at clash with venal interests ; personalities are confounded with theories, with ideals, with laws of nature ; each unit tears off what portion pleases him of the dazzling web of politics, and waves this meaningless fraction as a flag. An American election especially constitutes an almost indistinguishable whirl of passions, because of the excitability of its voters, because of the diversity of its considerations, and because of the immediate material influence of its issues. And yet the book that was being sold by the thousand during all the driving heat of the recent American election was a little brochure by Charles Wagner, called *The Simple Life*.

Wherein lies its appeal ? What constitutes the power of this short book, which could command attention under such fevered circumstances ? Its message is an old one : that the

best way to render thought fruitful, simple, really conformable to our destiny, is to have confidence and hope, and to be kind; that the duty we should set ourselves to perform is the duty that lies nearest to us; and that the highest inspiration is love. "My aim is this," says the author, "to make men think about unostentatious goodness; above all, to make them love it and perform it."

The form in which this message is delivered is neither original nor arresting. The style of the book is characteristic of the nationality of the author, who is a native of Alsace, and in mind a Frenchman; it is simple, persuasive, logical. The position is mapped out with an admirable accuracy, and illumined with a clear light; but the emotions are never stirred. The book might indeed almost belong to any age, so little do the perplexing and all-absorbing problems of "this strange disease of modern life" enter into its pages. In England the exponents of the simple life are concerned principally with the attack on machinery, accounted by so many thinkers the primary factor in these conditions of complexity; they are upholders of hand labour, they aim at reviving peasant industries. Idealists like Mr. W. B. Yeats foresee the time when we shall of our own accord destroy all the paraphernalia of manufacture, and Mr. H. G. Wells, in the *Fortnightly*, anticipates the day when better conditions will make the products of machinery beautiful. But M. Wagner ignores this whole burning question; and when he would give us an example of the evils of modern civilisation, we are told that: "At the home of the Blanchards everything is topsy-turvy. . . . Mlle. Yvonne is to be married Tuesday, and to-day is Friday. Callers loaded with gifts and tradesmen bending under packages come and go in endless procession." In view of the problems affecting the daily life and happiness of millions, the theme seems a little local.

But it gives the key to M. Wagner's position. It is with the home that this writer is concerned, with the individual conscience, with the unit. "The great desideratum of our time is the culture of the component parts of society," he says, "of the individual man." When he touches on the unscrupulous use of the power wielded by the Press, he offers in mitigation of the

evil this advice: "Be men; speak the speech of honour." When he deals with the terrible problem of poverty, he bids each one get to know a few poor families intimately, and act to them the part of a brother, with the moral and material aid it is his to give.

This is practical; it goes to the root of the matter, if only we can have immeasurable patience. But men are impatient, and waiting is slow; heroic souls desire a quicker perfection; we have teachers like Tolstoy, terrifying in their grandeur and inconsistency, advocates of a return to voluntary poverty, socialists, anarchists, each claiming to possess the secret of the way to a simple life. M. Wagner will have none of these extremes; there is no flash and clash of swords in his ordered parterre. He takes the middle way, and all his statements are moderate. Of Love, for instance, he says: "Healing, consoling, tender to the unfortunate, even to the evil, love engenders light beneath her feet. She clarifies, she simplifies." We do not put beside this the immortal glory of the words of Thomas à Kempis, but listen to Fiona Macleod. Love, she writes, "is at once the little shaken flame in a single heart, and the shoreless fire of immortality." There is glow in this, and passion and infinite perspective, and beside it the passage from *The Simple Life* seems timid and colourless. We could pick out many other parallel passages; we could quote Emerson on Riches, and Borrow on Nature, to show how the thought we find in this book has been made incandescent in the alembic of an intenser enthusiasm.

Wherein then lies its overwhelming appeal? We answer: "It persuades." Its appeal lies in the sharp contrast it offers to the violent energies, the clashing interests, the flaring methods of the age. This contrast is due in part to the nationality of the author; he belongs to the Old World, and has the patience induced by contemplating a longer stretch of horizon. And though no nation has fought more nobly for Ideas and for Ideals than the French, yet to the French mind any unrestraint in literature, any ecstasy of mood even, is regarded with suspicion.*

* Surely a too hazardous generalisation? D. N. D. should read Kipling's story of the "lyric prose," of "M. de C." in "The Bonds of Discipline" (*Traffics and Discoveries*) as an amusing introduction to seeing the other side.—EDS.

M. Wagner's calm and balanced periods mark his book out alike from the tawdry sensationalism that is so current, and the burning altitudes of remote thinkers. To those tired and jaded with fruitless speculation, he offers peace: the peace of near things. "Simplicity," he says, "is a state of mind." To those made hopeless by the immensity of modern problems, he offers a solution simple enough for a child to understand. Many have lived so strenuously that the great emotions, the fiery appeals, exhaust them; they need the tender hand to lead them home. This book makes no excursions into the wilderness, no leaps in the dark, yet the little plot of home it treats of, peculiarly sacred to French sentiment, is walled by mystery, and contains within itself an infinite world, the world of spirit.

"There is a secret and inexpressible joy in possessing at the heart of one's being an interior world, known only to God, whence nevertheless come impulses, enthusiasms, and daily renewal of courage, and the most powerful motives for activity among our fellow-men."

"THE MASK OF APOLLO"

The particular shape which visions assume is peculiar to the time and country in which they appear,—is in fact local and accidental; but the purity, the aspiration which makes these manifestations possible varies not at all in kind, but only in degree, and the selfsame spiritual fire shapes the faint materialisation, whether it be into the Burning Bush of Moses, into the Shining Graal of Chivalry, or into the St. Michael that flamed before Joan of Arc.

So the stories in this little book,*—stories akin to visions,—take upon themselves the colour and the form of various countries and of various times; but the selfsame impulse has projected them forth, the selfsame spirit animates their movements, the selfsame teaching whispers behind their words. Two of the stories deal with Apollo in early Greece; the scene of two is laid in India, and of one in Ireland; the Cave of Lilith is anywhere and everywhere, and in "The Story of a Star" the writer speaks out of the lips of a Magus of old Persia. The Shadowy Power

* *The Mask of Apollo and other Stories*, by A. E. (London: Macmillan & Co.)

behind is now Zeus, and now Brahma, and now Angus Oge. Yet we pass from age to age with no sense of shock, for he who writes remembers that "in the Ever-living yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow are words of no meaning." And it can matter to us but little in which country we are, for what is space any longer when we read how "the Great King of Glory entered the golden chamber, and set himself down on the silver couch, and he let his mind pervade one quarter of the world with thoughts of love: and so the second quarter, and so the third, and so the fourth. And thus the whole wide world, above, below, around and everywhere, did he continue to pervade with heart of Love, far-reaching, grown great and beyond measure."

The little stories are unequal, for the shaping power has not always the same creative force. Though there is not one without its measure of charm, yet sometimes we get a certain thinning out of effect by iteration, as in "The Meditation of Ananda." But where the inspiration has had full sway, A. E. touches heights that very few have reached. Criticism stands abashed, dazed, helpless, before "The Story of a Star."

Criticism after all can only concern itself with mediocrity; it has no words simple enough to bestow upon works of extreme simplicity, and can only say that they are simple; it has no words sublime enough to characterise the sublime. Where shall we find the language to speak of this little tale, a mere five pages in all? The writer here seems to have made words achieve the impossible,—to have framed out of them, though Browning doubted this capacity of language, "not a fourth sound, but a star." We can only think of one passage in our literature comparable to this story in infinity of imagination, and that is the passage in which Fiona Macleod describes the vision of the man who after a hundred years spent in the search of knowledge is granted one minute of insight. Yet though the same dazzling range overwhelms us in both descriptions, A. E.'s conception is the more stupendous, his language the more imbued with spiritual fire.

It is the Birth of a Planet that the Magus witnesses, heralded by music. "Avenues and vistas of sound! They rushed to and fro. They poured from a universal stillness quick with unheard

things. . . . And now all around glowed a vast twilight ; it filled the cradle of the planet with colourless fire. . . . At the centre a still flame began to lighten ; a new change took place, and space began to curdle." Later we learn how he saw the imagination of nature visibly at work, and at last of the coming of greater powers upon the planet. "To tell you but a little I have many times to translate it ; for in the first unity with their thought I touched on an almost universal sphere of life, I peered into the ancient heart that beats throughout time ; and this knowledge became changed in me, first into a vast and nebulous symbology and so down through many degrees of human thought into words which hold not at all the pristine and magical beauty."

But we who have not seen the vision find in his words indeed that pristine and magical beauty, and did space permit, would quote other passages illustrative of it. For one pregnant sentence room must be found. Lilith the enchantress is speaking of Dante. "I was the Beatrice who led Dante upwards," she says ". . . I captured his soul with the shadow of space ; a nutshell would have contained the film."

In one passage, A. E., speaking of the chimes he hears pealing from some dim and vast cathedral of the cosmic memory, says "the peace they tolled became almost a nightmare." So, often, when we open the books of some Eastern scripture, we shrink terrified before its immensities ; we feel the overwhelming presence of a world too vast, too vague, too sublime for our weakness to support. Therefore many a solution of the teaching has been prepared for our undisciplined and unaccustomed minds ; but too constantly these interpretations obscure, misinterpret, misunderstand. Now each of A. E.'s stories is a tiny commentary on the Ancient Wisdom, but written by one who has entered deep into its spirit, and who has retained the fulness of its sanity. Human tenderness is the keynote to the book ; not inaction, not fruitless meditation is advocated, but effort—"the truest wisdom is to wait, to work, to will in secret." The ascetic Ananda, seeking for Brahma, and finding only the great illusion as infinite as Brahma's being, learns at last the secret of the true, how the Vision could be left behind and the Being entered. "Love, a

fierce and tender flame, arose; pity, a breath from the vast; sympathy, born of unity. This triple fire sent forth its rays"—through Ananda's world, as through this little book.

D. N. D.

THE HOUSES OF RIMMON

THERE are, it may be, so many voices in the world, and none of them is without significance.—I *Cor.* xiv.

To know only one religion and its cult is not to know that thoroughly. One cannot surely isolate a religion any more than one can set apart a branch of natural science, *e.g.*, botany—and then, refusing to study any other collateral science, geology, or inorganic chemistry, tie oneself down to a set of books with these self-imposed blinkers on, and assert that as specialists we must know more than others possibly can do.

Many now believe that the study of a universal religion may be regarded as a science, though a science as yet in its infancy. Its aim is to read unanimity under superficial divergency whenever and wherever possible.

Ethnic considerations have been so far held largely responsible for the great external variations, and these have been spoken of as "fundamentals," the "deeply rooted causes," the "very soul of the nation"; but we must go deeper even than this, to find the root of all racial life in the mysterious heart of Mother Earth herself, source of all faiths, one for all, in all ages and in all lands.

And for the student of this Earth-religion, as apart from racial cults, there are, there should be, no Houses of Rimmon, no churches where people are worshipping the wrong God, or worshipping anything in the wrong way.

Personally I have always had a great contempt for the individual who went and bowed himself in the House of Rimmon, and then thought he improved matters by mentioning it in his prayers and asking to be forgiven. If there were such a thing as a House of Rimmon for me I should certainly not enter it, it would be an unpardonable sin, a sin against the higher self.

But in these days of Theosophical leanings, Houses of Rimmon are or should be disappearing.

Many strange festivals are being kept in temples to us unfamiliar and strange. Many shrines are being visited in this present month of February, each and all full of a significance of their own to the hands that tend them.

An eclectic, all-the-world-over calendar of feasts and fasts does not, however, exist at present. Many festivals are difficult to locate as to their dates, because of the varying systems of chronology which obtain, especially among Oriental nations.

The time when "things began" is accurately known in China, and the hour of the birth of the first "*human* Emperor" is, I believe, seriously discussed; but their years are more or less out of all keeping with ours.

The Muhammedan year consists of twelve lunar months, and moves therefore continually back through our seasons.

Their festivals are out of all harmony with agricultural pursuits in consequence; they are lacking in that "hearth and home" character which is so general in those religions whose root was not only in a race but in a "fatherland."

The world of Islam is at present celebrating the "Greater Bairam," a general pilgrimage undertaken by many thousands of the Faithful to commemorate the Flight of the Prophet from Mecca to Medina A.D. 622, the year 1 A.H. Tradition says that he found the Jews celebrating their safe flight from Egypt with their festival called the "Feast of Weeks" (June 9th this year), and determined that his safe deliverance should also be an annual festival.

The Jews, however, have a calendar more in harmony with the solar year; so the two feasts only coincide occasionally. There are no feasts of note for them this month.

The "fatherland" element gives some curious correspondences between races separated in their life not only by space but by time,—as between the old, old Roman rites of the Lupercalia (which were purificatory) and the Parentalia (propitiatory) of Februarius, the last month in the Julian calendar, and the Japanese rites of purification and ancestor-worship in this early spring season.

The Ides of Februarius, Dies Parentales, were devoted to worshipping the Di Manes, the dead ancestors. This was kept as a general holiday in ancient Italy exactly as in old Japan. In both lands the dead to be propitiated had been well cared for since their departure, and were still members of the family.

In Japan it is not uncommon to hear a mother addressing admonitions and moral maxims to the soul of a dead child for many years after she has lost it. The power of the dead to help varies according to the time they have spent in the celestial regions. In ancient Rome the Parentalia were practically a renewal of the burial rites.

The chief Shintō feast in Japan this month is that of Inari, the rice-god, god of many names and countless attributes—glorified house-god, house-keeper, farmer, and merchant; glorified family-doctor who heals everything from hearts to children's dolls.

The healing is accomplished by means of "people-shapes" (*hitogata*), little men and women cut out of white paper. You buy one for every member of the family from the priests; then, after they have touched the body of the person they belong to, while he or she is reciting a little Shintō prayer, they are brought back to the temple and burned with Holy Fire. This averts all physical evils for the whole year.

Inari is also called the fox-god, for in this time of the year foxes have to be propitiated by offerings of their favourite foods, beans, rice and corn, otherwise their power for mischief will work in all sorts of inconceivable ways. Foxes can make themselves invisible or take any shape they please; a few years ago, in order not to be behind the times, they caused phantom trains to run on the Tokkaido railway, so says Lafcadio Hearn, and this greatly confounded and terrified the engineers of the company.

But space does not allow of even a cursory survey of the literature connected with Inari-foxes, nor indeed with the subject of Shintō festivals and their survivals. *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, or *The Evolution of the Japanese*, will give general readers an idea of the fascination of the subject.

FROM MANY LANDS

Contributors of matter under this heading are requested kindly to bear in mind that not only accounts of the general activities of the various sections or groups of the Theosophical Society are desired, but above all things notes on the various aspects of the Theosophical Movement in general. It should also be borne in mind by our readers that such occasional accounts reflect but a small portion of what is actually going on in the Society, much less in the Theosophical Movement throughout the world.—EDS.

FROM FRANCE

THE classes and lectures at Headquarters are well attended. Our General Secretary, Dr. Pascal, is just now visiting the south-west, and will deliver two public lectures at Bordeaux on the "Law of Karma."

The advantage of strengthening the feeling of fraternity, and increasing hearty intercourse between members of different nationalities in the Theosophical Society, is self-evident, and as many English people spend the winter and spring on the Riviera, in French Switzerland, or in Northern Africa, it would be well if they would make a practice of visiting the Theosophical Lodges or Centres, thereby strengthening them. Needless to say such visitors will always be welcome.

In Nice, they could call on Mrs. Burnett, Villa Burnett, Avenue Desambrois, where the Vidya Lodge meets; in Montreux, they should communicate with M. J. D. Reelf, 3¹, Rue St. Leger, Geneva; in Mustapha (Algiers), M. Mélian, Rue du Parc; and in Tunis, Dr. Liron, 27, Rue de la Commission, will give all help and information.

There is now to be seen a strong interest in Theosophical study amongst officers of the French army, and we are constantly enrolling fresh recruits. This is partly the result of the very useful and discreet step, taken last year, of sending two or three copies of the best books to a number of military and naval libraries.

As an instance of the spread of Theosophical ideas outside the Society may be quoted the novel, *Sur la Branche*, by Pierre de Coulevain, in which the author (a lady, it is said) discusses many interesting problems of life in a truly Theosophical way.

The most notable fact in the scientific world is the enquiry undertaken last month by the *Revue Scientifique* concerning the existence of the "N" Rays. Responses were made by various authorities, some of whom deny the existence of the rays, while some accept their existence as a fact. It would seem that the differences of the lighting of the phosphorescent screen (zinc sulphuret) which are due to the presence of "N" rays, are not observable by everyone. One observer may see something, another nothing (some kind of clairvoyance or special accommodation of the eye being probably required); and if it were not for the well-known authority of M. Blondlet, auto-suggestion would doubtless be spoken of. Perhaps the most suggestive reply is that of M. Lucien Poincarné, who could not see the rays; he says: "I must be included among those who do not see the rays, but that does not permit me, in any case, to deny their existence."

To determine the question the only way is to find some method of registering the rays, by means of photography or otherwise, and it is to be hoped that soon there may be made known some decisive test which all may reproduce. Such a demonstration would be of great interest to the Theosophical student, for the demonstrated existence of these "N" rays would prove scientifically the existence of some kind of clairvoyance, some being able to see the rays, whilst others cannot.

FROM GERMANY

The chief item of interest in the month's work in the Section is the formation of a new Branch at Karlsruhe.

The increasing energy of Theosophical work in Germany goes hand in hand with increasing opposition. The attacks come chiefly from some representatives of the Church, who warn their flocks against what they call "the ghastly death-grin of Buddhism," or the audacity which proclaims the identity of Theosophy and a higher Christianity; and from some representatives of the monistic philosophy, who find "absurd the idea of a plurality of principles in man and nature."

In his lectures, Dr. Steiner often cites the words pronounced by

Mr. Balfour at the British Association about the nature of consciousness. For in the statement that the atom is "condensed electricity" he has referred, although from a respectable distance, to a fundamental occult truth. But materialistic science is approaching more and more the borders of Theosophy. Dr. Raoul France, the well-known investigator in Munich, is working on this line.

For the Theosophist a valuable and interesting addition to the sum of German scientific thought has appeared in the *Blatt des Weimariischen Landesztg.* (Dec. 1st, 1904), in an interesting article by Dr. Kurt Rudolf Kreuschner on the latest investigations in plant-life made by Dr. Gottlieb Haberlandt, the great authority in the domain of the anatomy and physiology of plants. Dr. Haberlandt, in a lecture at this year's Natural Science Convention held at Breslau, was able to demonstrate, as the result of systematic work carried on during many years, that plants as well as animals possess genuine sense organs. Dr. Kreuschner, in his article, gives a brief sketch of the history of natural science, contrasting the earlier centuries, when differences were everywhere sought, with our own time, with its monistic interpretation of the universe. Only 250 years have passed, he tells us, since the great Descartes regarded man as alone endowed with soul. Linnæus had to admit that animals grow, live and feel, and to-day biology, on the declaration of its leaders, claims a soul for plants also. Indeed more than one scientist to be taken quite seriously, Kreuschner says—although this may call forth a smile from some amongst us—believes that to this plant-soul must be accorded the attribute of immortality.

By a long series of investigations before Haberlandt, it had been established, first, that plants displayed a nerve reaction similar to that in men and animals. Next that, although the plant did not possess a central nervous system (it has no need for such, being rooted to the ground), it nevertheless possessed something corresponding to nerve channels, so that no fundamental difference existed between it and the animal. It only remained to be seen whether sense-perception was concentrated in definite organs.

This was the point whence Professor Haberlandt started in his investigations. Some years ago he discovered that plants have a special organ for the stimulus of the force of gravity. This organ displays remarkable agreement with one found in many lower animals and at one time regarded as the hearing (auditory) apparatus, but latterly recognised as the organ of gravitation (*Schwerkraftorgan*).

By methods of reaction to light Haberlandt has now discovered (and this was the subject demonstrated at Breslau), that a great number of plants, although not all, possess an organ for the perception of light (*Facettenorgan*), very like that to be found in many of the lower animals and which may be briefly designated as the *plant's eye*. This eye is situated in the papillary epidermis of the upper side of the leaf. Definite cells are in some way arranged on the veins of the leaves so as to concentrate the light exactly like a lens.

It is uncertain whether other organs will be discovered for the perception of taste, smell, etc. But from the foregoing sufficient proof is afforded, Kreuschner thinks that plants also have their psychical functions—a soul which has arisen out of the mechanism of the living protoplasm.

FROM HOLLAND

The most noteworthy recent event in the Dutch Section has been the appointment of the new Librarian, Dr. W. H. Denier van der Gon. Until now the Sectional Library has been under the care of a Librarian, who, on account of her manifold duties in other departments of work, has not been able to devote the necessary energy to the management of the Library. Dr. van der Gon, however, will be able to give nearly the whole of his time to this special work, and it is hoped that under his direction the Library will be far more useful than it has ever been, and that it will be able greatly to encourage deeper study among the members. A new room in the Sectional building has been devoted to the purposes of a reading-room, in addition to the room already in use. A new catalogue is being prepared, being rendered necessary by recent important acquisitions of books.

The Dutch Publishing Society is now publishing a translation of Mr. Leadbeater's book, *The Other Side of Death*, whilst a translation of Mrs. Besant's new book, *A Study in Consciousness*, is to be published in a few months. This book has aroused very great interest in Holland, and is being studied in all the Branches, either in classes or by the individual members.

A very encouraging sign of the growth of the Dutch Section is the publication of a Sectional magazine, bearing the title *De Theosofische Beweging* (*The Theosophical Movement*). Up to now the Section has had no official organ for the publication of official documents. The Dutch monthly, *Theosophia*, used to have a column recording the

chief events of Theosophic interest, both within and without the Dutch Section; this has now been omitted, and the new magazine (sent gratuitously to all members of the Section) serves both as a vehicle for official communications and as a means of keeping the members in touch with the chief facts of Theosophical work that go to make up the history of the Theosophical Society. It is expected that in this way it will contribute greatly to the growth of the feeling that we are, everyone of us, the constituent parts of a mighty unit. Moreover, the new magazine will open its columns for the discussion of points which may interest the members. The Editor is Mr. A. J. Cnoop Koopmans, the Assistant Secretary of the Dutch Section.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

A SMALL party of the Tibetan Mission on the return journey came back *viâ* Gartok (510 miles from Gyantse and 200 from Simla). This part of Western Tibet has been practically unexplored previously, and it is said that the concession in respect of Gartok will prove of greater importance than the concession in Eastern Tibet, owing to the impulse it will give to pilgrimage from India. For, as the *Times'* correspondent of December 20th writes :

A New Route to
Manasarowar

Kailas and the Manasarowar Lake, and the regions around the sources of the Indus, Sutlej, and Tsangpo, are sacred places in the eyes of the Hindu devotee, and these lie on the road to Gartok, and only a short distance from the frontier. There is said to be an easy, though lofty, pass called Sipu Lekh close to the tri-junction of British, Tibetan, and Nepalese territory, which offers direct access to Kailas and Manasarowar, and it is anticipated that this and other adjacent routes will be much frequented by pilgrims now that intercourse between the two countries is to be opened up.

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THIS is of importance for many of our colleagues in India. But perhaps some of our readers will peruse with greater interest the description of Shigatse and of the Tashi Lama and the cordial welcome extended to the officers of the Mission by the officials of the real spiritual chief of Tibet.

The Gartok party arrived at Shigatse . . . after

what is described as a delightful journey through richly-cultivated and highly-irrigated valleys. Villages lay dotted thickly over the slopes, every house and hamlet being surrounded with trees. The harvest had been very good and was being got in, and affairs looked prosperous in this part of Tibet. On nearing Shigatse the British officers were met by a deputation of Lamas and laymen, who extended to them a cordial welcome and entertained them with refreshments laid out in tents by the roadside. The streets of the town were filled with large crowds, who gazed with much surprise at the first Europeans seen at Shigatse since Turner's visit 120 years ago. Captain Turner, it may be remembered, was Warren Hastings' envoy to the infant Tashi Lama, the reincarnation of the former Pontiff, who had received George Bogle, the first envoy, in such a friendly way. The plain of Tashilhunpo, which is perfectly level, is encompassed by rocky hills on all sides. Towards the north it narrows, leaving only room for the road and the river. A rock, crowned by the fortress of Shigatse, commands the pass. The position is clearly described by Turner. As he looked southward from his apartment he could see, in front, the road leading to Bengal and Bhutan; on his right ran the roads to Ladak and Kashmir, as well as that by Tingri Maidan to Nepal, and in that direction lay also "the mines of lead, copper, cinnabar, and gold," while on his left were the roads to Lhasa and China. Far away to the north stretched the territory of the Taranath Lama, bordering upon Russia and Siberia.

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On the present occasion the reception of the Englishmen was of a pleasing character. The officials could not have been more courteous or hospitable, and the populace were most friendly. The two parties were lodged in a nobleman's garden, and Captain Steen, of the Indian Medical Service, was called upon to minister, from morning till late at night, to the sick of Shigatse and the surrounding parts. Rich and poor are said to have sought his good offices, the fame of Captain Walter's skill at Lhasa having spread far and wide. The British officers describe the monastery of Tashilhunpo as far finer than anything at Lhasa, its circumference being two miles. Turner says it is a large monastery consisting of three or four hundred houses, the habitations of the Gylongs, besides temples, mausolea, and the palace of the Sovereign Pontiff, in which is comprised also the residence of the Regent and of all the subordinate officers, both ecclesiastical and civil. Its buildings are all of stone, none less than two storeys high, flat-roofed, and crowned with parapets.

On October 16th Captain O'Connor, accompanied by all the Europeans, paid an official visit to the Tashi Lama, who is at present, by virtue of the decree of the Emperor of China, the head of all the Churches owning the supremacy of the Dalai Lama. The Tashi Lama is a young man of twenty-three years of age, with a pleasing address and owning the reputation of being both pious and able. He received the Englishmen with respect and

regard, and impressed his visitors most favourably. On the night of their arrival the lamasery was brilliantly illuminated in memory of some great Lama of the past, and, curiously enough, this date coincided with the date of Captain Turner's arrival, October 13th, 1783, a fact considered by the Lamas to be especially propitious. The monastery contained some wonderful tombs and was far more richly decorated than any of those of Lhasa.

* * *

THE following important statement is extracted from the Report of Sir W. Ramsay's speech at the Annual Dinner, Society of Chemical Industry, New York, September 8th, 1904, in its *Journal* for October 15th, 1904, p. 926. Sir William referred to:

On the Track of
the Atom

Another body which had recently been born—only about two months ago. He went on to relate the circumstances that had led to the discovery of that body, and stated that experiments were now in progress to try which of certain suppositions were correct, and it appeared to him that they were on the brink of a discovery of the synthesis of atoms which would themselves decompose, and possibly into the ordinary well-known elements, and in this way prove to be the ultimate sources of those elements.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

HOW THINGS BECOME AND WHAT WE MAY BE

The Art of Creation: Essays on the Self and Its Powers. By Edward Carpenter. (London: George Allen; 1904. Price 5s. net.)

By the title "Art of Creation" Mr. Carpenter would have it understood that his object is "to consider by what process or method things are made to appear and exist in the world," seeing that, he adds, "in the latter part of last century we looked upon Creation as a process of Machinery; to-day we look upon it as an Art."

It is not often that we read through a book of this kind with pleasure and sustained interest, for the matter is hedged round with such stupendous difficulties, not only in the matter of it but also generally in the manner of stating the problems, that few writers come through the ordeal with even a slight modicum of success. It is therefore very high praise when we say that we have read Mr. Car-

penter's book with great pleasure, and can heartily recommend it to our readers as a valuable contribution towards a right view of just those main problems which confront all men, and which more insistently force themselves on the notice of those who have set their feet upon the path of self-knowledge.

Mr. Carpenter at once wins the sympathy of his reader by his own deep sympathy with all that lives and breathes, and by his truly catholic interest in all things human, natural, and divine; he also wins his reader's confidence by his manifest awareness with regard to the objections which can be brought against some of his positions, and by indications of acquaintance with the present state of thought on these subjects. He has skilfully steered his bark between the Scylla of dogmatic assertion and the Charybdis of backboneless indecision, and, above all, he shows clearly in a thousand ways that when he speaks of the larger consciousness which lies before man as the next stage of his pilgrimage, he speaks of a "theoria" of which he has himself some experience.

It would be long to go over his treatise, essay by essay, and to point out the innumerable points on which he will find nearly every Theosophist in general agreement with him. In brief, his book is a valuable contribution to Theosophical literature; and if he by chance should not care to have it so labelled, it is by no means an uncomplimentary characterisation of his labours, when we tell him we use the term for lack of one better to describe that tendency in thought and feeling which aims at initiation into the depths and heights and breadths of experience.

Perhaps the most valuable subject of which Mr. Carpenter treats is the immense importance of the human body as the summation of the experience of the race—the past that is ever present with us. Very different is this view from that of the old-time mysticism that taught us to neglect the body and to regard it as that which was set against the soul as an enemy, instead of being a most potent partner in the unification of things. His view of the gods as apparitions of the race life, apparitions of intense reality and not illusory empty phantoms, deserves close study, and will be found to throw much light on the past and also on the present. On these lines a new anthropology ought to be worked out, very different from the dry bones of modern dessicated cataloguing of myth and folklore.

Before concluding with a fine quotation, we would point out that of minor errors of detail, the most patent is the attributing the

"Blessed Songs" of Kṛiṣṇa to the *Rāmāyāna* cycle instead of to the *Mahābhārata* collection.

Speaking of the Christ body,—the true body of humanity, the next stage in separated man's pilgrimage,—Mr. Carpenter writes :

"This body, in fact, is the expression and grows out of those great creative feelings of which I have just spoken. Through Love it becomes a body built into the lives of others, and positively sharing their organic life and vitality. Since Faith and Courage inspire it, it is well based, firm to stand the shocks of Time and Accident ; extending its domain over the elements ; incorporating in itself the sea and the wild creatures, and so unafraid of them ; surrounding Chance and taking it captive. Its consciousness of immense Extension in time and space indicates its ethereal character ; its consciousness of Power indicates its strongly material composition ; its consciousness of Knowledge, the penetrating subtle quality of it, . . .—a body built of swift, far-extending ethereal elements, subtle and penetrating, yet powerfully massive and material ; closely knit in itself, not easily disturbed or dislocated, enduring for æons ; yet sensitive in the highest degree, and twining its nerves and fibres through all creation—sharing the life of all creatures.

"Of that body, woven like Cinderella's robe of the sun and moon, who shall speak ? 'Lo ! the rippling stream, and the stars, and the naked tree branches deliver themselves up to him. They come close ; they are his body ; and his spirit is wrapt among them ; without thought he hears what they and all things would say.' When on the striving, bewildered consciousness, in the maze of the second stage [the normal human], suddenly the apparition of the body dawns, no wonder there is a transformation and a transfiguration. 'Behold I show you a mystery !' says Paul, 'in the twinkling of an eye we shall be changed.' And Fra Angelico in his little cell at San Marco saw even the same mystery, and in simple vision pictured it out of his own soul upon the wall—the transfigured Christ, luminous, serene, with arms extending over the world." G. R. S. M.

SIC ITUR AD ASTRA

Studies in the Bhagavad Gîtâ : Third Series: The Path of Initiation.
By the Dreamer. (London: The Theosophical Publishing
Society ; 1904. Price 1s. 6d.)

READERS of the "Dreamer's" preceding *Studies in the Bhagavad Gîtâ* will welcome this third instalment ; the more so, as the book before us

while showing some advance in treatment, co-ordinates and focusses the whole series. In the first and second volumes the connecting thread was occasionally allowed to escape from sight. In *The Path of Initiation* details are more carefully subordinated to the mass; we are not so much led off on side issues.

Taking as his text the Third and Fourth Discourses of the *Gîtâ* the author gives us a clear and comprehensive presentment of the object, the necessity, the method and the culmination of the Great Quest,—clear, as far as any map of “those high countries” can be clear, for this is emphatically not a book for the hasty reader. But the student who will follow out the trains of thought therein suggested, and who can correlate with them the results of his studies in other branches of occult study, should find this little treatise an aid alike to breadth of view and definiteness of thinking. The treading of the Path is here considered in relation not so much to practice—the student should reduce the theory to practice for himself—as to the reasons for such practice; and we are taken up to regions where thought tends to become somewhat nebulous.

The “Dreamer’s” arguments will impress even those who think differently, and those of a devotional nature will find themselves completely at home.

Particularly good are Chapters II. and VI., upon “The Triplicity of the Centres” and “Initiations,” in which the author indicates the relations between the *chakramas* and the Cosmic Powers. His theory of the multiplication and division of centres of consciousness and the throwing-up of unassimilated karma, as the cause of alternations of personality (though perhaps not so complete an explanation as he seems to think) is especially interesting in view of the attention just now excited by these and similar phenomena.

There is a good deal of repetition in the book; though from the abstruseness of the subject perhaps this is not entirely unnecessary.

The numerous printers’ errors *are* unnecessary. We would suggest that for the next edition the proofs should be corrected with more care. Such a misprint as “the indiscreet Brahman” is apt to jerk the reader to earth from his loftiest flight.

We are glad to note the author’s protest against the cry of “unreality.” It is not by looking on our environment as non-existent that we shall learn so to deal with it as to reach That behind it which alone gives it its reality. As this book sets forth, “Man winneth not freedom from activity by abstaining from action.”

A. L.

A "GNOSTIC" CLERIC

The Message of Archdeacon Wilberforce. By a Member of the Congregation of St. John's, Westminster. (London: Wellby; 1905. Price 6*d.* net.)

THIS intelligently written appreciation of the work of the Archdeacon of Westminster will be read with special interest by Theosophists. For not only is the subject of the appreciation a "Gnostic" in things Christian, but the writer of it is one of our own colleagues, Miss Charlotte E. Woods. The highest side of the preacher is made known to us in the following fine passage:

"Universalise the Christ; the Christ whom you would monopolise and fence off with credal anathemas; the Word of the Father is the monopoly of no age, nation, sect, definition. He is the vital element through which all that is has its being, 'the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world,' the common spiritual energy which has striven for expression in all the great historic religions of the world. He is the love force immanent in matter and in men, whose purpose it is slowly to transfigure the dust of human generations into a temple of imperishable beauty for the habitation of the Eternal when the confusion which now perplexes us shall have passed for ever. Is not this the lesson from Christ's rebuke to the narrowness of the religion of Israel, and from His sublime prophecy of the brotherhood of all races and religions, when many shall come from the east and from the west, and shall sit down in the kingdom of heaven? . . . Will it perchance be said of us: Many spiritually minded heathen sit down in the kingdom, and you, for all your orthodox creeds, and correct ceremonials, and intellectual knowledge, and stern denominational damnation of all who cannot see eye to eye with you, shall be cast out? What mean these scathing denunciations, this branding of men who differ as to methods as infidels, that we hear? God only knows one kind of infidel, and he is not the doctrinally inaccurate, but the unfaithful orthodox--the man who knows the Lord's will, and does it not, he is the *infidelis* who will be beaten with the many stripes. . . . Meanwhile we can universalise the Christ by enlarging our sympathies for all sorts and conditions of men; . . . we can force ourselves out of the narrow, cramping, social and religious circles which are pinching us into meaner souls every year we live; . . . we can turn faith into action, creed into conduct, orthodoxy into activity."

A burst of true humanism indeed; for it is thus that the spiritual body of the Christ is formed in us, and therefore we say to the preacher "*Macte virtute esto!*" and wish him health and strength to continue his much-needed mission.

G. R. S. M.

THE FAITH OF ISLÂM

The Religion of the Koran. By Arthur N. Wollaston, C.I.E.
(London: The Orient Press; 1904. Price 1s. net.)

THE most recent small volume of "The Wisdom of the East Series" is taken up with a brief introduction in which the most salient points of the general faith based on the declarations of the Korân are well brought out, and with a number of extracts from Palmer's translation of what every Mohammadan must consider *the* Book of all books.

It is a useful little compilation, and should be very serviceable as a first step towards a knowledge of the externals of one of the great world faiths, for those who have not the time, or opportunity, or application, to study a larger volume.

G. R. S. M.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CHURCH

THIS is a reproduction, by a very interesting process, of a crayon sketch by a worker of the St. Mâhel Workshop, Bushey. The artist has left the picture unnamed; but it incarnates the very spirit of religion clothed in form. The technique is masterly; and the effect of light and shade is striking. It will appeal to mystics chiefly because it is full of an illusive meaning, and charged with a baffling power.

The shadowy figure of this "priest of the mysteries" stands in flowing robes, with mitred head, six faint lights hang wreath-like about his neck; a seventh, more brilliant, is cherished in his clasped hands above his heart; custodian of the wisdom masked in form, he stands the apotheosis of the Priest—the archetype of priesthood. His eyes are closed and his thought is fixed upon his inner vision.

The original is a picture which is not readily forgotten and the reproductions are very good. They are executed by Mr. Way, the famous reproducer of Mr. Whistler's pictures.

G. S.

(May be obtained of the Theosophical Publishing Society, price 2s. 6d.)

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

Theosophist, December. "Old Diary Leaves" is mainly occupied with the wedding of Prince Harisinhji's daughter; but we must rescue the Colonel's note as to the death of Mr. Judge. "In an Executive Notice I said: Mr. Judge's services to our Society, from the beginning and until the date of the secession of last year, were conspicuous for their value, and the zeal and practical judgment which were displayed throughout his work. It behoves us all to keep in mind his many good deeds, to bury our private grievances out of sight, and to express to his family and our respected late colleagues our regrets for their crushing bereavement." When we remember the outrageous violence of the language which had been and continued to be heaped upon the President-Founder by these very people, this noble attitude should not be passed over or forgotten. Next we have the conclusion of Capt. C. Stuart-Prince's very readable discussion of the case of Mr. Rider Haggard's dog; Miss McQueen's "Faith as a Propelling Force in Evolution"; Mr. Leadbeater's "Ancient Mysteries"; the conclusion of Miss Kofel's lecture on "The Svastika and other Symbols"; Mr. Fullerton's paper headed "Infidelity" is concluded; and the very important study of "The Course of Philosophical Enquiry," by P. V. Rangacharya, is advanced a farther stage. Good news is given in the Supplement of the continued progress of the great Temperance Movement in Ceylon.

Theosophy in India, December. In "Seeker's" paper, "Evil is Good in Becoming," we are taught to realise three conditions: i. That man does not belong to the Earth; ii. That evil is the heritage of the Earth, and when one does not belong to it, evil is not his companion in Eternity; iii. That evil is phenomenal, and lasts as long as the body lasts; but the body being a transient vehicle of life, evil, its companion, is also transient. "Theosophy in its Application to Practical Life"; "Some Aspects of Hinduism"; and Miss Judson's "Zoroastrianism" form the most important of the remaining contents.

Theosophic Gleaner, December, has an interesting selection of articles, the most serious being a lecture comparing the *Zendavesta* and the *Rig Veda*, by Judge Pestanji Dorabji Khandalevala.

East and West, December, well keeps up its position—an Indian magazine fairly alongside of the best of our English monthlies. Rama Prasad Chanda's disproof of the origin of caste from racial distinctions, now concluded, has most interest for us.

The Vâhan, January. Here the Correspondence is of more interest than usual, comprising a letter from Mr. C. H. Hinton himself in reply to a criticism on his last book; two short notes on Mohammedanism, in one of which A. L. B. H. furnishes us with an enumeration of the Moslems present at prayers in the Liverpool Mosque—naturally not without a member of the great family, Gholam Smith; and more as to Music. The questions are as to the survival of memory in Kâma Loka and our recollection of our friends when we meet “on the other side.”

Bulletin Théosophique, January, devotes much of its space to some important questions and answers.

Revue Théosophique, December. The translations for this month reproduce Mrs. Besant's “Original Sin,” Mr. Leadbeater on “The Occult Aspect of Music,” and the conclusion of Mr. Mead's “Apollonius of Tyana.”

Theosophia, December. In the “Outlook” we find the welcome news that the Dutch translation of *The Light of Asia* is coming to its fourth edition. H. v. Ginkel continues his elaborate study of the Great Pyramid; Mrs. Besant furnishes the material of three papers, “Dharma,” “On Moods,” and “The Pedigree of Man”; Fiona McLeod's “Fisher of Men” is also given; and Chr. J. Schuver contributes a “Meditation for New Year's Eve.”

Théosophie, January, in its enlarged shape finds room for a paper by R. A. on the Astral Plane, and a portion of an extensive study of “Theosophy and Art,” by J. D. Ros. The Questions and Answers continue to be a useful addition to its contents.

Der Vâhan, December, opens with a paper on “Love to all Mankind” by Mme. von Schewitsch. R. Schwela's “Meditations on the Eight-fold Path” are concluded; as also Dr. Drew's study of “The Religious Relation.” *Old Diary Leaves* furnish material for another article, Mrs. Besant's paper in our November number is given in a full abstract, and the translation of her lecture “Man the Master of his Destiny” is completed.

Lucifer-Gnosis, November, is an interesting number and has several articles somewhat more approaching to what we English call “light reading” than is usual with it, though still serious enough. I spoke last month of the value and importance of Dr. Steiner's own contribution, of which we have a farther instalment; L. Deinhard's “Sketches from Modern Spirit Life,” and the anonymous “From the Âkâsha Chronicle” should also be mentioned.

Sophia, December, has a varied and interesting table of contents—"Planes of Consciousness," "Odic Force," "The Terror of Death," "Connections between the Celtic Monuments of Brittany and Savoy," "The Disciples of Sais," and "From the Caves and Jungles of Hindostan"! Anyone who cannot find something to his taste must be hard to please.

Teosofisk Tidskrift, December, contains, in addition to some shorter original papers, an extract, "Irregular Psychic Development," from Mr. Sinnett's *Growth of the Soul*.

Theosophic Messenger, January. Here we have a capital article entitled "A Plea for Business Methods," from which we take one word: "Another resolution which we earnestly recommend to all who desire to avoid mistakes is, always *read* letters before replying to them!" But we think that in recommending a German magazine our *own* two magazines, *Der Vahan* and *Lucifer-Gnosis*, should have had the preference to outsiders, however good they may be.

South African Theosophist, November. Mr. Wybergh's valuable paper on "The Ascetic Spirit" is concluded. There are, of course, points on which we, who look at Asceticism from another side, might differ from his conclusions; but we prefer simply to recommend it to the careful study of any of our readers who are interested in the matter.

Also: *Theosophy in Australasia*, from which we take a neat statement of our doctrine of heredity: "We are *not* like our parents because we are their children, but it is because we were like our parents *previous to birth* that we became their children"; *La Initiation* (Cuba); and *Theosofisch Maandblad*.

Of other magazines we have to note *Broad Views*, for January, in which we are glad to see Mr. Sinnett is reprinting his Theosophical story, *United*, which has been long out of print and out of reach. The paper on the Indian National Congress should be carefully weighed—especially by the many of our readers who do *not* agree with it; and there seems quite a lively dispute arising as to the educational value of clerical headmasters, on which much more remains to be said.

The *Occult Review*, No. 1, January. The Editor has introduced what is to us a novel practice—that is, of criticising in what corresponds to our "Watch Tower," the articles which follow. It may be convenient for idle readers, but we don't think that we should like it for ourselves. The most enjoyable paper is that in which Mr. F. C. S. Schiller, half serious and half in jest—with a solemn face and only a

slight twinkle in his eye—lays down the doctrine that the only way to get Occultism received by Society is to make it understood that it *pays*! Any critic who took him *quite* seriously, and began to “rebuke him to his face” would show a lamentable lack of the sense of humour; but also one who did not feel that Mr. Schiller was touching playfully on a real weak spot in our system would fail in another way. There *is* in all our teaching and writing a real defect of bringing our systems “down to dots,” as Hans Breitmann would put it—a want of application to everyday life which is (after all) not so badly typified by “making it pay.” In *money* of course it should not be made to pay, but there *is* a meaning in his words well worth noting. David Christie Murray is pleasing as well as edifying on “The Soul’s Future,” and his amusing picture of the ghost dying down by degrees into its *own* ghost, and so on, *ad infinitum*, has more foundation in the Esoteric Doctrine than he perhaps guesses. Mr. A. E. Waite is poetical in praise of the “Life of the Mystic”; Mr. W. Gorn Old opens a series upon “Stellar Influence upon Human Life,” which we wish we were learned enough to criticise.

Also received with thanks: *Modern Astrology*; *La Nuova Parola*, with curious specimens of music (and not bad music either!) composed in ecstasies of devotion and of love; and photos of the gracefully draped lady in the act of inspired composition; the American *Notes and Queries*, coming back to life after Pralaya, with a long and characteristic list of magazines, mainly of the ten-dollars-the-series-of-lessons type, but to one of which our friends may like to know “Damodar K. Mavalanker is a contributor” (!); and the *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*.

The November number of *Central Africa* has been sent to us for the sake of a very curious article headed “Yoga Christianity,” dealing with the Swami Dharmananda and his view. It is quite natural, though to an outsider absurd, that his grand Indian tolerance should be claimed as something Christian. I say absurd, for the writer forthwith proceeds to show it is *not* Christian. The author says, “I would yet point out . . . one hidden danger. Perhaps it is best expressed in the Swami’s own words. Speaking to Hindus and Mohammedans he says: ‘Have you monopolised God? Why should it be considered improbable that God in His Divine Mercy should have also spoken to the Israelites? Does God speak to one nation or for one season only?’ Deeply sensitive as he is to the vital truths of Christianity, there underlies his teaching at least a suggestion of that

spirit which, in Pagan lands, imperilled the Church of the early centuries. To the Catholic, Christianity remains not as *a religion* among many, but as *the religion* above all." The Anglican clergyman who wrote this has put his finger on no hidden danger, but an open secret. Does he suppose he is likely to "convert" the Hindu, with what I have called his grand tolerance of *all* religions in their time and place, to *his* sectarian exclusiveness? The Hindu Swami is not so easily drawn *downwards*. "Does God speak to one nation or for one season only?" Is the author so blind as not to see that is said against *him* also?

W.

UNDER the heading "Telepathic Prayer," we have received a cutting, unnamed and undated, but which we should think comes from *The St. James' Gazette*, giving an interesting story of the late war, which has been so prolific in similar incidents.

The "Efficacy of Prayer"

A remarkable story of the Boer War was told by the Rev. J. H. James, of Yeovil, at Hanley Tabernacle Church. During the struggle in South Africa, he said, a father prayed daily for his son, who was at the front. One night, moved by a strange impulse, the elder man felt constrained to remain in prayer until the morning. The next mail brought news of what had happened that particular night. The son was on that date taken out of hospital, where, unknown to his father, he had been down with enteric, and placed in the mortuary among the dead.

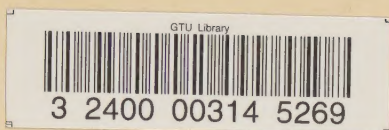
The hospital doctor, however, was possessed by a peculiar uneasiness, and could not rest. Going to the nurse who had ordered the removal of the body, he asked if she was sure the patient was dead. Notwithstanding her assertion to that effect, the doctor proceeded to the mortuary, to find that, after all, there was still breath in the supposed dead body. The patient was taken back to hospital, and eventually recovered.

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